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GREEK ART AND NATIONAL LIFE

THE ROOT OF LOVE IS IN SELF-SACRIFICE,
ALTHOUGH JOY CROWN IT, AS THE ROSE THE TREE;
FOR NOT ALONE THE SUN AND AIR SUFFICE
TO NURTURE THAT FULL BEAUTY, BUT THE TOIL
OF GREAT EARTH-FORCES, THAT MOVE SILENTLY.

John Presland.

DEMETER OF KNIDOS

GREEK ART AND NATIONAL LIFE

BY

S. C. KAINES SMITH, M.A.

SOMETIME SCHOLAR OF MAGDALENE COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE
AUTHOR OF "THE ELEMENTS OF GREEK WORSHIP"

WITH SEVEN PHOTOGRAVURES AND MANY OTHER ILLUSTRATIONS

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Greek Art and National Life

I

INTRODUCTION

THE rise of Greek art from the most crude beginnings to astounding perfection has been regarded, until recent years, as one of the miracles of history. The time was so short—a mere matter of three hundred years, or even less—the stride was so enormous, that it seemed impossible to measure the genius of the Greeks, in sculpture at least, by any human standard.

The effect of this point of view upon the student was unfortunate. It removed the Hellenic race from the category of flesh and blood, and made it super-human, or rather *extra*-human, with the consequence that everything produced by it was liable to be regarded with a cold and academic interest, as a thing apart.

So long as the modern understanding of Greek sculpture was confined, in default of better material, to the ideas suggested by the most decadent of Greek sculpture and by Græco-Roman copies, with the stamp of affectation and of trade-production broad upon them, the harm done was not great. Indeed, the fact that the critics of a century ago were able to

extract so much of the true Hellenic spirit as is shown, for example, in Lessing's "Laocoön," from the material at their disposal, speaks well for their perception. To go further back, that the fire of Hellas should have shone through the ice of the "antique" is one of the marvels of the Renaissance.

When, however, the science of archæology, with its systematic methods of excavation and investigation, came into being in the nineteenth century, adding almost yearly to the priceless store of European museums, and to the means of studying the architectural and sculptural monuments of Greek lands, the rapidity and certainty of Hellenic progress, between the eighth and the fifth centuries B.C., became more puzzling as it became more apparent. As the scientific Hellenism of the seventies superseded the sentimental Hellenism of the twenties, the true spirit of the work itself tended to be lost, in an inverse ratio to the discovery of the work itself.

Enthusiasm was not lacking, but the enthusiasm was for the process rather than for the result. The archæologist saw in his finds evidence of the progress of an art rather than that of a people. Art was studied—even loved—for art's sake, and the artist was forgotten.

It was a necessary phase. The unscientific admiration of the "antique" had led to grave, and sometimes to ludicrous errors of judgment. I believe it is true that Payne Knight, to whom the nation owes a tremendous debt of gratitude for his sincere love of Hellenic art, and perhaps above all, for the "Athena" with the diamond eyes, that exquisite

little archaic bronze, with which, among many other treasures, he enriched the collection of the British Museum, actually advised the rejection by the Museum Trustees of the pedimental figures of the Parthenon, on the ground that they were Græco-Roman work of Hadrian's time, and poor at that! In the days of indiscriminate sentimentalism, there was no settled chronology of Greek art, and the names of great Greek sculptors were tacked, almost haphazard, on to shop-copies of Roman days. Taste was the only criterion, and taste varies.

But now that a great part of the spade-work—in the literal as well as in the metaphorical sense—has been accomplished; now that more or less exact data for the settlement of questions of style and date have been patiently accumulated on a scientific basis, the time has come once more for the human love, coupled with a clearer understanding, of the art which has made Hellas more than a name through so many ages. In the light of a more exact knowledge, placed at our disposal by workers who set aside sentiment in the search for fact, our pictures will be more actual, more sharply defined, and more glowing, than they ever could be when intuition and imagination were all whereon we had to rely for our guidance in forming them.

Much of the magic has gone in the process, but that is no loss. It was an unreality, and only served as a mist to confuse the picture. In exchange for it we have fairy tales come true, heroes, no longer looming gigantic, but firm-set on solid ground, endued with the romance of a real and human character, not mere vague embodiments of strength

and power, but warm and sentient beings, lovable, not merely admirable, weak as well as strong.

It was a strange freak of perversity that made the scholars of the last years of the eighteenth century first cut away the ground from which Greek civilisation grew, and then wonder that it should have grown from nothing. The marvels at which they laughed were nothing to the marvel that they postulated. The same spirit that dubbed Herodotos the "father of lies" laughed Theseus to scorn, and made Herakles a sun-god. So far from admitting that there had been great men before Agamemnon, criticism denied Agamemnon himself a real existence. Troy never was, Odysseus never wandered, even the coming of the Dorians was a doubtful thing. Time was not, for Greece, before the first Olympiad. Imagination baulked at anything to which a date could not be attached in neat figures. History began in 776 B.C.

No wonder, then, that the bewildered student, cumbered with common sense, was fain to regard the Greek civilisation by whose evidences he was surrounded as a thing supernatural and incomprehensible, like Athena sprung fully armed from the head of Zeus—or even more remotely incomprehensible, for where was the head of Zeus?

As the story of the birth of Athena was a desperate expedient—a lie, if the plain name be better—so was this story, from the German schools, of the birth of Greek civilisation. Both were born of slow time, with due gestation, due growth, and due maturity. There were great men before Agamemnon, and greater far than he. The civilisation

of Hellas grew out of the wreck of a civilisation greater in some respects than her own, though less articulate, and the stories of Greek legend contain the truths out of which prehistory must be built. The task is far from complete. To the great figures of those long dead days still cling the magnifying and distorting mists of forgetfulness, but once they were real. The spade has proved it, and that within these last forty years.

Yet, here again, it was enthusiasm rather than scholarship that was the driving force. The story of Schliemann's discoveries is a romance, and none but an essentially romantic temperament could have undertaken the task that he brought to a triumphant issue.

We have all built castles in Spain, I think—dream-castles on some distant hill, full in sight, very splendid and very far. But the way to them was long and hard, and it wound so that we had to turn our backs awhile upon our castle, and so perhaps we chose an easier way, and the towers crumbled into forgetfulness. But here is the story of a man who found his dream-castle, though the way was very long and very hard.

His castle was Troy. This son of a poor German parson, born when the last great struggle of Hellas for her freedom was just beginning, seems far enough from the battle-field of the heroes of romance and legend. But he heard from his father the story of Troy's fall, and saw in a childish picture-book the burning gates, and Aeneas, with old Anchises on his back, little Ascanius at his hand, fleeing from the destruction—and the picture sank deep into his

mind. The child knew nothing of the arguments that had turned Homer from a poet into a patchwork of poets, nothing of the criticism that sought to destroy the fabric whereon his dream was built—the dream of seeing Troy, of facing the gates on which Aeneas had turned his back. To him the story was real, and its setting must be real also.

Then came life, and life seemed to lead always away from the dream. There was little enough romance in serving out butter and bacon and potatoes and cheap spirit in a general store. One day there came into the shop a broken-down, drunken schoolmaster, who, for all his degradation, had not forgotten his Homer. More than a hundred of the splendid lines he recited there and then—and there and then was paid, out of the lad's scant earnings, with three glasses of brandy to repeat them three times more—and that to one who could not understand a single word, but nevertheless could catch their poetry. "From that moment," says Schliemann, "I never ceased to ask God, that He would of His grace grant me the joy, some day, of learning Greek."

Once the ideal was in danger, but Fate intervened. At the end of five and a half years, an overstrain which left him physically unfit for his grinding work compelled him to give it up. He tramped to Hamburg, and sought work there in vain. At last he sold his only decent coat, and signed on as ship's boy on the brig *Dorothea*, bound for Venezuela. Here might well have ended his dream. But the ship, fatefully named, brought him God's gift in the form of shipwreck off the Dutch coast; and after nine hours in an open boat, he landed in Holland,

penniless, and with the last of his small possessions at the bottom of the sea, a boy of nineteen at the mercy of the world. We need not follow him through his years of toil. Clerk, book-keeper, agent, merchant, contractor, always, in every spare moment, widening his knowledge, adding to his store of modern languages, increasing his commercial value to his employers; "doing the next thing" with unflagging pertinacity, he seemed to be bound hand and foot to the routine of a life leading further and further away from the aim that he always kept in view. For seventeen years, from 1841 to 1858, he was pursuing, first in Amsterdam and later in St. Petersburg, what to all appearances was no more than a "successful commercial career," much like that of hundreds of other "self-made men."

But in 1858 a fortune made during the Crimean War brought him to the point of prosperity at which he felt justified in turning to the work of his heart—the study of archæology. For the last two years of the war he had been learning ancient Greek, and Homer was no longer a sealed book to him.

I think it is well to notice that even so, he did not rush straight from the counting-house to the field of his ambition. It was not until after an extended tour of Europe, and a visit to Egypt, that at last, in 1860, he set foot in Athens: then, when he was on the point of visiting Ithaka, the home of Odysseus, a lawsuit called him back to St. Petersburg, and it was only in 1863 that he was able finally to dispose of his business and to take up the work upon which his heart had been set from his childhood's days.

A tour round the world, to complete his education, a maiden effort as an author, in a book on China and Japan, and a long stay in Paris, to learn the elements of archæological science, brought him to the threshold of his desires. In 1868 he paid his first visits to the sites with which his fame is linked.

In 1870 the first sod was turned at Hissarlik, where his faith in the accuracy of Pausanias insisted that ancient Troy lay buried, in the face of modern archæology, which, if it allowed that Troy had ever been at all, placed it further inland, at Bunarbashi. He was laughed at, and at first meagre results mocked his efforts, but the man who had persisted for five and thirty years could persist for three years more, and in 1873 the world knew that the scholars were wrong and the enthusiast was right.

It was in the diary of that year that, working in bitter weather, Schliemann wrote, "At night, we have nothing but our enthusiasm for the great work of the discovery of Troy, to keep us warm." Such enthusiasm as his was fire enough.

Mycenæ, "rich in gold" in our time as in Homer's, next gave up her secrets, and Schliemann stood beside the dust of those who were great men before Agamemnon, in their graves set within the circle that Pausanias had seen, surrounded by treasure that justified the city's title. Ithaka had little to give him, still remote and poor now as in Odysseus' day, but what was there to find, he found. And all the controversy that raged, and rages still, about the discoveries that he gave to the world, can never take away from the greatness of his achievement, and can never undo the fact that the faith of a child in

the truth of a splendid story has gone far to restore its splendour to a generation of scholars, who, when he first heard and believed, would have been absorbed in the niceties of its grammar, and would have passed by its humanity without a thought.

Perhaps I have spent too much time on this tale of patient endeavour and of rich reward. Of the discoveries themselves I shall speak in their due place. But I wanted to make it clear that enthusiasm is not wasted, and that even in the study of things long past, sympathy and common sense and poetic feeling are qualities that it is dangerous to discard. The grammarians of the eighteenth century all but robbed us of our Homer. The grocer's boy of the nineteenth century gave him back to us, for love of his poetry, and of the living men of whom he sang.

Now I would have you consider carefully the enormous importance of this removal of the Homeric story from the domain of fairy tale to that of actuality. If this story had its foundation laid on solid walls, if it spoke of real cities, of real things, why not also of real men? And if criticism was justified in approaching the Iliad and the Odyssey from this standpoint, why not also the great mass of legend manifestly pre-Homeric in its origin? The stories of Herakles, of Pelops, of Theseus, of Minos himself, might they not too contain their grain of truth? Where was the limit of history to be set? Were the walls of the well-built house of Erechtheus, King of Athens, and friend of Athena, beyond discovery? Was the Labyrinth of Knossos—was the Minotaur himself—all myth? Was Herodotos

really the father of lies? These were the questions that sprang into men's minds. These are the questions that archæology has answered, at least in part, since Schliemann laid down the spade and the pen for the last time.

In short, there is truth in every legend of old Greece that deals with men and the deeds of men. The discoveries in Melos, by the British School of Archæology in Athens, led the way to the discoveries of Dr. Evans, and Dr. Halbherr principal among others, in Crete. Finds scattered far and wide over Greek lands and beyond, from Spain to Palestine, from the Crimea to Egypt, have revealed the wide-spread influence of a civilisation that was great long before the first king of the house of Atreus ruled in Argos and Mycenæ. The pictured walls of Knossos have given to the bull-headed monster of the Cretan city, if not reality—we need no touch of the supernatural in our picture—at least a reason. We can even trace, by a sign here and there, the affinities of races of a world-old antiquity, who played their part in the building of the footwalls of the civilisation of to-day. History now begins for us, not with the first date in a systematised chronology, but with the first rough flint fashioned to the needs of men dwelling in the shelter of the rocks.

The gain is great: and it consists not so much in the actual process of reconstruction and of discrimination and selection, as in the main result, namely, that the unintelligible element has been eliminated from the growth of classical Greece. We are no longer compelled to regard the progress of art in the Hellas of recorded history as an uncanny,

even an inhuman thing, for we know that behind it lie ages of progress and of change, which built up the national conditions and the national character, and left the legacy of national skill of hand, which combined to produce the meteoric wonder of classical art. Further consideration of the place of legend in the making of history will show how the one factor which, in pre-Homeric times, was lacking to produce a truly inspired art, was introduced into Hellas, and an aspect of truth will be given to stories that for too long had ranked merely among the world's most fascinating fairy tales.

I make no apology for the length of this introduction. I have set out on my task with the deliberate intention of showing that as enthusiasm created, so it alone can rediscover, the "glory that was Greece."

II

KNOSSOS

SCHLIEMANN discovered Troy. He excavated Mycenæ, finding tombs of kings, and treasure of kings. He established the existence of a great prehistoric civilisation in Greece; whether that civilisation could be connected with the story told by Homer, or not, it was by his faith in Homer that he revolutionised the attitude of historians towards tradition.

It was rather a striking irony, therefore, that the one thing which he did not discover should have been the natural medium of literary expression, the art of writing. Inspired by a great literary monument, he found no trace of anything which could then be recognised as an inscription. So far as his discoveries went, even the solitary reference made to written signs by Homer, namely, the *σήματα λυγρὰ*, the dire signs, carried by Bellerophon from Proitos of Tiryns to the Lydian king, was without archæological substantiation.

Taking into consideration the remote antiquity of picture-writing in Europe, traceable to the days of the cave-dwellers, so far back that no more than the vaguest estimate of their date can be made, it seemed inconceivable that a civilisation like that of the builders of Mycenæ should have been ignorant of the art of writing in one form or another.

It is due to the efforts of Dr. (now Sir) Arthur Evans to clear up this anomaly that the history of the Greek world has been carried back another 2000 years at least: in the process, a tremendous lost civilisation has been revealed, and names that were great in pre-Homeric legend have begun to take their place in a reconstructed history of European civilisation.

It is to the works of Dr. Evans that we must turn for the history of his excavations in Crete, and of their results. In an essay of this kind we can attempt no more than to give a conjectural shape to their meaning, and to visualise from the buildings, the pottery, paintings, and other works of art, something of the life which produced them.

From 1889 onwards, Dr. Evans was engaged in collecting and tracing the provenance of certain engraved stones, bearing a general resemblance to stones found at Mycenæ, but engraved with forms and symbols which seemed to have the character of a kind of pictographic script, vaguely suggestive to the lay eye of the well-known Egyptian hieroglyphic writing. Gradually the evidence which he accumulated made it plain that Crete was the source from which all these stones had come, and a journey in Crete brought to light a very large number of similar stones, many still actually being worn by women as "milk-stones," or charms. Other evidence was brought to light, of a very ancient and advanced civilisation in the island, and a clay tablet, found at Knossos, scratched with linear signs of different forms from those on the seal stones, but obviously belonging to the same line of development,

made it plain that if anything was to be discovered with regard to prehistoric Greek writing, it was in Crete that the search must be made.

Excavations in the most ancient sanctuary of the Cretan Zeus, the Dictæan cave, resulted in the discovery of a great deposit of votive offerings, and, deep in the deposit, a fragment of a small altar table of black stone, having three bowl-like depressions for libations, and, most important of all, an inscription in characters of the linear script along its upper surface.

The next step was dictated by tradition. The great city of Cretan tradition was Knossos. It was in Knossos that Minos the king had reigned—in Knossos the Labyrinth was built by the master-craftsman, Daidalos, to conceal the Minotaur, the bull-headed monster. There the same Daidalos had made the dancing-floor for Ariadne, the daughter of the king. To Knossos Theseus had come to win her heart and to slay the monster, and thereby to liberate his city of Athens from a shameful tribute.

If in these fantastic legends there was a grain of truth, it was that Knossos had been, long ages ago, the greatest city in Crete, great enough to hold a far-off city of the mainland in fee.

So, patiently surmounting one obstacle after another, Dr. Evans, in the spring of 1900, at last began to excavate the mound known as Kephala tou Effendi—"the Gentleman's Head"—which marked the traditional site of Knossos, lying about four miles inland from Candia, on the west bank of the Kairatos river.

Tradition was right, and so was legend. A few

inches of digging proved the one, a few short months of work revealed the basis of the other.

The palace, as revealed by years of continuous excavation, presents a bewildering complex of walls, chambers, courts, and corridors, well meriting the name of Labyrinth. The work has now been carried so far, however, that it is possible to form some estimate of the history of the buildings and of their use. They lie upon a hill sloping from west to east towards the Kairatos river, and are arranged around a great central court, some 200 feet long from north to south, and 100 feet wide. The buildings on the west or upper side of the court, and at each end of it, rise from the same level as the court itself, but those on the east or lower side have one story below its level, and are consequently better preserved, the western buildings being for the most part razed nearly to the ground level, while the eastern still rise in some places to a height sufficient to indicate that they had two and perhaps three stories. A thick wall, with well-placed bastions and guard-houses at intervals, surrounded the entire group, which was approximately square. Recent excavation has shown that there was a still larger court to the west of this square, with buildings upon its western side; but the latest palace appears to have been complete and self-contained within its cincture wall.

The arrangement of the quarters of the palace no doubt varied at different times in its development, but in its final form it was far more simple than the complicated appearance of the plan would lead us at first sight to suppose. The wing west of the central

court was divided into two main portions by a great corridor running north and south: west of this corridor, the ground floor was devoted to stores, and east of it the official and sacred apartments were grouped. In the wing east of the court, the dividing corridor runs east and west, the northern portion of the building being occupied by workshops, offices, and an oil-press, and the southern consisting of the private apartments—the "palace" proper. The main entrances to the palace were at the northern and southern ends; at the north-east and north-west angles were guard-houses, and there appears to have been a large guard-tower overlooking a portico on the west side of the palace, at the end of the store-rooms; the floor or floors above the store-rooms may have been occupied by the palace guard, which was probably numerous.

The elucidation of the plan is complicated by the fact that there are traces of several successive palaces on the same site, considerable portions of the earlier work being incorporated in the later, especially in the north-west portion of the palace: but confusion from this cause has been minimised by the extraordinary patience and skill of Dr. Evans in carrying out the work of excavation.

The palace was approached from the north-west by a paved road, which before reaching the portico passes through a paved space surrounded by raised steps and having in one corner a kind of daïs. Its purpose is doubtful, but it has been suggested that this is the dancing-floor that Daidalos made for Ariadne; and the suggestion is not so fantastic as it might seem to be, for the whole palace is full of

echoes of legend. In its labyrinthine rooms and corridors are paintings of mighty bulls, and of eager and excited crowds of men and women. Its stones are graven, and its walls are painted, with the sacred sign of the double axe, the labrys (λάβρυς) which may well have given its name to the house of gods and kings, long before that name gained the evil significance of an inextricable maze, wherefrom the architect himself, Daidalos the cunning man, was fain to escape on wings because he could not find his way out. Minos, its king, was a mighty law-giver, and was made, with his brother Rhadamanthus, judge of souls in Hades. Here is his very throne-room, with the royal throne set against the wall and surrounded by the benches of his counsellors; while, a little beyond the palace walls, a hall with a raised daïs at its inner end, and having aisles with colonnades on either side, seems as though it might be the prototype of the basilicæ, the justice-halls, of far later days.

The palace is a town within itself, with long history and the steady growth of civilisation, power, and industry written large upon its relics. Like a mediæval castle, it contained within its walls all that was needed to carry on an existence independent of the outside world. Nearly the whole of the western side of the ruins consists of a series of long, narrow magazines, opening off the main corridor, and containing rows of huge earthenware jars, big enough to hold a man (like the jars in the story of the Forty Thieves), some of them plain, some richly decorated with cable patterns in imitation of the ropes used to move them from place to

place. In these jars were stored grain, oil, wine, dried fruits, and other such needs of the community within the palace walls. In the floors of the magazines, and of the corridor itself, are sunk coffers, some of which were lined with lead; they were concealed beneath the flagged pavement, and were probably made for holding treasure.

The western entrance to the palace is immediately to the south of the magazines, and leads to a corridor running round the south-west angle of the palace to the southern propylæa, or portico, which opens to a court. This corridor is known as the "Corridor of the Procession," for still adhering to its walls on either side was found a fresco representing a procession, in which a king in gorgeous robes and wearing a crown of peacock's feathers takes part. This is but one of the many frescoes which must have given to the palace a splendour of colour and variety in almost every part. In a corridor alongside the south propylæa was found a figure of a youth wearing a loincloth of many colours, and carrying a tall vase of silver decked with gold. The dignity and beauty of the figure, with its delicate features, warm brown skin, and upright bearing, seized upon the minds of the workmen who found it, so that it seemed to them to be the eikon of some holy saint: and Dr. Evans tells us how old Manólis, the trusted foreman who kept watch beside the newly-found treasure through the night, woke from a momentary doze to see the figure of the saint shining with a strange light from the wall. "φαντάζει," said he; "the whole place is full of ghosts."

That is the impression that Knossos gives. It is

full of ghosts—ghosts of a mighty, luxurious, lost civilisation. To enter the great central court is to be brought face to face with the immensity and the completeness of the organisation of which it was the focus. There are three doorways in the wall-facing of smooth gypsum slabs on its western side; each one of these opens to a distinct and separate aspect of Minoan life. The southernmost leads, through a small courtyard, to two chambers, one opening out of the other; in the centre of each stands a square pillar built of great blocks of stone, each roughly graven with the sign of the double axe. It has been thought that these were shrines of the god whose symbol was the axe, but a room hard by containing a row of stone vats, and another, in which stand tall jars (pithoi), suggest that here was carried on some industry, of which it is still possible that the god may have been the especial patron: it is noticeable that this is the only portion of these western chambers which is connected directly with the corridor of the magazines.

The next opening is wide, with a central pillar and broad steps leading into a kind of ante-room, beyond which are long, narrow rooms. To the left of the entrance is a small office, in which were found many clay tablets closely inscribed with symbols that had been scratched upon the soft clay—prehistoric writings, the object of the original search. Not here alone, but in many parts of the palace, such tablets, showing three distinct phases in the art of writing, have been found. To these, at once the triumph and the enigma of the excavations, we shall return in due course.

Here, it may be supposed, part at least of the business of the palace was conducted by the subordinate officers of state set over the affairs of the king. It is by the broad quadruple entrance next to the northward that we enter the presence of Minos himself. The steps descend to a wide ante-room, which opens to a room beyond it. Set in the middle of the northern wall of that room is a high-backed throne, once brilliant with colour. Its back has a wavy outline, and legs and stays, as though of a wooden chair, are carved upon its solid base. Along the wall on either side, and at each end, run benches of stone. Facing the throne, upon the southern side of the room, is a low wall enclosing a tank to which steps lead down. Upon the wall once stood a colonnade. Both light and air reached the throne-room from this source, but what the purpose of the tank may have been it is hard to guess. It needs no stretch of imagination to see in this empty throne the seat of government of a great and ancient civilisation. The rooms immediately around it all bear traces of the holding of state: a room not far away, known as the "Room of the Lady's Seat," from its contents, may well have been the state apartment of a Minoan queen; for we shall see that women had honour and freedom in ancient Knossos. The corridor, opening from the ante-room, which leads thither, leads also to rooms gay with frescoes—a boy, painted, most strangely, with blue flesh, who picks crocuses in a field and arranges them in a vase, an animated crowd of men and women grouped about a temple, all painted in miniature, and other gay designs, a splendid lamp carved

of porphyry in the shape of a lotus flower—such things as these show plainly that these rooms were devoted to the social activity of the court. A great piazza, projecting from the northern wall of the palace, and once richly frescoed, overlooks the entrance to the northern portico, an excellent position from which to watch the arrival and departure, it might be, of ambassadors, of the bringers of tribute, or of religious processions.

A passage from the northern end of the great courtyard leads to the northern portico, behind which lies a bastion guarding the entrance. Underneath this bastion runs a water-drain, cunningly contrived in a series of parabolic curves to check the flow of water in torrential rains, and to prevent the flooding of the buildings lower down the hill. The builders of Knossos were skilled hydraulic engineers, whose work has scarcely been equalled in this respect till our own day.

The buildings at the north-east angle of the palace are difficult to make out, and contain many vestiges of very early work. But the east wing as a whole is divided by a corridor running from east to west, and entered at its western end from the court by a staircase descending to the lower level of the ground floor rendered necessary by the slope of the hill. This staircase is in splendid preservation: it once consisted of five flights, of which three are still standing, turning about and about, with columns, tapering from top to bottom as in all Minoan architecture, supporting the upper flights. North of the corridor is a large room in which stands a stone olive-press; from the press a conduit runs, turning

twice at right angles till it reaches a spout set in the wall of a court lower down the hill, more than fifty feet away. There the oil-jars were filled, and there, in the adjoining rooms, still stand the oil-jars. Close by is a room with stone benches around it, in which Dr. Evans sees the schoolroom of the palace.

The great staircase, however, was not designed to reach such rooms as these. It descends to a hall, lighted by a great colonnaded well through the whole depth of the buildings. That hall opens to the corridor, and to the south of the corridor lie the apartments of the royal household in its latest and most royal days. The "Hall of the Double Axes" opens from the corridor itself; its walls are painted with colonnades, the capital of every column set with the sacred double axe. It is lighted by a great well at its western end with a circular central column; it opens eastward by doorways between three piers to an outer hall whose eastern and southern sides open similarly to a paved colonnade looking out over the falling ground, and over a huge angle of the cincture wall, towards the river-course. A doorway from the "Hall of the Double Axes" opens to the hall of the women—smaller, more secluded, and with a blank wall instead of a piazza to the eastward, but full of the evidence of luxury. It was in this kingly house that shattered fragments of the daintiest works of art were found, and it was here that the greatest skill of the engineer had been lavished; for the drainage system, and the sanitary arrangements, testify that Daidalos has never found his equal in such matters till our own days: Dr. Halbherr, the chief of the

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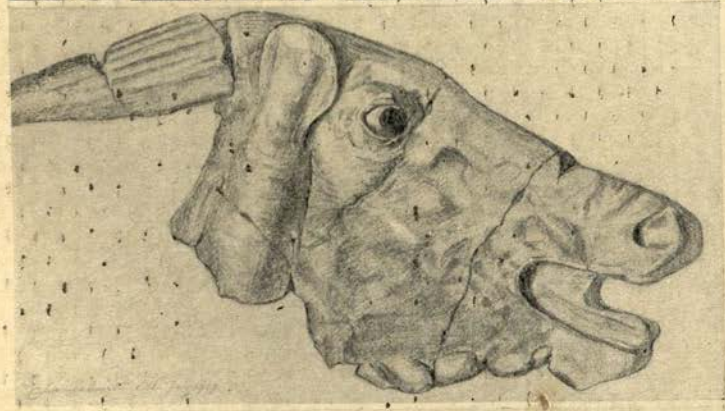


2

3

KNOSSOS

1. ROYAL APARTMENTS, S.E. WING 2. BULL'S HEAD, RELIEF FRESCO
3. "DANCING-FLOOR OF ARIADNE"

Italian Archæological Mission, could only describe this work as "absolutely English"!

The upper stories of the royal dwelling probably extended northward over the room of the olive-press and the rooms about it, for in a ground-floor room were found fragments of a magnificent fresco in high relief, including the head of a bull, modelled with surpassing vigour and fidelity, which must have formed part of the decoration of a great and splendid apartment. In another ground-floor room lay a number of small faïence plaques in the shape of houses, of two stories, with windows and doors, in bright colours, giving a clear idea of the appearance of a Minoan house. The windows appear to have been filled with oiled parchment, tinted red, in place of glass. These plaques probably formed part of the decoration of a chest. This faïence ware is an interesting discovery, for it is a material which had been associated only with Egypt up to the time of its discovery in a form undoubtedly indigenous to Crete.

The upper floor of the palace still stands in part at the east end of the corridor across the east wing. In an upper room here was found a magnificent limestone vase, 2 feet high and more than 6 feet in circumference, carved with a double spiral band, and hollowed to a marvellous thinness. Close beside it was another vase, scarcely more than roughed out of the block. This was a sculptor's workshop, and the sculptor's work was unfinished when the end of Knossos came.

Reference has been made to tablets of clay inscribed with a form of writing. These were found

in profusion in various parts of the palace, in the form of bars, labels, and oblong plaques, and of clay sealings, the last bearing pictographic designs obviously having an arbitrary meaning. From Knossos alone have come nearly two thousand written documents, the majority in the advanced linear script of the tablet which came to light before the excavations, and the remainder in two earlier forms of writing, one linear, and the other, and earliest, of a conventionalised pictorial character, similar to that of the Egyptian hieroglyphics. These three forms cover a long period of time, coincident with almost the whole history of the palace.

None of these forms of writing have yet been deciphered, nor is there even any sure clue as to the language they express; but it is fairly certain that it was a language having no more than a remote connection with Greek, as we know it; it is even highly improbable that it was an Aryan language. Still, enough can be gathered from the pictorial character of many of the signs, from the "determinatives" affixed to groups of symbols, and from certain symbols obviously having a numerical significance, to form a basis for some shrewd guess-work. A large number of the documents evidently consist of inventories of stores of grain, oil, weapons, and such things. A particularly happy chance was that which laid bare, near the arsenal of the palace, a large hoard of tablets of which the contents plainly referred to munitions of war; one tablet recorded 8640 arrows in two lots, of 6010 and 2630 respectively, and close beside the tablet were found two lots of hundreds of arrows, the bronze heads still, in

part, attached to the shafts, and the whole embedded in the remains of the boxes, with bronze loop handles, in which they had been stored.

A circular disc of clay found at Phaistos, and stamped on both sides with "hieroglyphic" symbols arranged in a continuous spiral line from the centre to the edge, is plainly not Cretan at all, though some of the symbols are like those of the Cretan pictographic script. It bears a general resemblance to Hittite writing, though it differs in important particulars from this also; it is almost certainly from Asia Minor, and does not give any clue to the interpretation of Cretan writing, though it is extremely valuable as affording evidence of intercourse between two advanced civilisations. It has been interpreted as a hymn to the Anatolian Mother Goddess, but no certainty attaches to these interpretations, which are based only upon the slightest of grounds.

The palace of Knossos has been compared above to a mediæval castle, but this comparison is not wholly applicable, for the palace was unfortified save for its thick cincture wall and bastions. Obviously the centre of a highly-organised administration, with its throne-room, its offices, its arsenal, and its documents; the repository of wealth and luxury, with its painted walls, its spacious courts and wide chambers, and its rich stores; the focus of artistic activity, with its studios and workshops; the home of an advanced knowledge of practically applied science, with its complex and skilful system of surface drainage, and well-contrived light-areas in the midst of its blocks of buildings; the dwelling of a large

population of courtiers, retainers, guards, and workmen, with its huge extent and many chambers piled several stories high; and lastly, containing shrines of great sanctity, and forming the scene of solemn religious observances, it was yet left wholly unprotected from raid or assault, save by a few small guard-houses and the thick outer wall of the palace itself.

With this fact another is closely connected, namely that, according to every indication, the ruin of Knossos was sudden, cataclysmal, and all but complete: and the agent of destruction was fire. The very mound in which the ruins had lain in desolation for more than three thousand years was burnt red with the breath of fire; the whole of the place is full of charred remains of burnt beams, burnt chests, burnt fittings; the arrow-shafts and their boxes, to which reference has just been made, are a charred and blackened mass; the great jars of earthenware in the long, narrow cellars are flushed and cracked with the fierceness of the flame from their burning oil. The magnificence, and the luxury, and the glory of the palace of Knossos went down in a wild sea of fire that swept it out of the history of the Aegean lands, and left but a miserable remnant of its inhabitants to carry on an enfeebled and doomed existence among its shattered walls.

This was no chance conflagration. It was the hand of the raider that set the flame, and, even while it was burning, stripped the palace of its treasures. Except for a bit of gold foil here and there, broken from some gilded thing, a kingly game-board of ivory, silver, crystal, and blue glass,

cast aside in a corridor (very likely because it was beyond the rude comprehension of some looter), and a few bronze bowls crushed beneath the blazing timbers of an upper floor that fell before the conqueror could gather all his spoil, there was not found a scrap of fine metal-work in all the wide extent of the palace. The search had been thorough—even the floor-coffers in the cellars had in some instances been torn open, and their sealed lead linings ripped in search of valuables. And it had been swift, for the artist had left his bench, and his unfinished work, and had fled; it may be to fall in the rout, or it may be to work in a foreign land for an alien master. This disaster, at least, is an incontrovertible fact, proved by the evidence of the ruins themselves: and the more closely we examine the ruins of Knossos the more closely are they brought into relationship with the well-known legends that hang on its name.

Among the many paintings on the palace walls is the miniature fresco mentioned above, representing a concourse of lively folk gathered in animated interest near a temple, the women among them in garments of so modern a cut and fashion, slim-waisted and low-necked, that of one group a French savant exclaimed, "Mais ce sont des parisiennes." These people seem to be watching a show of some kind: and we are given a hint of its nature by other pictures on the walls.

The bull is everywhere at Knossos. We have already noted the superb bull's head in high relief, from the east wing. There are pictures, too, showing a kind of circus performance in which bulls play the

part of the horses in a modern circus. In one of them a man turns a somersault over the back of a charging bull, while a girl, in a most modern ballet skirt, waits with outstretched hands to catch him; another girl, preparing for the leap, seems destined to disastrous failure. The royal villa near the palace of Phaistos, in southern Crete, another great centre of this civilisation, has yielded pictures of the same sport, carved in low relief upon a vase of soap-stone, once plated with gold; in this example one of the acrobats is actually gored and tossed by the bull. The bull is carved on engraved gems, in the bull-sport, or on the altar as a sacrifice (it also appears as a sacrifice, painted on the famous sarcophagus from Hagia Triada); the skulls of bulls decorate altars; tall, lyre-shaped horns, like those of certain bulls, form a sacred symbol upon pictures of temples; the bull is plainly a sacred beast: and lastly, upon seal-stones is depicted a monster, half bull, half man—a very Minotaur!

We must not be tempted to deduce from these facts the historical accuracy of the story of Theseus, Minotaur and all; but if we can establish the relation of Cretan to Greek civilisation, we may fairly claim to have found in these pictures, and in the customs that they represent, the origin of the story. Yet if, as seems certain, the language of the undeciphered writing of Knossos is not Greek, on what ground can we regard the civilisation of Crete as belonging in any sense to Greek history?

Neither Welsh nor Cornish is English, but the Arthurian legend is none the less a shadowy part of English history. Similarly, though the Cretan

tongue was not that of classical Greece, Cretan history is part of the history of Greek civilisation and progress.

To establish such a relation it will be necessary to rely upon the evidence of the palace itself. If we can gather from this some idea of the sources of wealth and the lines of activity of prehistoric Crete, we may hope also to find therein the point of contact with the mainland and its history.

Now the almost complete absence of fortifications at Knossos argues a feeling of security from attack which could only have arisen from a very high state of civilisation, and in addition, from a knowledge of superiority to most enemies. If danger had been to fear from within the island itself, fortifications would have been an imperative necessity; therefore we may conclude that there was no such danger. This was not because Knossos stood alone; it would be merely wearisome to give a list of the sites in Crete upon which remains contemporary with those of the palace have been found. At Phaistos, a palace of less extent, but perhaps once of equal magnificence, has been excavated; all the evidence goes to prove that Crete was secure and flourishing under a great central dominating and welding power; that it was, in fact, a homogeneous and united kingdom, with a long history of prosperity and progress.

Nor was attack feared from the sea, for though Knossos is close to the sea, only a few watch-towers protect the palace. From this fact the only possible deduction is that Crete held dominion overseas; that she was, in fact, the head of an Aegean maritime empire or confederacy, for her wealth and mag-

nificence were enough to have tempted any state or combination of states strong enough to attack her.

If that was the case, there must be evidence of the influence of Cretan civilisation outside Crete; if such evidence is forthcoming from Greece itself, the link between Cretan and Greek history will have been added to the chain.

Orchomenos in Bœotia, and Mycenæ in Argolis, both described by Homer as "rich in gold," and the latter famed as the city of Agamemnon, chief among Homeric rulers, have yielded remains of distinctly Cretan type, the former, among other things, wall-paintings, the latter principally objects in the precious metals, such as a silver ox-head with golden horns, and a gold sceptre-handle inlaid with crystal. At Tiryns, close beside the sea on the Gulf of Argos, was found a wall-painting of a man leaping over a bull, of precisely the same type as the paintings of the palace of Knossos itself, though not so certain in its mastery of the subject or of the technique of fresco. Later discoveries have been made on this site of painted floors with swimming dolphins in blue water, and of wall-paintings representing hunting and battle scenes, all of Cretan type. The Cretan and mainland civilisation certainly overlapped, and were for some time, at any rate, of the same character, going back in both cases to neolithic times, and ending, in Crete, some time before the iron age began; while, on the mainland, the break in continuity appears coincidently with the introduction of iron. The Cretan culture began to assume importance long before that of the mainland, reached a higher point, and ended earlier.

Troy is the only example in Asia Minor of a centre of civilisation belonging to this type, to which the term Ægean may be applied, as covering both its Cretan and "Mycenæan" branches. The second city at Troy is contemporary with the "Middle Minoan" period of Knossos, while the sixth city is that of the Homeric story.

This absence of Aegean remains from Asia Minor points to the existence there, contemporarily with the power of Crete, of a great continental power capable of holding its own against the island kings and others of their race. In the centuries preceding the Homeric age, the only such power was the Hittite Empire, whose growth covers a period from 3000 B.C. or earlier; it was strong enough in 2000 B.C. to overthrow the first dynasty that ruled in Babylon, and to meet Egypt in arms in the XII Dynasty of the Pharaohs.

In Palestine there are abundant traces of sporadic Cretan occupation, and there is considerable ground for believing that the Philistines of Bible history were derelict colonies of Cretans, lingering on long after their mother-city was a legend.

In Egypt, and in her intercourse with Crete, we shall find, not indeed a precise solution of our problem of Cretan chronology, for that of Egypt itself, before the XVIII Dynasty, is the subject of burning controversy, but at least an approximate date for the inferior limit of the Cretan domination in the Aegean: it is more than likely that, in time, the history of Knossos may return the service by solving the Egyptian problem.

Dr. Evans has divided the bronze age on the

mound of Knossos into three main periods, Early, Middle, and Late Minoan, each period being subdivided into three, thus: Early Minoan I, Early Minoan II, Early Minoan III; Middle Minoan I, II, and III; and Late Minoan I, II, and III. The principle is based roughly upon the stratification of the remains. Before Early Minoan I, comes the deposit of the neolithic age, whose depth carries us back to a date of anything from 10,000 to 12,000 years B.C. So long has man inhabited the site.

The latest portion of the neolithic deposit, and Early Minoan I, appear to date somewhere about the First Dynasty, or at any rate within the period of the first four dynasties of Egypt. Certain pottery of a black hand-polished fabric, found by Professor Petrie in First Dynasty tombs at Abydos, is exactly paralleled at Knossos, where it was at first supposed to belong to the late neolithic and Early Minoan I strata. But it is questionable whether the pottery came from this level after all, and it may either have existed for a long time before it got to the place in which it was found, or may have been kept for a long time before it was discarded or buried there: and, again, the controversy with regard to Egyptian dating places the First Dynasty at half a dozen points between 3315 and 5510 B.C.! If we place the first of the nine Minoan periods somewhere in the fourth millennium B.C., we shall be as near to a practical dating as need be.

There are no remains of houses in the neolithic deposit, though no doubt they existed, but floor levels begin with Early Minoan I. At the same time the decoration of the pottery changes from

that of incised patterns in the dark ware, filled with white powdered gypsum, the characteristic neolithic type, to white patterns painted flat on the dark background. This is followed by dark decoration on a light ground. Early Minoan II shows a considerable advance in variety of design in the shape and decoration of vases, the shapes including vases with long spouts, and the decoration proceeding from straight lines to curves—a natural result of the greater freedom afforded by painting than by scratching the design. Red-and-black mottled ware also belongs to this period. The human figure appears in the form of tiny figurines of alabaster and steatite (soapstone), more primitive even than contemporary efforts in other islands of the Cyclades.

In Early Minoan III Crete begins to outstrip the other islands of the Aegean, and to establish her connection with Egypt as a permanent factor in her progress. At this time also was begun the first city in Melos, whose civilisation from now onwards is practically identical with that of Crete. It is significant that the chief industry of Melos was the manufacture of arrow-heads of obsidian (volcanic glass); into this coincidence we may read the suggestion, that now Crete, beginning her story of expansion and dominance, needed arrow-heads in plenty to aid her in her enterprise.

At Phylakopi in Melos, the British School of Archæology unearthed a factory for the working of obsidian, and in it were found arrow-heads in all stages of manufacture, flakes and cores of the obsidian itself, and all the evidences of a considerable, long-established, and well-organised trade in this

commodity. It is more than likely that the prosperity of Melos, with the close affinity of its art to that of Crete, was founded on this particular industry.

At this time also appear at Knossos pictographic seals with types like those first made in Egypt in the VI Dynasty. This does not mean that the VI Dynasty seals were copied at once in Crete, and any way we do not know the date of the VI Dynasty: thus all we can argue from the evidence is that at some time during or after the VI Dynasty, possibly about 3000 B.C., the Cretans were in such close communication with Egypt as to copy Egyptian designs.

Gradually, therefore, we are driven to use our knowledge of the probabilities of art-progress as a check upon the arbitrary dating of astronomers and archæologists, and to ask ourselves how long it is likely, in the light of the known art-history of other nations, that the art of Knossos took to develop on the lines shown by the pottery and other remains.

Early Minoan I and II are in a barbaric stage of development, when progress is slow. In Early Minoan III Crete is ahead of her neighbours in the possession of pictographic seals, and has also begun to undertake architectural and engineering work on a large scale. A huge underground cistern, under the south propylæa, and approached by a spiral stair, belongs to this period. It was filled in before the building of the propylæa. It is in Middle Minoan I, however, that the great leap forward comes, and simultaneously the first traces of a palace, rather than of a collection of houses, appear on the

site. We may assign to Early Minoan III the period of warlike activity overseas, a period of rank piracy, no doubt, which began to bring the commercial prosperity of the Aegean principally into Cretan and Melian hands, and to Middle Minoan I the first signs of the preëminence of Knossos in Crete itself. No doubt it was a preëminence for which Knossos had to fight, but from the very first there seems to have been no tendency to fortify the centres of civilisation. The homogeneity of the race, and the concentration of its energies upon trade, made such fortification a waste of effort. At any rate, there is no doubt that from this time onward, the population and prosperity of Crete increased as it is only likely to have done under more or less secure conditions of internal peace: and while Knossos was only one of several great palace-cities, it was certainly the most powerful and the largest in extent.

Art makes great strides in this period, as shown by a remarkable series of statuettes from Palaikastro near Petsofá, of female figures in elaborate costume, not unlike, as Professor Burrows remarks, the costume of Queen Elizabeth. Pottery is painted in many colours on a dark ground, and distinct efforts towards naturalism are to be noticed side by side with advanced geometric ornament. We may take it that from this point onwards the progress of art and civilisation is comparatively rapid.

The "palace" of Middle Minoan I appears to have been destroyed in a catastrophe of some kind, and too little of it is left to give much idea of what it was like: all we know is that its masonry was

small and poor, and we can guess, if Dr. Evans is right in supposing two deep pits under the north-west of the palace, lined with masonry and smooth cement, to be oubliettes for prisoners, that all was not peace in the land. There is a strain of cruelty in the Minoan character as depicted in the legends, that would make Knossos a hard master, and the catastrophe which destroyed the "palace" of Middle Minoan I may represent an uprising of Cretans themselves against the self-assertive city.

That the destruction had no lasting effect is shown by the fact that building on a finer scale began almost at once, and Middle Minoan II is the period in which the building of the palace as we know it was begun. The architectural remains are few, but there is a profusion of pottery of exquisite thinness, and great beauty of polychrome decoration on a dark ground; it is known as Kamáres ware, and is characteristic of Middle Minoan II. For the architectural progress of the period we must turn to Phaistos, where a magnificent palace was built, of which there are considerable remains. This, however, was destroyed and covered up before the work of the succeeding period was begun, and the simultaneous disappearance—almost complete, save for the pottery, at Knossos, and partial at Phaistos—of the Middle Minoan II architecture, suggests that both palaces were destroyed in a single catastrophe, this time probably from without. It must not be supposed that the preëminence of Crete in the Aegean was achieved without a struggle.

But it was achieved. An interval elapsed before rebuilding on a large scale was begun in Middle

Minoan III, for Knossos, perhaps Crete as a whole, had to repair her prestige before she could repair her magnificence. But it is to Middle Minoan III that the general idea of the palace, as at present revealed, belongs; extensions and alterations were made in Late Minoan I and II, but the age in which Knossos really became first among the cities of the eastern Mediterranean was Middle Minoan III.

To this period belong many of the wall-paintings of the palace. The "Blue Boy," mentioned above, is the kind of subject which would appeal to a people in whom refinement of taste and the habit of peace had gone beyond their beginnings. Taste was even becoming fastidious, for the semi-convention of a limited scale of colours in polychrome decoration of vases gives way to the complete conventionalism of monochrome. Unable to achieve complete naturalism in colour, the artist falls back upon careful naturalism in form. The cult of naturalism even went so far as the use of accidental forms for decoration, as in the "trickle" jars; some of the great store-jars are not only decorated with moulded imitations of the rope binding and loops by which they were moved from place to place, but have, round their mouths, an eccentric decoration formed by pouring glaze haphazard on to the lip, and letting it trickle down the sides of the jar. It is not beautiful, but it is indicative of a culture in which every source was being tried for new ideas.

Generally speaking, the art of this period may be compared to that of the very early fifth century B.C. in Athens, or to the time immediately preceding the Renaissance in Italy. There is still some "archaism,"

some of the fascination of the incomplete; but the tide of art is nearly at its height.

In Middle Minoan III also, the earlier type of linear script comes into use side by side with the fully-developed pictographic system, and makes rapid progress. A fragment of a bowl with the script in a very cursive form, written *in ink*, apparently with a reed pen, makes it clear that its use was far more extensive than the existing documents indicate. Palm leaves (as suggested by an ancient tradition), papyrus, and even parchment, may have been used for documents, and large deposits of clay sealings, still containing the charred remains of the string which fastened them to the documents to which they belonged, show that innumerable writings on perishable material were stored up in the palace and elsewhere. The clay tablets or labels which have survived were a convenient form for short records: but for all we know, there may have been a great Cretan prehistoric literature, even an exact historical record, which has disappeared for ever.

The period of Middle Minoan III ended in a disaster of limited extent. It seems likely that this may have been an accidental fire, or a partially successful raid from the sea. The damage done was covered up, and rebuilding began almost without a break. Whatever the trouble was, it had no real effect on Cretan power, for the work of Late Minoan I and II is that of full maturity, vigour, and luxury. Perhaps the court was removed for a time, during the rebuilding, to the villa of Hagia Triada, near Phaistos, where much splendid work of the period has been found. There are vases of

steatite, carved in low relief with lively figure subjects, and a magnificent fresco, as good as the best work of a similar kind in Egypt, and very like it, representing a cat pouncing upon a bird. A sarcophagus, painted with the representation of a sacrifice beside a tomb, gives a vivid picture of the rite of veneration of the dead. The royal gaming-board, found at Knossos, probably belongs to this period too. The decoration of pottery changes from a light pattern on a dark ground to a dark pattern on a light ground; vividly naturalistic forms of flowers and sea-shells abound in its decoration. Contemporary art in Melos closely resembles that of Crete, showing constant intercourse between the islands, and community of race.

Late Minoan II is the greatest period of Minoan art. In these days were built the throne-room, and the basilica with its raised daïs and double row of pillars; the walls of the palace were now profusely decorated with carving, with frescoes of coloured plaster work in low relief, and with painted panel pictures enclosed in skilfully-designed frames of painted geometric patterns. The Cupbearer fresco, the palace sports, the royal procession, the splendid bull-head, all belong to this time. Architectural details, such as the triglyph and rosette, were freely used in conventional decoration of vases. The naturalism of the frescoes and the variety of their subjects is extraordinary. The dress of the people depicted is elaborate and, in the case of the women, strikingly modern in appearance.

This, then, was the age of luxury, of security, and of magnificence. In this age the palace was a hive

of administrative activity, of business, of industry. Secretaries and clerks in their offices checked and docketed the stores, the munitions, and the possessions of the king; he, priest and king in one, might be seen crossing the wide court from the high-piled quarters on the lower slope of the hill, to the little chamber where the ancient goddess of the palace had her shrine. Down the long corridors trooped dancers and bull-fighters to the show. The raised steps of the theatral area—the "dancing-floor"—were crowded with gaily-dressed, bejewelled women, white of skin, and sunburnt men slim-waisted as the women, clad only in glittering loincloths of many colours: the air was filled with chattering voices, only stilled by the excitement of the boxing-match or the intricate interest of the dance. Around the barricaded circus ring, crowds leaned breathlessly forward to watch the perilous antics of tribute-won slaves, girls as well as men, from the little hill-cities of the mainland, as they leaped aside from, or vaulted over the charging bulls gay with gilded horns. The pictures show us plainly that the performance was not one of horrid slaughter, but of skill and daring, the fruit of long practice and careful training. The bulls themselves were trained, no doubt, as well as the acrobats, and an accident was an accident and no more, then, as in a modern bull-ring; with this difference, that the victim was a slave, and his, or her, death was a toll taken by the god. It merely gave an added zest to the excitement, to know that the performers were princes —and princesses, for a princess of Megara was among the companions of Theseus—in their own

country, and doubtless the fact that Theseus was famed as the first man in Greece to use skill as well as strength in wrestling destined him as a matter of course to the bull-ring, and drew the eyes of the princess Ariadne upon him in the training-ground—insensibly one slips into the atmosphere of legend.

The sport was a passion in Knossos. The most exquisite art was lavished on representations of it; a little ivory carving, found in fragments at the foot of the great staircase, represents a vaulting man, long and lithe and sinewy, and is carved with the fidelity that nowadays we see only in the finest work of the Japanese. The very nails, the very veins on the backs of the hands, are worked with minute precision and delicate feeling for form. The hair is inset in spirals of gold wire. The last days of Knossos were days of magnificence, of luxury, and of refinement such as have rarely been paralleled in the history of the world.

All this glory came to an end, suddenly, terribly, finally: and those who wrought the destruction did not stay, but went as they had come, swiftly, leaving desolation behind them, and loading their ships deep with booty. Whither did that booty go? Who were the raiders, who raided so fiercely, so systematically, so thoroughly, that not only Knossos, but Phaistos as well, and many another centre of luxury or of trade came to an end in the same way and within a little time? And when did the catastrophe happen?

We have seen the impossibility of dating the earlier periods of Minoan history by comparison with Egyptian chronology. But from the XVIII

Dynasty onwards there is not the same ambiguity about Egyptian dates. The ascertained date of the beginning of that dynasty is 1580 B.C. If any part of Cretan history overlaps the period from 1580 B.C. onwards, that will be the basis on which we shall establish a system of Minoan chronology.

On the walls of the tombs of Rekhmara and Sen-mut, at Thebes in Egypt, are paintings of unmistakable Minoans, carrying offerings of well-known Cretan form; long, funnel-shaped vessels of silver and gold, precisely like those shown on the wall-paintings of Knossos itself, and perpetuated to our own time in the form of the carved and plated soapstone vases found at Phaistos and Hagia Triada; and mugs with a single handle, also a well-known Cretan type, of which we shall have more to say later; ingots of gold and silver, probably a kind of coinage, represented at Knossos by entries on the inventory-tablets; and weights in the characteristic Minoan form of a bull's head. There is no manner of doubt that these are Late Minoans drawn as correctly as the Egyptian artist could draw them. The name used for these people by the Egyptians was "Keftiu"—people from "the back of beyond," as Professor Burrows puts it.

Now Sen-mut was architect to Queen Hatshepsut, daughter of Thothmes I and wife of Thothmes II or III, or of both. The whole weight of Egyptological opinion gives a date between 1500 and 1450 B.C. to Thothmes III.

Rekhmara was the grand vizier of this Pharaoh, and lived, as the painting of his own tomb shows, to pay homage to the next Pharaoh, Amenhotep II.

On the basis just quoted, Sen-mut would have lived about 1480 B.C., and Rekhmara about 1450. At this date, then, Late Minoan II was in the heyday of its glory.

Amenhotep III succeeded Amenhotep II about 1414 or 1411 B.C. His queen was the famous Queen Tyi, the splendour of whose tomb has but recently been revealed.

At Tell-el-Amarna, the site of the city of Amenhotep III and his successor Akhenaten the Heretic King, has been found much Aegean pottery approximating to the inferior type long familiar, from its discovery in large quantities at Mycenæ by Schliemann, as "Mycenæan." It is the type of pottery found in the latest stratum of Knossos—Late Minoan III—the stratum overlying the destroyed palace and representing a period of feeble reoccupation, and characterised by the frequent occurrence of the "false-necked" jars which have long been known as a typical "Mycenæan" form. One room of Late Minoan III at Knossos contained several of these vases, though they occur in no other stratum of the palace.

Thus we arrive at the conclusion that the destruction of the palace, and of Minoan power, took place at the time marked by this change in Cretan exports. There are very scanty remains of good Cretan work in Egypt after the accession of Amenhotep III, none whatever in the reign of Akhenaten. Therefore we may take it that the sack of Knossos took place shortly after the accession of the former king, that is to say, between 1411 and 1400 B.C.

The outburst of naturalism shown in Egypt under Amenhotep III, and in a still greater degree under Akhenaten, is accompanied by strong Minoan influence in decorative patterns. It is scarcely too much to infer, that this naturalism is due to the influence of Cretan refugees in Egypt. May not the heresy of the Heretic King be in some measure due to the disturbing influence of fresh trains of thought introduced by a fugitive community from Crete?

The next step is to carry our chronology back from this date. The cat and bird fresco at Hagia Triada finds an exact parallel in an early XVIII Dynasty painting at Thebes, where a cat is hunting wild ducks. It may be noted in passing that hunting with cats in Egypt was a sport, like that of hawking in mediæval Europe. As a sport, it may well have been adopted from Egypt by Cretan nobles. The Cretan fresco is probably a little later than its Egyptian parallel, but it is by no means an early work of its period; we may therefore suppose that Late Minoan I lasted into the XVIII Dynasty from a date falling within the debatable land of Egyptian chronology; it probably ended about 1550 B.C., and, from its contents and progress, must have lasted about 150 to 200 years; thus we are brought back to 1700 or 1750 B.C. as the beginning of the Late Minoan Period.

It is the Middle Minoan Period that presents the chief difficulty, and as it is the period above all others of the building up of Minoan greatness, it is important to our purpose.

Kamáres ware has been found in Egypt, near

Senusert's pyramid at Kahun. Senusert was of the XII Dynasty—the last before the chaos in Egypt represented by the XIII–XVII Dynasties. Professor Flinders Petric assigns the deposits containing the Kamáres ware, which we have seen to be characteristic of Middle Minoan II, to the reign of Senusert. Middle Minoan II would therefore be contemporary with the XII Dynasty.

The strata of Middle Minoan III at Knossos yielded two Egyptian objects, one the lower part of a diorite figure found $2\frac{1}{4}$ feet below the pavement of the central court of the palace, inscribed with the name Ab-nub-mes-wazet-user—a name of a type fortunately confined to the XIII Dynasty; and the other the lid of an alabastron with the cartouche of Khyan, one of the Hyksos or "Shepherd Kings" of Egypt. Middle Minoan III therefore covered the XIII–XV Dynasties at least in part.

What was the date of these dynasties? The traditional dating of the XII Dynasty is somewhere about 2500 B.C. The "Berlin school," working on an astronomical basis from a precise observation of the star Sothis or Sirius given in a Temple Book of Senusert III and dated from his reign, find that the XII Dynasty began in 2000 B.C., and the XIII in 1788 B.C., without affecting the established date, 1580 B.C., for the beginning of the XVIII Dynasty. This leaves only 200 years for the XIII–XVII Dynasties, which may be quite enough, when we consider that Egypt was in a state of confusion, and that there is ample evidence of the overlapping and simultaneous existence of rival dynasties; and, moreover, that Egypt has left scarcely any important

monuments of this barren and disturbed period. This last fact alone seems to dispose of Professor Flinders Petrie's treatment of the difficulty. He extends the period to 1666 years, accepting the evidence of the astronomers, but not its conclusion, and inserts a whole cycle of the risings of Sirius —1460 years—in the history of Egypt. It is a long time in which to produce nothing but confusion. We have only to think for a moment of all that has happened in the last 1666 years to see that.

If we accept the Berlin dating, we find that Middle Minoan II began at some date before 2000 B.C., and ended before the XV Dynasty, that is, perhaps halfway between 2000 and 1750 or 1700 B.C., the date suggested for the beginning of Late Minoan I. This makes Middle Minoan III very short—not much more than a century and a half to two centuries: but it must be remembered that all the Middle Minoan periods were cut short by disaster: that it was a period of tremendous Minoan vigour and progress, comparable to the seventh and sixth centuries B.C. in Greek history; and that under such conditions a great deal can happen in a very short time. Moreover, it fixes no superior date for Middle Minoan II, which was the period of greatest progress; and if we adhere to our hypothetical date of 3000 B.C. for the beginning of Early Minoan I, there is plenty of time in 1420 years for all the progress shown in the Early and Middle Minoan periods as a whole.

Beyond this we cannot go. And even this much is conjectural and controversial in the highest degree.

We must be content to return to our inferior date, that fixed for the sack of Knossos, and to see how it accords with the legends which linger around the name of Knossos, and with the beginnings of civilisation in Greece.

CORNELIAN PRISM SEAL, WITH PICTOGRAPHIC SCRIPT AND BADGES

FOUR-SIDED BEAD-SEAL, WITH PICTOGRAPHIC SCRIPT

III

THE SACK OF KNOSSOS

THE story of Theseus needs no apology as a story, because it is swiftly moving, dramatic, romantic, and as fresh to-day as when it was first told; but to find in the legend a basis of fact invests it with a yet deeper interest, both human and archæological.

We may pass over the tale of his childhood at Troizen—though there may be serious history in that, no less than in the rest of the tale—and begin at the point at which he made his way to Athens to be acknowledged as a prince of the blood.

He followed the coast line from Troizen, leaving the lovely fertile plain and traversing mountain-paths, by Epidauros and the Isthmus of Corinth, along the spurs of Mount Gerania that overhang the sea: by Megara, and by Eleusis, and the Sacred Way, to the Athens of his forefathers. And at every step of the way he fought with wild beasts, with robbers, with the pests of the traveller, and conquered them all, so that the labours of Theseus stand side by side with those of Herakles.

Now he learned that Athens was under dire tribute to Minos, King of Knossos, for that in time not so long past, Androgeos, the son of Minos, while in Athens on a mission of collecting tribute, had been slain in a riot aroused by the exactions of the Cretan

king: in atonement for the crime, Athens must send, once in every year, seven youths and seven maidens, to be devoured by the Minotaur, the bull-headed man-monster of Knossos, who lived in the midst of an inextricable maze, the Labyrinth. Theseus volunteered to go as one of the seven youths, with the object of slaying the Minotaur and so liberating Athens from her penalty. Thus it befell that Ariadne, the king's daughter, was struck by the beauty of Theseus as he practised in the athletic arena, and aided him to thread the Labyrinth. The Minotaur was slain, Theseus and his companions departed, carrying Ariadne with them: her he deserted in Naxos, whither he was driven by need of water, and returned to Athens to find himself greeted as king: since Aegeus, the old king his father, had thrown himself into the sea as the ship of Theseus had come in sight, for the black sails of mourning were still hoisted, in place of the white sails which were to have been the signal of success.

Such is a rapid summary of the story, so far as it concerns our subject.

Now there are several points to be noted. Firstly, Theseus did not live in an age of the founding of cities or of the first making of trackways. He was the son of the king of an ancient city, and to that city he travelled by a known track, for the way was infested with famous robbers, and robbers do not haunt ways where there is no one to rob, and they must rob many before they become "the terror of the countryside."

Further, the cities themselves had reached the point in civilisation at which they could recognise

the sanctity of the person of an ambassador, for there appears to be no reason to suppose that the Athenians themselves did not regard the murder of Androgeos as a crime. That this was at a period at which Crete was strong enough to impose a savage punishment upon a city at a long distance from Crete makes it quite certain that the coming of Theseus to Athens was at a date before the fall of Knossos—that is, before 1411–1400 B.C.

The fact, however, that Theseus was able, even by strategy, to accomplish his wild enterprise, shows that authority in Knossos itself had grown careless in security. It was ripe for a raid. Moreover, another tale tells that after the slaying of the Minotaur, Daidalos, the engineer of Minos, wished to leave the court, and was imprisoned in his own Labyrinth, from which he only escaped by taking wings to himself and flying to Sicily; and that Minos pursued him thither with an army, but came to a grievous end. Thus it appears that the general consensus of legend regarded the power of Knossos as showing symptoms of decay about the time of Theseus. The progress of Athens under Theseus points also to a complete relief from external domination. Accordingly, let us for the moment fix the action of the story in the last years of Late Minoan II.

Before we proceed further in this chapter of digressions, we will endeavour to gain a general view of this mainland civilisation, already old in the days of Theseus, and connected with Crete by bonds tighter than its cities liked. We have already seen that on certain sites, such as Orchomenos, in Bœotia,

Tiryns, and Mycenæ, there are remains which show that intercourse between Crete and the mainland was not wholly hostile. Was it so at all in the first instance? How far was it so in the time of Theseus, in Late Minoan II?

One startling dissimilarity distinguishes the cities of Greece from those of Crete. All the prehistoric cities on the Greek mainland are as remarkable for their massive fortifications as those of Crete are for the absence of such fortifications. Every such city on the mainland is primarily a fort.

A country in which great fortresses are built is a country in which the desire for order exists side by side with active disorder; or at least, a country which is open to attack, and which has something to defend. They are built either to overawe a country or to save it from being overawed.

The position of a castle is the clue to its purpose. Some, but few, of the existing prehistoric remains of Greece are actually on the coast, the majority of them being a little way inland. Those on the coast are either the oldest, or have the oldest traditions. Even when tradition is absent, the form of a name will often suggest extremely ancient origin for a city. Thus there was on the east coast of the Peloponnesus at Monemvasia (the Malmsey or Malvoisie of the Middle Ages) a city in classical times, called Minoa—a fort built on a jagged rock standing out into the sea. There was also a Minoa in Sicily, and others were scattered about the Mediterranean coasts. These cannot fail to be connected with Minos, at least in their traditions.

Probably the oldest city of which any consider-

able remains exist in Greece is Tiryns, once on the very seashore of the Gulf of Argos. In its inflected forms the termination of the name is -nth—Tirynth—which carries the mind at once to the similar ending of the word Labyrinth. Corinth, of which the oldest settlement is very little distant from the sea, falls into line. Olynthos in Thrace, is another coast town with the same termination, which is not Greek, but is akin to the form of such names in Asia Minor as Alabanda and Aspendos. The Aegean islands give half a dozen instances of the same termination. Surviving words in Greek, such as terebinthos (turpentine), apsinthos (wormwood—absinthe) are of the same stock. Spain gives us Saguntum on its eastern coast, which may be traceable to the same group of names.

Other places on the coasts of Greece have lost the appearance of connection with the pre-Hellenic group, by a change of name. Argos, in tradition, is older even than Tiryns, though its name is Greek; but it was once called Larisa, a name occurring also in Thessaly and elsewhere in the sphere of Aegean influence; and Larisa is a pre-Hellenic word, meaning a fortress.

But the majority of prehistoric Greek cities are not actually on the coast, though they are seldom far from it: and almost in every case they are so placed as to command a road or pass running between sea and sea. The explanation of the rule which dictated their position explains also why Crete, rather than any other island of the Aegean, should have accumulated wealth and power.

Crete is the halfway house between Asia on the

east and Egypt on the south, and all the Mediterranean. All merchants passing thither passed by way of Crete, hugged the Cretan shore, took water and provisions from Cretan ports, and gave goods in exchange. In course of time these traders brought goods to exchange for other Cretan products. Trade became established, and Crete was favourably placed to trade with all the world. The whole basis of Cretan prosperity was commercial activity combined with an early appreciation of the importance of keeping the trade routes open, and free from molestation in the way of war or of piracy.

To ensure this latter object, it was necessary that she should have some control over the population of the deeply-indented coasts of Greece, with which no doubt trade had made her familiar. It is therefore suggested—and the legendary history of Megara bears out the suggestion in detail—that the Cretans, finding on the Greek coasts a people of kindred stock and speech to themselves, living in fortified strongholds near the sea, built as piratical headquarters, possessed themselves of these strongholds, established others of their own, and by these means held the sea-ways open, and superposed their culture upon a partial and less advanced civilisation of the same stock, which, however, had had time to develop certain peculiarities of its own in the arts, more especially in the planning of houses. Thus it would only be in isolated instances that any very advanced form of Minoan culture penetrated far inland. We know that it reached Orchomenos, but Orchomenos is not far from Thebes, where there is a remarkable tradition of the introduction of writing by a man

from overseas, Kadmos the "Phœnician"—the Greek word is φοῖνιξ, which means "red." The same story of the coming of writing from overseas is told of Argos, whither Palamedes brought letters ages before Theseus. It may be remembered that Proitos, of whom alone it is recorded in Homer that he could write, was King of Tiryns, that coast town whose name ends in the same fashion as the name Labyrinth.

We shall return to this point presently. To continue on the lines of our hypothesis, let us suppose that, dispossessed of their coast dwellings, the natives of the mainland retreated a little way inland, and lived by waylaying and robbing the Minoan caravans that wound across the passes from sea to sea. It may be worth noting that Perseus—certainly a typical adventurer—left Tiryns, by the shore, to found Mycenæ astride the pass behind it, leading to the Gulf of Corinth. Corinth became the key to the other end of the pass, and also to the Isthmus of Corinth itself, by the removal of the city a little inland. These forts astride the roads were built, then, as robbers' strongholds, and in more orderly days developed into toll-bars, giving, in exchange for the toll they took of the merchandise which passed by their walls, the freedom and security of the road. Thus there was a stage in the history of Greece, when Crete held the coast and the posts very near the coast in partial subjection, or in some cases in actual occupation, while, with the exception of Orchomenos and Thebes in Bœotia and a few more, the inland cities were of mostly later origin, and were never dominated by Crete.

Thus the law which governed the position of the inland cities was what M. Victor Bérard calls "the Law of Isthmuses."[1] Where there is a road between sea and sea, there will a city be planted, on the principle of the carcase and the eagles; Troy itself was such a city. If there was one thing that the prehistoric sailor thoroughly disliked it was the sea—or it should rather be said that it was the trader who disliked the sea, which is not so remarkable. He always preferred to hug the coast as far as possible, and, when he came to a narrow neck of land between seas, to unload his goods, carry them overland, and reship them on the other side. This was the chance of the robber ashore, who, when he had prospered sufficiently to be himself worth robbing, built him a wall to enclose his treasures, became a king of a city, and acted towards the merchant on the principle adopted by the Indian butler, who allows no one but himself to rob his master.

Now Troy is not, strictly speaking, on an isthmus: but it is on a narrow road parallel with a sea which is not navigable in a northward direction by small ships for a great part of the year, owing to currents and prevailing winds, so that it was just as favourably situated as any isthmus city for the control of traffic, and, next to Knossos, Troy was probably the greatest toll-taker in the Aegean world. Its fall came more than two centuries later, but from much the same source, and for much the same reason. That the function of guardian of the ways could be used oppressively is shown by the numerous stories of the perfidy of Trojan kings: Laomedon had a

[1] *Les Phéniciens et l'Odyssée.*

particularly bad character in this respect, and there is one highly discreditable story of the theft of some golden candlesticks, while the rape of Helen is sadly like a relapse into piratical habits! These may be malicious tales—but who loves a customs officer?

Yet a point, and we return to the tale of Theseus, having gained some idea of the civilisation to which he belonged, and of his reasons for hating Knossos.

Allusion has been made to the bringing of the art of writing to Greece. In the Theban story it is expressly stated by classical tradition that Kadmos and the letters he brought were Phœnician, and it has long been a tradition, supported by the forms of Phœnician letters themselves, that the Greek alphabet came to Greece through Phœnician hands.

But it is clear that there was at least one great settlement in Bœotia living in close communion with Crete at a time when writing was well known there, namely Orchomenos: on the other hand there are no traces of Phœnician writing dating back anything like as far as the story of Proitos, who wrote dire signs that a Lydian king (in whose land are place-names ending like that of the Tirynthian hold) could read. There are no real indications of a Semitic dynasty in Thebes itself, still less in Argolis, which had letters from overseas long before a single Phœnician keel grated on the beach of Argos bay. The fact is that Phœnix (*φοῖνιξ*) means a red man, and no more; it describes, not race, but complexion—the swarthy red-burnt complexion of a southern race of seafarers. Red is the conventional colouring of a man's skin in the

paintings of Knossos. The Phoinikes were not "Phœnicians," but Minoans. The portentous signs were the signs of the Cretan script.

Lastly, the royal dynasty of Orchomenos was the house of the Minyae, and the etymological connection with Minos is unmistakable. The Semitic Phœnicians—Sidonians, they should be called—had neither part nor lot in Greek trade or Greek civilisation till the day of Minos was over: there was no room for them.

This, then, is the story of Theseus. He destroyed robbers and wild beasts that infested the trade ways. The mainland of Greece was evolving internal order between fortress and fortress, and was beginning to build up a trade of its own on the roads that Cretan merchants had worked out and monopolised. The yoke of Crete was heavy on the towns near the coast. There is small doubt that the tribute of slaves was an actual fact. Knossos would need slaves to minister to her luxury, and slaves of kindred speech would have a special value. The frescoes of Knossos and of her mainland dependencies or offshoots leave no doubt that slaves were trained to perform in the bull-ring, almost certainly in honour of a bull-god (the mystic Dionysos of Crete was symbolised by a bull, and was yet a man-god). Whether voluntarily or not, Theseus went to Knossos as a slave; he was destined to the bull-sport, and trained for it—we recall that Ariadne first saw and admired him on the exercising-ground. But he had time to stir up revolt among his fellow slaves, to hatch a plot, to steal away with the rest of the trained bull-leapers, men and women, perhaps

to deface the symbol of the god in his flight, perhaps to carry away a sacred image of the great goddess, the Aphrodite-Ariadne of Crete—romanticised into the King's daughter as the tale grew old—and to leave Knossos bereft of its chief means of worshipping its god. He had slain, if not the Minotaur, at least its most famous form of worship. Maybe there was a little sword-play, a splash of bloodshed, but very little. Very likely the ships that should have pursued him lay scuttled or burned at the mouth of Kairatos river while he set his course for Naxos, there to leave the sacred image that had brought him contrary winds and lack of water. Theseus did not sack Knossos; he only "singed the King of Spain's beard."

But the end was at hand. More powerful cities than Athens felt the need for independence and expansion. Gradually the coast fortresses became less Minoan, more bound up in the mainland civilisation. Raid followed raid on Cretan shores. Determination brought about combination. Whole groups of mainland cities fell together under a single local domination, as, for example, the cities of Argolis. At last an effective blow was struck. Knossos, too long sunk in security to realise at first that her power was slipping from her, woke one red night to find it gone. The guard on the northern tower might have seen a faint glow rising from the harbour town; they could not see the long black ships creeping in by scores with the fall of night. The first they knew of danger was a sudden hammering at the wicket, a voice of terror from the darkness, and a blood-stained figure reeling into

the flare of the hastily-lighted torches, breathless and dying, a runner from the port, with tidings of disaster. Even before his tale was done, a mighty flare shot up from the little palace without the gate, the air overhead was suddenly full of the faint, fretful whisper of feathered arrows, and the tide of battle surged down upon the pillared portico; breaking on the angle of the palace wall, it hurled itself against the western gate as well, while in doorways and windows everywhere lights appeared, like eyes startled from sleep, as guards clattered to their stations and the palace awoke. The thundering rain of blows upon the western gate ended in a crash and a triumphant yell—the gate was down. Then, a dark hurtling fight up and down the corridors; the heavy breathing of men at grips, the short gasp when the point went home; red stains spreading on the gaily-painted walls, the smooth stucco of the pavement slippery with blood. Then through the court of the altar, into the heart of the western wing, fighting from room to room, through the pillared shrines, down the blind alleys of the magazines, hacking and stabbing in the dark, staggered the mass of frenzied humanity, till the battle burst at last into the wide courtyard. There was more room there, and so more clash and clatter, louder shouts in the night air, answered and overtopped by a high, thin sound, swelling and deepening to the very voice of despair —the screams of the women, huddled on their housetops on the slope of the hill, gazing with terror-widened eyes upon the scene. There below them, scarcely beyond hand's grasp, husbands, lovers, brothers fought almost unarmed, naked, against a

seething mass of devils sprung from nowhere, their long swords swinging free, their great shields booming: the background was fire; the big doors from the courtyard to the stair were reeling under a hail of blows, and they could guess what it meant when the doors went down.

And so the fight went on, till dawn awoke in the paling east to be met by a growing glare from every doorway, every light well, of the doomed palace. The flames whirled up the long staircase, they raced with the sackers in their work of destruction, overtaking more than one, till at last these too were forced to retreat before the fiend they had let loose, strewing their course towards the northern gate with spoils that they dropped as they ran; and as day broadened a heaving stream of warriors laden with gold and silver and bronze, of wailing women, and of silent, sullen men fast-bound, rolled down the long road towards the river mouth, and one by one the ships that had come unseen slipped out to sea, leaving the shattered glory to the flames and to the dead.

There were fugitives who escaped in the darkness. Fleeing for dear life, they toiled over the mountain ways towards the south, seeking the refuge of Phaistos, of Gortyn, anywhere, so their backs were turned upon destruction. But the royal villa was a torch, Phaistos was a pillar of fire. The attack had come from all sides at once. The splendour of Minos was a memory; it would be a legend soon.

The end was no less sudden, no less terrible than that. Never again was there heart in the people of Minos to repair disaster, to begin afresh. When

the raiders had gone, leaving the island, almost from end to end, a howling and a desolation, the fugitives crept back, and made them hovels where princes had dwelt. Starving villagers wandered down from the hills, and from the inland valleys, to find no market for their goods. Earth gathered on the paved floors, fallen beams choked the corridors. The mighty buildings over the long passages of the cellars were gone, and the blind alleys of the store-rooms led no whither. The place became a maze—a maze of horrible associations, full of ghosts as it was full of bats and night birds. Painted figures, faded with rain and sun, stood out grimly in the corridors, like dead kings walking. The traveller took away with him stories of winding paths between great walls, in which a man might wander till he died. Great bulls were painted on the walls; one could find there stones with pictures carved upon them of monsters that were half bull and half man. And so, a like monster, half truth and half grisly imagination, grew up the story of the Labyrinthine maze, and of Theseus and the slaying of the Minotaur.

That was the last phase. There were trading towns that survived the evil days, and carried on a crippled existence. But there were no kings and courtiers to call forth their best art, and their work sank to the level that is seen in the careless decoration, the slovenly drawing, and eventually the crudity of design, that is known in "Mycenæan" pottery. The export trade still went on, but there is no evidence that the work of this period, found in great quantity and far afield around the Mediterranean, is

actually the product of Crete. It is quite likely that it was made by Cretan workmen in new mainland homes. The security of the seas was no longer in Minoan hands, and the Mediterranean carrying trade no longer was theirs to command.

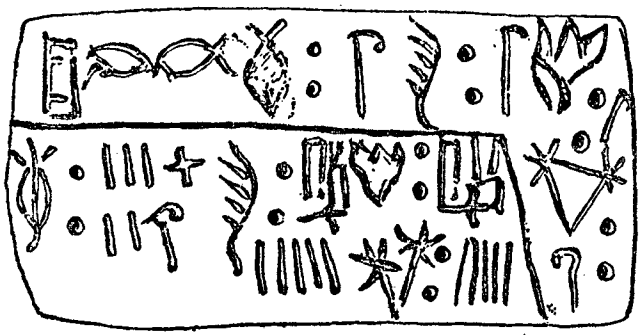
Gradually new settlers came, adventurers and traders from all parts of the world—they who called themselves True-Cretans, Eteo-Cretans, barbarous-speaking Carians, Dorians with waving plumes, and the rest, and Crete became the Crete of Homer, the Crete of the Hundred Cities.

"And of the men of Crete was Idomeneus, the renowned spearman, the leader—even of them that dwelt in Knosos and walled Gortyn, Lyktos and Miletos, and chalky Lykastos, Phaistos and Rhytion, all of them stablished cities; and of the rest of them that dwelt in Crete of the hundred cities."

The names were the same as in old time, but the cities were new cities, and Knossos lay desolate, more desolate still as the last remnant of her inhabitants faded into the new people about them, glad, as the fear of these uncouth and vigorous folk died away, to exchange their palace of the dead for the mean streets and walled cities of the living.

From that day to the adventurous day when the spade of the excavator first cut into the red mound, the dust has drifted deeper, through three thousand summers, on the desolate hill: the torrents of three thousand winters' rain have smoothed the earth over the jagged walls, till nothing was left of Knossos of the days of Theseus but a sinister memory, so faint that it had come to be laughed at for a fairy tale. Now it is real once more, and the fairy tale reveals

its kernel of history, because the art of that people, as of all others, was the index and illustration of their national life, and the spade has brought that art into the light of day. Though we cannot read the writing of the tablets, we can, if we will, read the writing on the wall, and learn something of the glory and of the doom of a great civilisation.



CLAY TABLET FROM PHAISTOS, WITH LINEAR SCRIPT

IV

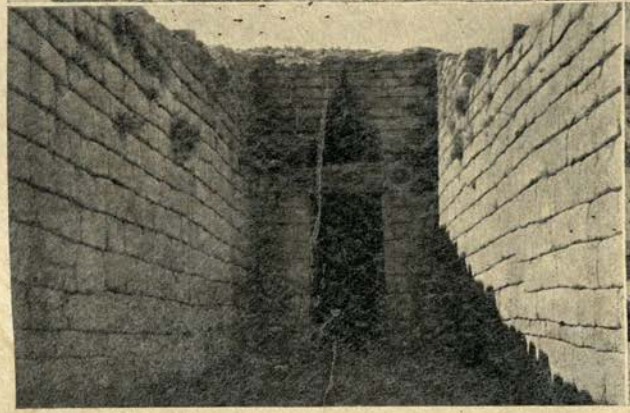
THE "MYCENÆAN" CIVILISATION AND ITS PLACE IN HISTORY

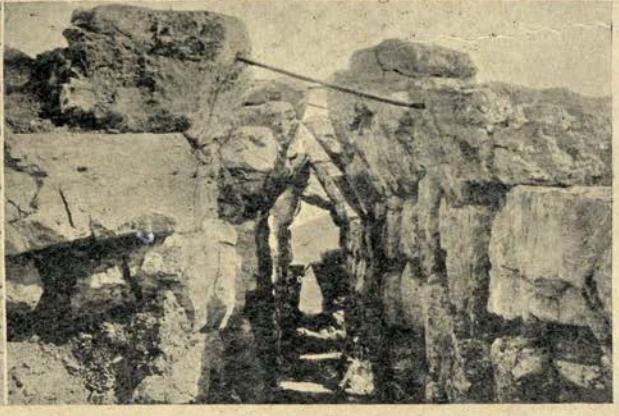
CRETE has faded from the position of protagonist in the drama of Aegean history, and to carry that history further we must seek elsewhere. Into what hands did the power pass?

If the assumption that Crete was raided from the Greek mainland is correct, there should be archæological evidence of the fact, for excavation in Greece has been thorough and systematic ever since Schliemann's day.

There is such evidence, but to appreciate the force of it the discoveries of prehistoric remains in Greece must be reviewed as a whole, in order that they may be considered in their relation, on the one hand to the Cretan civilisation which preceded their epoch, and on the other, to the Homeric civilisation which grew out of it.

The same general limits of distribution are applicable to the "Mycenæan" remains as to those of the Minoan age, their centre being, of course, the mainland of Greece instead of Crete. They are confined in Asia Minor to the site of Troy, are characteristic of the Aegean islands, and, in a modified form, of Cyprus, and are found sporadically in Palestine, Egypt, Italy, Sicily, and Spain, and





1. Mycenæ, Lion-gate 2. Mycenæ, Grave-circle 3. Mycenæ, "Treasury of Atreus" 4. Tiryns, Wall-passage

Plate III

about the Black Sea; in these latter localities they represent trading stations rather than a racial occupation on a large scale.

We have already seen that the primary cause of the foundation of the prehistoric hill-forts of Greece was the necessity of controlling the trade-routes; therefore the basis of the mainland civilisation, which, for convenience, we shall henceforth call "Mycenæan," was commercial, and active commerce was essential to its prosperity.

The downfall of the Cretan hegemony, if it was no more than that, at once implies a considerable preliminary slackening of the commercial security of the seas, and a subsequent, and consequent, diminution of the sea trade itself. The destruction of a great and conveniently placed emporium was bound to affect trade adversely, and, if the mainland cities were not strong enough, or sufficiently closely combined, both to keep the seas open, and to take over the commercial activities of the organisation they had shattered, their action in destroying the Cretan cities was tantamount to killing the goose that laid the golden eggs. Once the merchant caravans ceased to wind through their passes from the eastern to the western seas, their source of revenue was gone, and they must live on their rich spoil as long as possible, and then set out in search of more. Their fatal success would steadily drive them backwards in the scale of civilisation from the position of toll-takers to that of pirates and robbers.

If this was the case, we shall expect to find, on the sites of their cities, evidence of a sudden burst of luxury and magnificence, the product of their loot,

and a great artistic activity, the work of the hands of Cretan captives, followed by a gradual and steady decadence, both in art and in national vigour. In legend we shall look for tales, on the other hand, of feverish attempts to discover new avenues of trade, in a different direction from the traditional south-eastern and seaward source; and it will not be surprising to hear of warlike enterprise directed against great and rich cities of the type of Knossos, as a last expedient for the maintenance of a state whose revenues had dwindled, whose trade had passed into other hands, and whose productive capabilities had sunk below the standard demanded by the outside world.

Two cities in Greece are described by Homer as "rich in gold," the one Minyan (Minoan) Orchomenos, the other Mycenæ in Argolis. We have seen that Orchomenos was almost certainly a Minoan settlement at a very early date, and that in the time of Homer its traditions were still Minoan. It is hardly likely, therefore, that we should find in Orchomenos any echo of the attack upon Crete. Mycenæ stands in a different position. It is the capital of Agamemnon, overlord of the Greek allies before Troy. The legend of its foundation singles it out as one of the cities founded in direct opposition to the power of Crete. Long before the days of Agamemnon, it had been the chief centre of power in Argolis, and its eastern sea-ways are directly open to the south-eastern route towards Crete. It is at once the most likely and the most convenient starting-point for a large and well-organised raid upon Cretan shores.

But it was as the capital of Agamemnon that

Schliemann approached Mycenæ, relying upon the Homeric word, and upon that of Pausanias, the traveller who in the second century A.D. had been shown a circle of stones, within the walls, that was said to mark the burial-place of the heroes of Homeric times.

The walls of Mycenæ still stand above the pass. The great gateway, with its flanking tower, commanding the unshielded side of its assailants, still displays its sculpture of a sacred pillar with a lioness on either side, the oldest sculpture in all Greece. Passing though that gateway, Schliemann dug where Pausanias had seen the circle of stones.

First, the excavation revealed that circle of stones, a double circle of upright slabs, which had had rubble packed between them, and other slabs laid across the top, to form a low, smooth wall. At the point on the circle nearest the gateway, was the entrance; digging within the circle, he found an altar built of squared stones, and going deeper still, seeking, as was his wont, the lowest level, that of the living rock, he found, at various depths below the level surface, in the sloping side of the rocky hill, flat gravestones rudely carved with spiral patterns, and with figures of men in chariots, and with hunting scenes. Tradition was justified at every step. Those who, relying on the evidence of the customs of later Greece, had ridiculed the idea of burial within the city walls, who had contended that Pausanias "must be wrong," were triumphantly refuted. The gravestones were raised, and beneath them were revealed five shaft graves, cut in the rock itself, and containing still the bones of the dead, and

a wealth and wonder of grave-gear, swords and spears and vessels of bronze, work of ivory and alabaster, silver, crystal, and enamel; and, above all, gold, gold, and yet again gold; baldrics of gold, diadems of gold; sword-hilts, goblets, beakers, bracelets, earrings, hair ornaments, ornaments of dress for men and women, discs stamped with butterflies, with spirals and interlacing patterns, plates of gold cut into the shape of tiny palm-leaves, crosses of gold in thin leaves like the leaves of laurel and of fig—griffins, lions, doves, and a hundred shapes, all of gold; and where the heads of dead men had been, where the mouldering skulls still lay, death-masks of gold, some finely worked, some mere plates of the precious metal crushed down upon the dead features to take their impress; and about the heads of the women, diadems of gold, worked in the light foil of the grave-gear with intricate patterns. Mycenæ was actually and visibly "rich in gold."

These graves were not designed, with one exception, for single interments. The first and third (the numbers refer to the order of their discovery, and are now traditional) each contained the bodies of three women. The fourth, which is the largest, contained five bodies, those of three men and two women. In the fifth three men had been interred; only the second was a single grave, made for and containing a single body of a man.

The graves were therefore vaults, as we should call them, rather than graves, and must have remained accessible for some considerable time, in order that they might be reopened for each successive interment. It follows that the great encircling

retaining wall enclosing the earth with which the slope was eventually levelled up, the levelling earth itself, the circle of stones, and the altar, are all later than the last interment in the graves, for it is inconceivable that twenty feet of earth or thereabouts should have been dug through for each burial.

It also follows that the contents of the graves themselves are not all of one date, though of course they need not necessarily cover a very long period: therefore it will not be surprising to find that they vary considerably in artistic merit, and they may be expected to provide evidence of the progress of art during at least two generations, if not longer.

That the levelling of the space was an afterthought is further proved by the fact that the roofing construction of the tombs was not designed to bear the weight of a great mass of earth. It consisted of beams, some of which were shod with copper, laid across the top of the grave in slots cut in the rock, as supports for flat slabs of stone, like paving stones. The weight of the earth has broken the beams, and crushed the slabs down into the tombs on top of the bodies, one of which, in the fifth grave, was thus flattened till it was nowhere more than two inches thick! Much of the grave-gear, especially the goblets, has suffered in like fashion.

The majority of the gold work in the graves consists of thin gold plates, beaten or pressed into patterns, of which the predominating figure is the spiral, either set singly or in returning patterns. Many of the devices seem to have been suggested by the forms easily given to soft metal wire by bending,

and the general character of the decoration is well adapted to its material; it is distinctly not an art borrowed from some other technique.

It must be remembered, moreover, that funerary ornaments represent merely the gold that could be spared for ceremonial respect to the dead; that much of it was probably—certainly, in the case of the death-masks—worked up expressly for that purpose, and that consequently the wealth lying behind these rich interments must have been enormous, even when allowance is made for the fact that the graves contain offerings made on many separate occasions.

Familiarity with the use of gold will therefore account for the freedom and certainty of much of this art. It will not account for the remarkable differences in degree of excellence displayed by the workmanship in different cases.

The first grave contained comparatively little gold; each body had a diadem, in shape much like a laurel leaf pointed at both ends, worked with a row of double circles containing bosses, the spaces between them being filled by smaller single circles each enclosing a little boss. On the breasts of the dead had been strung a row of gold leaves, each shaped like half a diadem, of identical decoration, as an edging to the corsage. The dresses had been further decorated with leaf-crosses of thin gold, roughly stamped with circles and other ornament—mere grave-gear, hastily made. The pottery included a jug with a beautiful sea-weed ornament, reminiscent of the Late Minoan stylised naturalism. We may conjecture that all these interments lie

in the period immediately preceding the sack of Knossos, before Mycenæ was extraordinarily "rich in gold."

The same does not apply to the third grave, also containing the bodies of three women. Not only did the grave contain a remarkable amount of gold, but the decoration of the metal is far more elaborate, and moreover it is easy to distinguish two styles. The ornaments consist of diadems and corsage ornaments of precisely similar shape and general features of design as those of the first grave, but two of the diadems have a beautiful border pattern of minute returning spirals, and the circles are exquisitely enriched with a leaf-ornament and with raised dots; the "half-diadems" or breast ornaments match, but lack the border pattern. The workmanship is much superior to that of anything in the first grave.

The third diadem is an ambitious failure. It is covered with a triple row of circles containing repoussé rosettes of various patterns; between these, along the lower edge, are small bosses, and along the upper edge, small clusters of leaves, or small fleurs-de-lys; to the top are riveted overlapping leaves, roughly resembling fig-leaves, worked in relief with rosettes, circles, and spirals. The breast-pieces have similar rosettes in circles. The general effect is rich, but rather tawdry, and the work is hasty and careless.

The leaf-crosses in this grave have four narrow and four broad leaves. There are six crosses in all; two pairs show decoration corresponding to, but simpler than that of the more finely worked diadems, and the third pair, consisting of four

narrow laurel leaves and four large, deeply serrated fig-leaves, correspond to the third diadem.

In addition to these ornaments the grave contained no fewer than 701 discs of thin gold, the majority circular and worked with various forms of spiral designs; with butterflies and octopodes of much conventionalised form; and a few cut into the shape and ribbed with the veins of fan palm-leaves. These were doubtless dress ornaments, sewn or stuck on to the drapery. There were also hair-pin heads, with various designs, such as two stags lying on a palm head, with their necks crossed, two cats facing one another, a flying griffin, an octopus, a seated winged sphinx, and several figures of a goddess surmounted by a dove, or surrounded by three doves—obviously a form of Aphrodite. A seated female figure in a heavily flounced and studded petticoat is also plainly of a religious character.

Still more interesting is a little representation in gold of a temple containing three sacred pillars, between pairs of horn-like objects, precisely similar to the temple found painted on the walls of the palace at Knossos. This is also surmounted by a pair of doves. There are some rich earrings of spiral and other forms; and a magnificent hairpin with a shaft of silver and head of gold in the form of a palmette with hanging flower-stems, between which stands the figure of a woman in a costume exactly like that of the ladies of Knossos, recalls with startling force the hypothesis of a mainland home for the raiders of the palace.

It may be objected that the resemblance is sufficiently accounted for by community of race and

1

2

MYCENÆ

1. GOLD ORNAMENTS (*Athens*)

2. HUNTING-KNIFE, ENAMELLED AND INLAID WITH LION-HUNT (*Electrotype, British Museum; hilt restored*)

free intercourse; but it must be borne in mind that while the little gold temple is a comparatively clumsy piece of work, this hairpin is a fine specimen of the goldsmith's art, almost certainly a treasured possession of the dead woman with whom it was buried. Both represent the same stage of civilisation, but with very different degrees of skill.

The richness of this grave, combined with the fact that increased elaboration of ornament coincides with deterioration in workmanship, as shown by the contrast between the two styles, seems to indicate that we have here two burials dating from the time immediately after the sack of Knossos, and one of rather later date; the conjectural date for these interments may be 1400–1360 B.C.

Passing over the second grave, which contained a gold cup, and an arm-band of similar form to the diadems, in a style perhaps intermediate between the first and second work of the third grave, we come to the consideration of the fourth grave, which is not only the largest, but the richest by far, in archæological interest as well as in actual contents.

The grave contained the bodies of three men, whose faces were covered with death-masks of gold, and of two women, wearing golden diadems. With them were buried many objects of gold, some of silver, and also fine bronze vessels, carvings in alabaster, fragments of faïence, and weapons of bronze.

These objects fall naturally into two main classes: firstly, those which were made expressly for burial, and secondly, those which were made for use by living men and women.

The former class includes the death-masks, the diadems, and the light baldrics and ornaments of gold. The latter comprises the cups, vessels, weapons with their decoration, the faïence and sundry objects having no obvious connection with the persons buried.

The most notable fact which emerges from this classification is the general inferiority of the burial-ornaments to the objects made without a view to the burial. This must not be pressed too far, as naturally things made purposely to be buried will not call forth such finished workmanship as those which are intended to last in use for some time. But the inferiority lies not only in the workmanship, but in the design. Of the two diadems, one is very similar to the latest in the third grave, but lacks the crowning fig-leaves. The other is unique in shape, having a kind of upstanding rectangular panel in front, and its decoration consists mainly of small, plain, raised bosses, all very clumsily worked. With the bodies of the two women lay that of a man, whose mask is of the crudest description; the narrow nose is sharply defined, the lips are thin, and the outline of an upturned moustache is traced above them; the eyes are round and bulbous, and the whole mask presents an almost comic appearance.

The masks of the two other men, who lay at right angles to this group of three bodies, are not very brilliant workmanship, but the eyes are represented as closed, eyelashes and brows are incised, and the latter project over the eyes, giving a greater appearance of naturalism.

The better class of workmanship shown by objects of ordinary use is seen in an arm-band of gold with rosettes and leaves, like that found in the second grave, and in a beautiful and cleverly-contrived gaiter-suspender with decoration to match. As these were probably made for actual use by the persons with whom they were buried, we may take them as representing the best skill of their time, little, if at all, inferior to the finer work in Grave III, though slightly later in style. This I am inclined to regard as the work of Cretan artists in Greece, after the fall of Knossos.

Objects which are distinctly Cretan in character, and almost certainly imported thence, whether peacefully or otherwise, comprise a fine series of gold cups, some of them identical in shape with those shown on a gigantic scale in the frescoes of the tombs of Rekhmara and Sen-mut, to which allusion is made in a previous chapter as work of the end of the Late Minoan II period. One, a mug with a single handle riveted on, has a fine leaf design embossed upon it, another is a two-handled cup without a foot. A third gains in interest, in that it corresponds almost exactly with the cup described by Nestor in the Iliad. It is two-handled, the straight-sided bowl standing on a tall stem and flat foot, and from the handles stays descend to the foot: on each handle is a small bird with wings outstretched, its head projecting inwards over the rim of the cup. Nestor's cup must have been as big as those in the Egyptian pictures, for it took a strong man to lift it when it was full, whereas this cup is only of convenient size, about eight inches high. But then

Nestor was an old man, and privileged to "adapt the truth" to the needs of his tale.

A silver cup of a graceful shape, with the bowl tapering gradually to a small foot, and a riveted handle, has a beaded ornament at the turn of the bowl, and, inlaid in gold on the side, a design apparently representing a sacred tree in an enclosure. All these are of extremely skilful workmanship and bold design.

Of other metals, a large copper jar, with a swelling jug-shaped body, an upper handle on the shoulder, and a small tipping-handle below it, falls into this class, together with a copper pan with three handles, and a vase in the shape of a stag not unlike a Flemish aquamanile, made of a mixture of silver and lead. An alabaster vase with three finely-carved voluted handles is also very Cretan in appearance. A pretty little gold jug with a spiral ornament on the body seems more likely to be indigenous work.

Certain objects in this grave are indubitably Cretan. Of these the most striking is a magnificently modelled ox-head in silver, about the size of a man's fist, with tall, curved horns of gold, and a golden rosette on the brow. The type is precisely that of the wall-paintings of Knossos: the workmanship is unsurpassed in any age, and further, exactly similar heads are represented in the Egyptian paintings of Minoans with their offerings.

A sceptre-handle of beautiful design and workmanship consists of an open-work shaft-casing of golden quatrefoils, of which every leaf was inlaid with rock crystal, and a pommel in the form of a

sea-monster or dragon, whose every scale once glittered with the same inlay. It is in the strongest possible contrast to the simplicity of a long, column-like sceptre found in the same grave, decorated with a single spiral line, and terminated by a capital. It may be that this work of gold and crystal is the very sceptre of the Minos whose throne still stands at Knossos, and that it was placed here in the dead hand of his conqueror.

A piece of alabaster carved into the shape of a knotted scarf with a fringe exactly reproduces the form of such a scarf worn by a lady in a Knossian wall-painting of Late Minoan II. It is flat at the back, and bored with holes, and may have formed part of the decoration of a coffer.

A sword-hilt and pommel, in exquisitely fine gold work resembling that of the finer diadems in Grave III, is almost certainly to be referred to the same source. Its presence in the same grave with the sceptre is dramatically significant.

Perhaps the most interesting find of all, however, in this grave, was that of certain enamelled and inlaid dagger-blades; for these seem to form a link between three periods of Aegean history. They are of bronze, inlaid with gold and silver on a ground of dark red enamel, with hunting scenes. They are plainly possessions *de luxe*, and are hunting knives, not weapons of war. There were five of them altogether in this grave, showing minor varieties of technique. The finest of them is decorated on one side of the blade with a most lively representation of a lion-hunt. Five men, with the small waists and loin-cloths of the typical Cretan, are attacking a lion,

while two other lions escape towards the point of the blade, one of them turning his head as he runs. The third lion has pulled down the foremost man, who has dropped his huge door-shaped shield, and lies with his legs in the air. A spear-point protrudes from the lion's flank, and appears to be that of the third man's spear, which is consequently of prodigious length. The second and last men have enormous shields shaped like a figure 8, slung to their shoulders by a baldric. One man uses a bow and arrow, and has no shield. The attitudes of charging, crouching, falling, are all admirably vigorous and lifelike, and the technique of the enamel and metal inlay is perfect. The reverse side shows a lion pulling down a gazelle, while five others together escape at top-speed, in various well-observed attitudes.

Our thoughts at once turn to Homer's description of the shield of Achilles, a miraculous work that called for the skill of a god, with its dark blue enamel, and its inlay of gold and silver and tin, and its many scenes of human activity, and we recall the vigour with which, in his description of fighting, he uses the simile of a charging lion.

On the other hand, we cannot but see in the details of the picture, in the extraordinary skill of the workmanship, and in the technique of the hilts of gold, and of the pommels of alabaster, a Cretan origin for these wonderful knives. When we find, in the fifth grave, other such knives, one with pictures of cats catching ducks by a papyrus-fringed river, we instantly remember the wall-painting of Hagia Triada, and are certain that the dagger-blades must belong to the same art, and approximately to the

same period, as that of the painting, when relations between Egypt (whose influence is so plainly to be seen in the papyrus plant, and in the use of the cat for sport) and Crete, were constant and close. Yet another knife, also from the fifth grave, clinches the matter; it has, enamelled on its blade, exquisitely graceful lilies, for which Late Minoan I and Late Minoan II pottery afford many parallels, and the same lilies appear in relief on its hilt.

The fifth grave contained the bodies of three men, all above the average height, lying in a somewhat cramped position, as the grave is only 5 ft. 6 in. long. It presents several puzzles which we cannot attempt to solve. Of the three bodies, one had a magnificent death-mask, representing a keen, dignified face with an upturned moustache and pointed beard, and sharply-defined, thin nose and lips. The eyes are closed, as indicated by the straight line across the ball, but, by a strange slip, the eyelids are also outlined around the eye. This is by far the finest death-mask of all. The same figure had a rich rosetted arm-band, a fine burial "breast-plate" of thin gold with an elaborate decoration of spirals, and representations of the breast-nipples appropriately placed. He also wore a string of amber beads. There were many gold stud and disc ornaments in the grave, of what we may call the best style, like that of the sword-hilt in the fourth grave; part of a sword-hilt is of the same style. The daggers in this grave have been described. A second body had a crude mask, with the features roughly outlined on it, and no more trappings than a thin baldric of gold and a breast-plate of gold, both without decoration. The third,

most remarkably, had no ornaments of any kind, not even a mask. It is impossible to guess the meaning of this difference in treatment of the three interments in one grave.

A striking feature of the fifth grave was the enormous number of swords and daggers, which, taking fragments into consideration, amounted to no fewer than sixty, a fact surely indicative of the burial of a victorious soldier. It is plain that at least one of these burials dates from the zenith of Mycenæan prosperity, and that at that time objects of Cretan manufacture were significantly plentiful in the city. The existence of the Homeric tradition of such work suggests that much of it must have remained unburied, to be handed down from generation to generation. Another discovery in the same grave suggests that, in the latest interments at Mycenæ, we are in fact approaching very closely to the Homeric epoch. Lying close together was found a large number of boars' teeth, flattened on one side and bored with holes. We cannot avoid comparison with the helmet worn by Odysseus on his night raid (Iliad, x.), which was of leather, set with boars' teeth this way and that, a light and convenient headgear for a night adventure. Perhaps we may suppose that the first interment here was that of one of the princes of Mycenæ who helped to take Knossos, or of the successor of the conqueror himself, and that the other two, with their decreasing magnificence, belong to the decline of Mycenæan power under the old régime, before the new vigour of the Homeric people restored her to her place of preëminence among the cities of Greece.

However that may be, one thing is plain. Side by side with work obviously of Cretan origin, we have a vast mass of objects of inferior art, but not of inferior richness. The difference in the art reveals no difference in the general lines of the culture. The religious symbols are the same. The light jewellery made especially for the burials includes many forms paralleled in Crete; in the fourth grave alone were fifty-six little flat golden ox-heads with double axes between the horns, a form which cannot but be traceable to Knossos. All the evidence of chronological order which can be compiled points to a short rise in artistic efficiency, a sudden outburst of magnificence, in which the indigenous art is little inferior to that of the imported work, and lastly a steady decline in artistic power, but the constant presence of Cretan objects of luxury, heirlooms from greater days.

Before any attempt is made to construct a consecutive story, it will be necessary to carry investigation beyond the limits of the circle and its graves.

Mycenæ has yielded wall-paintings similar to those of Knossos, one of them representing the worship by women in Late Minoan II costume of a war-god, represented by a great figure-of-8 shield. There are also fragments of architectural ornament, notably a carving in red porphyry, precisely of the pattern of the triglyph and rosette friezes of Knossos.

There are, however, important differences in architectural style between the buildings of Mycenæ and Knossos, which make it clear that in the matter of this art, the cities of the mainland were quite inde-

pendent of Minoan tradition, and had evolved their normal house-plan on the lines of their own climatic conditions.

Three notable characteristics belong to Minoan architecture. Firstly, the rooms lead out of one another, or open off a corridor. Secondly, light is obtained by the use of wells in the block of buildings, having open colonnaded sides, the object being to obtain light without heat, and to afford ventilation to the ground-floor rooms of a large block. Thirdly, there are no permanent contrivances for artificial heating.

Three constant characteristics of mainland architecture are diametrically opposite, in system and in cause, to the Minoan type. Firstly, the "house" originally consists of a single room with a porch. Multiplication of rooms is merely multiplication of houses, having no direct communication with one another. Secondly, all lighting was directly from the sky; the open doorway was the principal source of light; no attempt was made at ventilation or exclusion of direct sunlight. Thirdly, the focus of the household was the central hearth; one might almost say that the house was built round the fire.

This does not imply difference of race between Crete and Greece in prehistoric times. It implies difference of climate, no more. Neolithic man on the mainland needed a house long before neolithic or early bronze age man from Crete could come and teach him how to build. So he built him a house with a fireplace because he wanted a fire; he built it of one room, communicating with no other, because he did not want a draught through the room

to carry the smoke sideways; and he built it with wide doors to let in the light as well as the air at one end only, for the same reason. He built it of one story so that the smoke could escape through a hole in the roof.

However much influence Crete may have gained in Greece, once the type of house was fixed, nothing could alter it, and it is the type of the Greek house and of the Greek temple from the days when Athena was a visitor in the "well-built house of Erechtheus" at Athens, to the building of the great house of Athena at the new Athens of the days of Perikles, and as long after as the worship of Greek gods lasted in the land.

The Cretans taught their Aegean kinsfolk of the mainland how to decorate their palaces; that is well shown by the frescoes at Mycenæ, mentioned just now; by the fresco at Tiryns, of the bull-sport, with its direct imitation of the art of Knossos; and by the splendid remains, found in the vestibule of the palace on Tiryns hill, of just such a frieze of carven alabaster, set with studs of dark blue glass, as wondering Odysseus saw in the palace of Alcinous in Phæacia. How much of this is indicative of Cretan trade, how much of Cretan occupation, and how much of loot—the frieze at Tiryns was ignorantly set along the foot of the wall, where its architectural meaning was lost—it is impossible to say. What is clear is that the architectural skill of the mainland folk at or about the end of Late Minoan II was nearly equal to that of Crete. It was in the skill of decoration that they were imitators of their greater cousins.

In another branch of architecture "Mycenæan" Greece does seem to have learned something from Crete, namely in the improvement, though not in the principle of construction involved in the building, of the beehive or tholos tomb, which is found all over Crete and Greece alike; for outside the walls of Mycenæ are no fewer than thirteen of these tholos tombs, great beehive-shaped buildings constructed in the sides of the hills, with long passages approaching them. These tholos tombs are characteristic of Crete from Middle Minoan onwards; but the method of construction by overlapping courses of stones was well known in Argolis when Tiryns was built, for it is there employed on an enormous scale for a passage within the walls. The principal feature in which these tholos tombs differ from most of the other buildings at Mycenæ, is the regularity of their masonry, which the palace has shown us to be characteristic of Knossos. It may therefore be suggested with some show of likelihood, that they were built outside the city walls when the fall of Knossos had secured the Mycenæans from the desecration of their sacred sites, and at a time when Cretan architects, of the craft of Daidalos himself, had had time to teach their conquerors how to build with greater skill and finish.

The best preserved of these tholoi is known as the "Treasury of Atreus," and stands on the side of the valley leading to Mycenæ from the coast. Its dromos, or approach, is built of well-squared stones, the lintel of its great doorway is a single stone weighing over 100 tons. The great entrance

was flanked by a pair of columns[1] tapering from the capital to the foot, and carved with spirals set between chevrons. The internal form, buried now, as always, in the hillside (for the tholos was no more, essentially, than a pit roofed over) is circular, the smooth sides curving gradually inwards till they are capped by a single stone, some sixty feet above the floor. A tholos, of which this is the invariable form, whether great or small, was like the pointed end of an egg in shape. On the right hand as you enter, a doorway leads to a rock-cut, rectangular chamber, an inner tomb. The "Treasury" resembles in every respect the tholos at Minyan Orchomenos, where the ceiling of the inner chamber is decorated with a splendid pattern of spirals and palmettes, in a border of rosettes.

Over the lintel a triangular space was left, bridged by the same device of overlapping courses used for the "dome" of the tholos itself; this relieved the lintel of the dangerous middle weight. The aperture was originally closed by a thin slab of sculptured stone, as it still is in the case of the great gateway of the city itself, where the closing slab is sculptured with the pillar and lionesses already described.

That this tomb, and its twelve companions, all contained treasure like to that found in the shaft-graves, there can be no doubt. A new people, coming into possession, and plundering the graves of their predecessors, would find enough gold and beauty of art to create a tradition of a city "rich in gold," and to make the splendid Cretan work

[1] Now in the British Museum.

as familiar as it was inexplicable to the poet of their exploits in later days. Atreus, the founder of the ill-fated house of the Homeric kings of Mycenæ, might well regard such graves as treasuries, and it is a significant fact that every one of the tholos tombs around Mycenæ was stripped in ancient times. The accessibility of tombs, essential to a people who worshipped their dead, did not render them open to hostile entrance so long as they lay within the city walls. That the tholos tombs were built outside the walls makes it plain that they belong to a time of security; that all have been emptied, and their very character and purpose forgotten by later tradition, shows that that security did not last, and that those who held sway in later Mycenæ were not of the same religious tradition, and so, probably, not of the same race, as the builders of the tombs.

Elsewhere in Greece, there are, among many others, two tholos tombs whose evidence is of value in the reconstruction of history.

In a tholos tomb of comparatively late and poor masonry, at Vaphio, the ancient Amyklai, near Sparta, the Greek archæologist, M. Tsountas, discovered an undisturbed interment. The body had been laid in a shallow, stone-lined grave roofed over with slabs like the shaft graves at Mycenæ, and was itself completely gone, but the nature of the objects in the grave showed it to have been that of a man. Near the position of the head was a bronze sword, about a yard long. Around the neck had been a double necklace of amethyst beads, and on the wrists similar bracelets. There were three finger-

rings, one of gold, one of bronze, and one of iron. Two gold cups, of the Cretan mug-shape with a single riveted handle, lay in a position showing them to have been placed in the two hands of the dead man. A similar silver cup had no decoration, but the decoration of the gold cups has made them famous from the day of their discovery, not only on archæological but also on purely æsthetic grounds.

The cups are a pair. On both of them the decoration, which is in bold repoussé work, occupies the entire exterior field of the cup, which is lined with plain gold, for facility in cleaning. The gold is massive, and the cups are not mere grave-gear, but meant for use.

The design of both consists of figures of bulls and men in a rocky valley, with olive and palm trees. One picture, if we may call it so, represents the catching of wild bulls, by driving them into strong nets stretched between trees in the narrow gorge. In the middle of the design, *i.e.* the side opposite the handle, a bull is doubled up in such a net, his powerful fore-legs thrust through its meshes, and his hind-quarters contorted in his struggles to escape, while his head is uplifted, his eye staring with rage and terror, and his tongue protruding as he bellows angrily. To the right another bull escapes at full speed, with an almost impudent expression in the toss of his head and the flourish of his tail. On the left, there is tragedy. A third bull, his mighty head lowered, charges furiously down upon one of the hapless hunters, whom his long, lyre-shaped horn has transfixed. The man hangs head downwards, his arms convulsively closed

about the cruel horn, and his legs swinging helplessly in the air above the huge shoulders of the bull, by the side of whom another man, scarcely more fortunate, falls headlong, with arms outstretched, in an attitude plainly showing that he has attempted the "circus-trick" of the Knossian bull-ring, that of vaulting on to the bull's back between his horns, and has failed to hold his seat. The trees to which the net is fastened are olive trees, short and sturdy. The remaining trees are palms of two kinds: the one, tall with twisted trunk, and with great bunches of last year's faded leaves hanging down below the fresh shoots of spring—palm trees drawn by a man who had seen them growing—and the other, the short ground-palm with broad leaves.

On the other cup are no palm trees, but two great branching olives of old growth—cultivated trees. In the centre of the design a cow, hidden, save for the head and fore-quarters, by the bull beside her, turns with an air of blandishment to this bull, who looks straight out of the picture with a dubious expression. Still more dubious is the bull on the right, who follows this pair, sniffing with an air of profound suspicion at the ground, and advancing with an Agag-like tread. On the right the nature of the scene is made clear. The captive beasts, with tamed spirit, have been brought from the wild valleys to the cultivated farm. The bull on the right advances with tossing head and angry eye, but his hind leg is hobbled, and a man walking behind him holds the rope with both hands, ready to trip the beast if need be.

The artistry of this pair of cups is supreme. In

GOLD CUPS FROM VAPHIO

the first, wild confusion is expressed by the contorted attitude of the bull in the net, by the vigorously divergent lines of the bulls on either side moving rapidly away from the centre, and by the way in which even the natural continuity of their outlines is broken, in the one case by a palm tree, in the other by the falling hunter. The other cup just as strongly expresses order; the slowly-pacing animals move all in one direction; nothing breaks their clear outlines; the one picture is that of a riot, the other that of a procession.

The cups are Minoan. They are work of the bloom and glory of the last and most gorgeous days of the palace of Knossos. The bulls are the bulls of the frescoes, with their high curving horns. The men are the men of the frescoes, with their wasp-waists, thick girdles, pointed loincloths, shoes with upturned toes—the shoes of mountaineers from that day to this—their flowing hair and clean-shaven faces, muscular legs and arms. The palm-trees are trees indigenous to Crete. The spirit, the verve, the certainty of the work, alike in conception and in execution, have not been equalled, perhaps, in the world's history, unless it be in the best work of the Italian Renaissance.

Yet they are buried with a man who wore an iron ring; whose grave-offerings, in the sacrificial pit outside his tomb-door, are all of the late Mycenæan time; a man who lived and died in the last days of the civilisation which had destroyed that of Knossos.

The cups were heirlooms. Too beautiful to bury, they had been handed down from king to king in

Amyklai, perhaps for two full centuries after the sack of Knossos, to the days when iron, as a precious metal, was beginning to appear in Greece; to the days immediately preceding those of the culture which the Homeric poems draw, when iron was used, though with care, for the implements of husbandry, but scarcely at all for those of war. That the pottery outside the grave shows but few traces of any work later than the last days of the Mycenæan style, seems to mean that worship at the tomb ceased with the coming of the pottery associated with the early iron age. If we chose to give our fancy rein, we might say that here lay Tyndareus, last king of the old Aegean line of the royal house of Argos and of Sparta, father of the fatal twin-sisters, Helen and Clytemnestra, holding in his dead hands twin relics of a dead civilisation.

The other tholos worthy of note in its historical reference is that at Menidhi in Attica, the Acharnæ of classical times, whence came the worthy Acharnians of Aristophanes. In the dromos of that tomb has been found an uninterrupted series of potsherds of all styles, from the Mycenæan, which was in fashion when the tomb was built, down to the red-figured pottery of the late sixth century B.C., showing that worship was carried on there without a break from pre-Homeric times to the days of Athenian greatness. There was no change of race or of tradition here; the Athenian claim that her people were Pelasgian, autochthonous, aboriginal, is borne out by the testimony of her village ancestor-worship from age to age. To this point we shall return, when we have to discuss the relation of Athens to the Homeric

story. For the moment it is enough to note that there is some evidence of the interruption of tradition in Mycenæ and in other prehistoric sites of Southern Greece.

Once again we must return to the shaft graves of Mycenæ. When did they cease to be used? When was the circle of stones built, and why, and by whom?

From the contents of the graves, it is clear that interments went on there for at least a century. Some of these appear to date from just before the sack of Knossos—probably, that is, from about 1420 B.C. The greatest grave, exactly over whose centre the altar found by Schliemann was later erected, is plainly to be attributed to *c.* 1400 or a few years later. The fifth grave has one interment of this date, and two later—one apparently a hasty burial. The last interment in the circle is not later than 1300 B.C., and probably not so late.

The circle of stones is in a style of masonry which was carried to perfection in the palace of Knossos, that of a facing of thin slabs enclosing rubble or rough masonry. It belongs to a period when the finish of Cretan architecture had become common knowledge to the Greek mainland. In architecture the mainland people had always been skilful; witness the extremely ancient work, certainly contemporary at least with Late Minoan I, and probably with Middle Minoan III, at Tiryns, while the walls themselves of Tiryns may be older still. The people of Mycenæ would not, therefore, forget quickly their newly-acquired architectural skill, so that it is not necessary to give an earlier date than 1300 B.C.

to the circle of stones. The altar would be of the same date as the circle.

The tholos tombs, with their very high finish, are probably earlier than this. Supposing that one at Orchomenos to have been built during Late Minoan II, there is no reason why similar tombs should not have been built at Mycenæ as soon as ever there were Minoan architects at the disposal of the city to supervise the work, which would necessarily be carried out by Mycenæans or their slaves. For such work, the more Cretan slaves available the better. The tholos tombs at Mycenæ were probably all built between 1400 and 1300 B.C., the finest being the earliest. The reason for the overlapping of interments in the shaft and tholos tombs was almost certainly sentimental, or rather religious. From the erection of an altar over the fourth grave, with its remarkably rich contents, it is quite plain that the dead therein, or some one of them, were held in especial veneration. Among ancestors, he of the greatest deeds receives the greatest respect; and the fourth grave contained a sceptre and a sword that may have been wrested from Minos himself by a Mycenæan king. The despoiler of Knossos would well merit an altar within the walls of his native city.

Here is an interesting point. In a small cavity in the foot-courses of the circular retaining wall, was found a splendid little hoard of four massive gold two-handled cups, with tall stems and small feet, the handles terminating in well-modelled dogs' heads, biting the rim of the cup; also a ring which has become famous as the "great seal of Mycenæ."

These were in a space left in the stonework, 2 feet long by 8 inches wide, and I venture to suggest that they represent the dedicatory offering made, in accordance with a custom which subsists to our own time, not only in Greece, but also in this country, at the "founding" of the circle of stones. The cups are Minoan. The seal ring, which has in intaglio in the gold bezel a scene of worship by four female figures of a goddess, seated under a sacred tree with a cairn at its foot, the background filled with symbols of the sun, the moon, and of a war-god, in the form of a tiny figure with a figure-of-8 shield and a lance, and having a row of bucrania at one edge of the oval field, may be either Minoan or Mycenæan in origin; we do not know enough about the details and varieties of prehistoric worship to guess with any profit to our argument: but there were several small objects in the hoard, of a date almost certainly later than anything in the graves themselves.

On this theory, the circle was made, the earth levelled, and the altar erected at a date when the tholos tombs had been in use for some time, and when, the shaft graves being full, there was no longer any point in keeping them easily accessible, and perhaps even some danger in doing so; the suggestion, which has been made, that the unadorned body in the fifth grave had been robbed of its gear, gives colour to this idea. But it was imperative that the place should be kept sacred, and that worship of the dead, especially in the fourth grave, should be maintained. Therefore the space was enclosed, but with a wall over which every one

could see—it is only breast high—the ceremonies in honour of the mighty dead. From this we infer that the final closing of the site as a place of burial implies no interruption of race or religion, but, on the contrary, continuity.

At the same time, it may perhaps be gathered that before the last gravestone was sculptured, the first note of warning of the coming of a new age had been sounded. The designs on the gravestones are rude and clumsily executed, and, with their spirals and wavy lines, are palpably adaptations of designs more suitable to metal work. Each of them has, however, a rectangular panel, with figure subjects in low relief; these represent warriors in chariots, charging down upon enemies on foot, and also hunting scenes, in which figure lions, dogs, and gazelles—these latter as palpably borrowed from such work as the dagger-blades described above. They are not necessarily art of the Mycenæan decadence, for stone is difficult for the bronze-using workman to carve; but they certainly belong to a date considerably later than the sack of Knossos, for they have no Minoan skill about them.

One of the warriors has, slung beside him, a great sword, stout at the hilt and sharp of point—a thrusting weapon of brittle temper—in fact, a bronze sword. His flying victim holds a short sword, with a leaf-shaped blade, tapering both to the point and to the hilt—a cutting weapon of tougher material—in fact, an iron sword. In this picture he is a defeated enemy, but the point to be noted is that while the warriors in the tombs knew nothing of iron, the men who laid the

sculptures over them, after the last of the graves was full, had seen iron swords in the hands of their enemies. We may take it, therefore, that the circle of stones dates from the days when the age of iron was just ready to begin its history in Greece, somewhere in the neighbourhood of a century before the *traditional* date of the siege of Troy, in 1199–1189 B.C.

Thus we have brought our story down to the verge of the Homeric age. Tradition tells us that Agamemnon, king of men, only held Argos and Mycenæ in the right of his wife, Clytemnestra, daughter of Tyndareus, a king of the old stock of Perseus. But we must approach the vexed Homeric question with an open mind, neither giving too much weight to the romantic imagination like that of Schliemann, that led him to telegraph to the King of Greece, when the fourth grave had revealed its glittering treasure to his eyes dimmed with the joy of the realisation of an ideal, that he had found the grave of Agamemnon, nor on the other hand refusing the evidence of legend, when archæology seems to substantiate its claim to contain an element of historic truth. Of one thing we may be confident, namely, that we shall leave the question with the conviction that the greatest poem in the history of the world is not based upon "such stuff as dreams are made on," but that through the swinging cadence of its lines there runs the echo of reality—that the cup of Nestor, the shield of Achilles, the raiding-gear of Odysseus, the splendour of the palace of Agamemnon, of Menelaus, of Alcinous in far Phæacia, are memories of things seen, of things

inherited from the mighty dead into whose last resting-place the spade has broken only in these inquiring days of ours, wielded in faith—let us be thankful for it—by one who loved the poet, and believed his song.

MYCENÆ

1. "CUP OF NESTOR"
2. "SIEGE CUP"
3. OX-HEAD, GRAVE IV
4. MASK, GRAVE V

(*All Athens*)

V

THE HOMERIC AGE

THE "Homeric question" was once defined (by a bewildered schoolboy, probably) as being "the question whether the poems of Homer were written by Homer or by another person of the same name."

Stated less succinctly, but rather more correctly, it is the question whether the poems were composed in one age, by a single poet, or whether they are an accumulation of "lays" of various ages, strung together at a period far removed from the various times of which they are the product.

The question has raged in controversy since the end of the eighteenth century, when Wolff first maintained that "Homer"—that is, the Iliad and the Odyssey—was not the work of one but of many hands. It was therefore a burning question for nearly a century before Schliemann's discoveries, which were undertaken with the hope of proving the unity of the poems.

Far from settling the question, the archæological evidence has aggravated it. Archæologists and scholars—for some archæologists are not scholars, and comparatively few scholars are archæologists—have wrangled over the bones of the dead of Mycenæ, and over their possessions, making confusion worse confounded. This, at least, is the view

of the man who loves Homer simply as a poet, and his heroes as human beings.

The dissection of Homer on grounds of scholarship—that is, on the evidence of dialect, grammatical forms, and the like—had been a simple matter, compared with the welter of questions raised by the discovery of a culture which seemed so closely allied to that represented in the poems, and which yet showed such puzzling discrepancies.

As it was impossible to alter the remains to fit Homer, there were those who proceeded to alter Homer to fit the remains. This Procrustean method involved lopping off huge pieces of the poems, as "late," because they contained reference to objects or customs, which did not appear in the graves, or in the other remains of the Mycenæan age. The worst of it is that no two of the mutilators can agree as to the precise method or point of amputation, and if we were to accept the dicta of all of them, we should have no Homer left at all.

To follow the controversy in all its ramifications is plainly beyond the scope of this essay. We must be content to state a hypothesis, and to support it as best we may, in as small a compass as possible.

Briefly, then, the poems of Homer represent a single age, and give a consistent picture of that age. If there is any difference in date between the Iliad and the Odyssey, it is probable that the former is slightly the earlier poem of the two, but that the latter contains much traditional subject-matter dating from an earlier age. It is almost certain that the two are not by the same hand. The age represented is not that of the events described,

but that of the poet, for there were no archæologists in those days, and men described what they had seen with their own eyes, just as Malory's knights of King Arthur fight in the manner of the fifteenth century and wear battle-gear of that day, and as, in the last act of *Hamlet*, Fortinbras enters to the sound of a salute of guns—although the action of the play is in Denmark in the ninth century. The point need not be elaborated.

The poet was not contemporary with the Mycenæan age as revealed by the shaft graves, for there was no iron in those graves, and but little in the later strata of the lower town. He lived later also than the man who was buried with a golden cup in either hand, at Amyklai, for there iron is still a rare metal, fit for finger-rings, whereas, in the poems, iron is freely used, not, save in very rare instances, for weapons of war, which might easily be lost or destroyed, and for which it had not yet been successfully tempered, but for agricultural and sacrificial implements, as being an expensive and delicate material, worthy of careful preservation.

The poems therefore belong to the early iron age, but not to the very earliest stage of it. On the other hand, that age was not far removed from the days of Mycenæan greatness. We have already seen that Homer's descriptions of works of art find vivid illustration in the contents of the graves, more especially in the form of objects imported from Crete. When we come to consider the details of Homeric armour and weapons, we shall find many points of agreement between Homer and the evidence

of the graves, together with almost as many points of essential and startling disagreement. This has puzzled many archæologists, who have sought to explain it by making the poet an archæologist too, but a forgetful one, conscious at times that he is describing events of a past day, and at others, dropping his archæology, and describing the weapons of his own time. They have overlooked the fact that the "race of armaments" is a modern idea, largely the result of swift and widespread means of communication. As late as the battle of Killicrankie the Highlanders were using round bucklers, and bows and arrows, in battle against the flint-locks of the English.[1] Such a gathering of the clans as that before Troy would bring together a motley of implements of war, covering perhaps a couple of centuries of development, for there had been no such artistic upheaval in recent days as the Renaissance in Europe of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, which cruelly supplanted the beautiful Gothic armour of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries by the broad-toed, skirted abominations of the last days of the full suit of plate; nor had there been any such invention of a new engine of war, as that of gunpowder, gradually to render useless the armour in use before its discovery. The use of iron for warlike weapons was to effect such a change, but the day was not yet: still, in the lapse of time represented by the increase in the use of iron since the latest of the known

[1] Mr Oswald Barron has very kindly pointed out to me that in a Burgundian MS. of the latter part of the fifteenth century, a man-at-arms is depicted wearing a helmet with a nose-piece, of the exact shape in use at the time of the Norman conquest in the eleventh century.

"Mycenæan" interments, there had been plenty of time for some change in equipment of war.

If it be objected that the poet speaks of the events he describes as having taken place before his day, and that therefore he cannot have seen the warriors before Troy, it may be answered that this only affords a little more time for the changes, and that a bard, moving from place to place, would almost certainly be tactful enough to describe his heroes, in each fresh addition to his tale, as wearing the equipment that he saw hanging on the walls of his noble hosts; it was a small matter to one to whom descriptive poetry was a profession, to smooth out most inconsistencies between his recitals, or even, with his trained memory, to avoid them almost altogether; and he would see a vast number of different forms of fighting gear in his wandering lifetime. It must also be remembered that while we are primarily concerned to fix the age in which the heroes fought before Troy, we can only arrive at a conclusion on that point by fixing its relation to the time of the poet himself.

May we then say that the bodies which lie in the graves at Mycenæ are indeed those of Agamemnon and his peers, and that the conqueror of Knossos was also the conqueror of Troy?

The hypothesis would throw out our system of chronology sadly, but that fact alone would not be sufficient to stand in our way. To critics who doubt whether the siege of Troy ever took place at all, it is a small matter whether it be assumed to have happened in 1400 or 1200 B.C.

But the theory is rendered impossible by one

simple fact, namely, that there were bodies in the graves at all. The Achæans of Homer burned their dead. The Mycenæans buried theirs.

Again the distance of the poet from his period is called into service. Might not the change have taken place in the time which separated him from his subject?

Not so. The change is not merely one of fashion, but of religion. There was an altar over the great grave at Mycenæ, and everything there points to worship of the dead, as it had been depicted long before on the sarcophagus of Hagia Triada. On the other hand, there is no ancestor-worship of any kind in Homer. Even the deities of the lower world stand in the second rank. Gods are not worshipped in hidden caves, but under the open sky. In the interval between the date of the graves—even of the very early iron age interment at Amyklai—and that of the poet, the religious point of view of the rulers of Greece, in its greatest essential, that of the relation between body and soul, between life and death, had been completely changed.

We have only to consider with what difficulty and how slowly cremation makes headway in this country, and how frequently the directions for cremation given in wills are accompanied by a declaration of dissent from the tenets of Christianity, to realise that the manner of the disposal of the dead is closely connected with religious belief. At the other end of history, we may look to the Egyptians for confirmation: according to them, it was so necessary that the soul of the dead should have a permanent dwelling with the body, that the Ka figure—a kind

of duplicate body—was invented as a habitation for the astral double. The preservation of the body implies a belief in the continued association of the body and soul after death—as seen in the Church doctrine of the resurrection—and the ritual burning, or destruction by any means, of the body implies a belief in the necessity for the complete dissociation of the soul from its earthly envelope. The spirit of a Homeric hero whose dead body was not duly burned would indignantly haunt those who had neglected their duty in this respect, and had thereby barred his passage to the world of the disembodied. Dead Patroklos could not even wait in patience through the days necessary to prepare for him a dignified and splendid burning, but reproached Achilles for his delay.

Plainly, then, the matter was vital. Equally vital to the Mycenæan was the preservation of the bodies of his kings and the inviolability of their graves, for he laid them to rest within the city walls, and set an altar over them. Plainly he felt that the spirit dwelt with the body after death, so he built for it a dwelling-place, where he could resort to it to pay reverence to, and to receive guidance from the mind that had been wise in life, and must be wiser still in death.

Change of religion generally implies change of race, especially in early civilisations. Men must be driven away from their sacred places before worship can cease therein. The sword solves the problem of contending faiths; the shrines of conquered gods lie desolate, and the gods who gave the victory are honoured in their stead.

Is this, then, the answer to the puzzle: that the people of Homer's poems are a new people worshipping in a new way, having swept the old ancestor-worship and its people from Greece, and established themselves and their gods in their place?

Such a cataclysm must have left its mark at Mycenæ, the headquarters of this new race. Yet the graves of the circle are inviolate, and were remembered, and the circle was shown to travellers, centuries later, in the time of Hadrian. Moreover, though there was no worship of the dead in Homer's poems, Greece of post-Homeric days was full of it. Herakles and Asklepios are only dead men in Homer: in classical times they are gods. Almost every city had its hero to whom honour was paid. The bones of Theseus were brought from Skyros to Athens to be a protection and a glory to the people he had freed nearly a thousand years before. The bones of Aristomenes, buried in the gateway of Messene, bade defiance to the descendants of those Spartans whom he had fought with epic cunning and bravery while he lived. Ancestor-worship must have been in full vigour through all the history of Greece, though Homer says nothing of it. How was this?

How came Menelaos by his kingdom of Sparta? It was his as the dower of faithless Helen. Only a few generations further back, it was by marriage with the daughter of Pisa's treacherous king that Pelops, a Phrygian wanderer, had gained the kingship of the city, and of the wide lands of Elis, and who, by the manner of his wooing, had given cause to Herakles, in later days, to found the chariot-races

in honour of a new god, Zeus the lord of sky and thunder. Hippodamia, the wife whom Pelops won, was a murderess like Clytemnestra. Atreus, founder of the house of Agamemnon and Menelaos, was a son of this marriage; Eurystheus, King of Argos and Mycenæ in his day, was his cousin, and, like him, of half-blood, having for one grandfather Pelops the foreigner, and for the other, Perseus of the native line. Atreus succeeded to his kingdom, and thus Agamemnon, his descendant, came to the Argive throne. Here is no word of sack and ruin; in its place is a process of slow infiltration of a foreign race, acquiring power and place by marriage with princesses of the older stock. Most of the marriages were unhappy. Mixed marriages often are.

The consequence of this state of affairs would naturally be that there was no immediate change in the culture of the ancient cities; but that, on the other hand, the cults and religious observances of the courts would be those of the new kings, while the older forms of worship would remain in the mass of the population, and also in many of the kingly families themselves in a subsidiary degree. A child's first lessons in religion came from its mother, and the mothers were of the old stock. The girls of a family of mixed parentage would grow up with little interest in the new religion, except so far as they took part in its ceremonies, and this would be to no great extent in a religion in which male gods are so predominant as in the Olympian religion of Homer. Most of the female gods of Homer are distinctly traceable to an older stratum of belief than the most important of all the gods, Zeus, and it is

scarcely too much to suppose that their worship was perpetuated by the women of their race to such an extent that it became necessary to ally the new gods with them in bonds of relationship; and the very uncomfortable marriage of Zeus and Hera is but a type of the friction created in human life by the wedlock of men and women of different races.

The boys came earlier under the direct influence of the fathers, and consequently took more kindly to the paternal gods, who secured a firm position as the gods of governance and kingship. But in each succeeding generation the old stock reasserted itself more strongly, till eventually almost the whole race had reverted in its heart to its old methods of thought and worship, and the religion of classical Greece is a strange blend of that of Homer with the ancestor-worship of older days. This is particularly well shown by the tendency of great Hellenic families to make the Olympian gods their ancestors—as some excuse, it may be supposed, for worshipping them!

That is the story, as the legends give it to us, of the change in the ruling race in Hellas: and according to these same legends, it was a matter of but three generations—a bare century. It is singularly interesting to observe how well this length of time fits in with the conditions to be observed in the Homeric poems.

In the poems, the "Mycenæan" civilisation is still, in its more striking features, in full vigour. The description of the palace of Menelaos at Sparta in Odyssey IV opens with the same words that introduce the fuller and more glowing account of

the palace of Alcinous, the Phæacian king, in Odyssey VI:—

> "For there was a gleam as it were of sun or moon through the lofty palace."

The palace of Alcinous is described with an exuberance of detail which carries it almost into the realm of fairyland. But its frieze of alabaster and blue glass is the frieze of Tiryns over again; its golden and silver vessels are such as the graves contained; its walls are the work of Poseidon, its golden watch-dogs and golden torch-bearers were wrought by Hephaistos; it is the property of a people of the sea, traders with swift ships; it may even be that in this description we have a far-off echo of the splendour of unravished Knossos.

The cup of Nestor in the Iliad has its counterpart in the graves. So has the cup that Menelaos gave to Telemachus as a parting gift, of silver decked with gold; the treasures of Helen herself are plainly heritages from "Mycenæan" times, though Egyptian Thebes, the home of all such luxury in the poet's day, is made the place from which they came. The shield of Achilles was made by Hephaistos, the divine craftsman, but if he made that, he made the hunting-knives of the graves as well; their craft is identical.

These wonderful objects of beauty have to be accounted for in Homer. They are past comprehension as the work of mortals—a lost art. But they still survived, and with them the palaces in which their owners lived, not only into the time of the siege of Troy, but further, into that of their

poet-historian. The palace of Alcinous, on the other hand, with its miraculous, ever-bearing fruit-trees, and its golden, yet living hounds, was frankly supernatural; it was the description of something long since passed away: and a striking reminiscence of Knossos lingers in the description of its wonderful water-conduits, running beneath the palace to supply both it and the town below. Among a people like those of the Greek world, who to this day have but the most primitive ideas about water-supply, the drainage and conduit system of Knossos was a thing that would stick in their memories as long as any wonder of silver and gold.

But in the house of Odysseus were no such glories. Telemachus, visiting Menelaos, stared open-mouthed at the rich adornment of his host's surroundings. Yet Odysseus was as great as any of his contemporaries before Troy.

Laertes, father of Odysseus, was a fighting man in his youth, and won his possessions with the sword. His farm is one which he "won with much pains" (Od. xxiv. 207); he speaks, in the same book (l. 377–8) of his exploits on the mainland, as leader of the Kephallenians, and taker of walled cities; and in Od. xxii. 184–5, it is the shield of the hero Laertes, that he bore when he was young, that the traitor Melanthios is stealing from the armoury, when he is caught. Laertes had no heritage of Mycenæan wealth; he had married no heiress of a great Aegean stock. He was a raider who had destroyed all luxury before him. He sowed fire in his youth and reaped ashes in his old age.

The treasure of Odysseus himself is a small matter, and too precious for daily use. He has no golden bowls and dishes for his tables, like Menelaos. What he has, his little store of gold, and bronze, and grey iron, is kept stored in chests, under lock and key. Odysseus, save in gear of war, is the poorest of all the Homeric kings. Some at least of his wealth, such as it was, came from his maternal grandfather Autolykos, who dwelt about Parnassos, and who was famous as the most skilful thief and hardest swearer of his times—a robber-chief of the mountains, doubtless of ancient Aegean stock, for his patron god was Hermes, one of the earliest of the Pelasgian gods, but rather in the stage of civilisation represented by the robbers whom Theseus slew, than in that of the dwellers in stablished cities. The sources of such wealth as his were doubtless extensive and peculiar, and it is likely that the gifts he gave to Odysseus in fulfilment of his promise at the naming of the child were rather a heterogeneous collection.

Some space has been devoted to this point, because it was necessary to show that the poet of the Odyssey composed not merely a poem, but a perfectly consistent story, and that he knew what he was talking about. Because the house of Odysseus differs in some respects, notably in the matter of adornment, from the house of Menelaos, we need not jump to the conclusion that the work is that of two poets, of whom one was working in an age of magnificence, the other in an age of simplicity: it is much easier to suppose that one poet knew both kinds of house, and that he had

personal, or at any rate common knowledge that one of these two houses was fine and the other was not. Moreover, it is possible to show, by careful piecing together of the descriptive passages and by inference from the course of events within its walls, that the *plan* of the house of Odysseus was of the same type as the "Mycenæan" palace, of which a wonderfully perfect plan exists in the ruins of Tiryns. The deduction is that, even here, there had been an Aegean house before Laertes came, and that only the wood and clay upper walls were then destroyed, leaving the stone foot-walls for him to follow in his rebuilding, precisely as they are left at Tiryns now.

It will be useful to summarise the conclusions reached up to this point, with regard to the course of events from the time of the "Mycenæan" burials to the time represented in Homer.

A new people, or rather a number of individuals of a new race, appearing in Greece coincidently with the earliest signs of an iron age, gained ascendancy in Greek cities by various means, principally by marriage. They did not disturb the indigenous culture, but introduced a new religion, changing the method of disposing of the dead from burial to burning. In rare instances, especially in the north, they entered by force. They were not artists themselves, and under their sway the arts, with the exception of those immediately concerned with war, tended to die out, and fine artistic work was regarded as either Egyptian or supernatural—very much the same thing. They were not themselves particularly adapted to trade or to seafaring, but preserved a faint tradition of a seafaring people whose ships

were "swift as thought," and whose headquarters lay in a gorgeous palace. In the third generation after their first arrival in Greece they undertook a great expedition to Troy, which may or may not have been successful, but which certainly had the effect of weakening and impoverishing them.

These are the essentials of the story, and it is interesting to notice that the traditional three generations bring us precisely to the time when the siege of Troy is said to have begun, namely, to the turn of the thirteenth and twelfth centuries B.C.

The next step is the further consideration of the characteristics and culture of these people, as shown in the Homeric poems. We have dealt so far with the points which are permanently essential to the story, and which no poet of any age could alter to suit his own time. In considering the details of daily life, of weapons, and of customs described in the poems, we must bear in mind that he is describing things around him, which necessarily date from at least a generation and probably nearly three generations after the events of which they form the setting. Some of the matters considered above seem at first sight to fall into the latter category, but a moment's thought will show that they are essential, not merely incidental, to the story.

Much discussion has been wasted on the Homeric warrior's armour, which is, of course, constantly the subject of reference and even of minute description in the poems. We have already seen that he probably wore just what he possessed, some of it inherited, some exchanged with friends or with chivalrous enemies, some made purposely for him,

and therefore of the newest fashion. Sometimes he wore a full modern suit, sometimes scarcely any armour at all.

In one thing he is quite consistent: he never uses an iron sword or spear; it is always of bronze. In one instance, Menelaos is wounded by an iron-headed arrow, but its barbs are so soft that they can be bent back to be drawn through the wound. The metal is not yet familiar enough for the making of reliable weapons; and it is valuable enough for a big lump of it to be a better prize, at the funeral games of Patroklos, than a good-looking girl. Odysseus had iron axes at home, but they were kept locked up with the gold. There is one exception. Twice in the story of the removal of the weapons from the hall of the house of Odysseus, before the slaughter of the suitors begins, the line occurs:

"For iron doth of itself draw men to strife."

It is a single line, twice repeated; it has the twang of a proverb; it is particularly *mal à propos* in the first instance in which it is used; and it may be dismissed as a palpable interpolation of a time when iron was the common metal for weapons, and when some such proverb was actually in common use—the kind of proverb which would be very likely to arise just after the overwhelming of a bronze-using people by one which had learned to temper iron for swords; and that time had not arrived when the story of the host before Troy was first sung as we have it now.

Plainly, then, the poet lived, so far as war was concerned, in the bronze age; so far as peace was concerned, in a fairly well-developed iron age.

It may scarcely be credited, though it is true, that attempts have been made to divide Homer into "early" and "late" sections on the basis of differences in armour and weapons. Any reference to breastplates was regarded by one archæologist (Reichel) as necessarily "late" because the man who wore a big shield would not need a breastplate. But that he had one if he fancied it is shown by the breastplate—a mere funerary affair of thin gold—worn by the richly-dight body, with the splendid mask, in the fifth grave at Mycenæ. That man never carried the little buckler, for which we may search in vain at Mycenæ, except for two instances, both late; but he wore a breastplate all the same. Moreover, the breastplates in Homer are flimsy things—a spear goes through one quite easily. The most it can do is to deflect a glancing blow, or stop an arrow. A big shield would still be a most useful thing, and in Homer's time some men used great shields that covered their whole body—Periphetes fell into his own shield by tripping on its lower edge as he ran, and was speared before he could clamber out of it. It may well have been just such a shield as is carried by one of the lion-hunters on the Cretan dagger-blade from Mycenæ, a survival from the days of Knossos, when men fought nearly naked. Aias had a shield "like a tower," which suggests either a flat or curved rectangular shape; this also appears on the same dagger-blade. Some men fought with their shields slung about their necks by a baldric; again we turn to the same work for an illustration. Men ran great distances under shield, therefore their

shields were comparatively light; it is plain that these shields of the lion-hunters cannot have been as heavy as their size suggests; it would be essential that they should be well balanced—"equal every way," like Hector's shield.

In the fourth grave was found a fragment of a silver cup, showing a host sallying forth from a city, and fighting enemies who do not appear, the portion of the cup on which they must have been represented being lost. The majority of the combatants fight nearly if not quite naked, and their weapons are bows and slings. Two have tower-like shields, and each of these has a pair of spears. One other man has a helmet with a plume, and uses a spear. The city might well be Mycenæ itself, with its massive masoned walls, and the smooth walls of the clay-built houses rising above them. On the ramparts a crowd of women, some wearing diadems, wave their arms and seem either to encourage or bewail their defenders. The rivet plate which fastened the handle to the cup is in the form of a figure-of-8 shield. The work is that of the Mycenæan prime, perhaps by a captive Cretan's hand.

In Homer, the bow and sling are the weapons of the common herd, the former used very sparingly, and the latter not at all, by the leaders of the host. The bowman ran the risk of being despised for a skulking coward, though he was useful in time of need. There is little doubt that the conditions were much the same in battle in the days when the cup was made, but nevertheless the bow figures far more prominently in the stories of pre-Homeric heroes than in that of Troy. The kings of the Greek and

Trojan hosts love fighting almost as a sport; they are not so much rulers as leaders in war, and the turn of the tide of battle depends on their personal prowess more than on their skill in tactics and organisation. This is not the stage of culture which produces a great civilisation, though it may well be that of the people who inherit or destroy one.

Helmets present a greater discrepancy between Homer and the graves. In Homer they are nearly always of bronze, and close-fitting. There is no trace of a bronze helmet at Mycenæ. A steatite vase from Hagia Triada, of Late Minoan I or II date, shows boxers wearing what look very like bronze helmets of the well-known pattern of classical Greece, but it is far more probable that they represent thick leather headpieces designed to protect the nose and ears. It is quite likely that bronze helmets were a new invention, of a date somewhere between the closing of the shaft graves and the time of the poet, earlier rather than later, which, being extremely useful, would very quickly become general. That the leather cap, studded with metal or with some hard, light material, such as boars' teeth, survived into Homeric times, is plainly shown by the description of the cap Odysseus wore on his night raid with Diomede on the Thracian camp, to steal horses (a task after his own heart), and by the pictures on the now famous "warrior vase" from Mycenæ. On this vase, which came from the latest stratum within the city, but not near the grave circle, a row of warriors advances, clad in fringed shirts, thick loose breast and back pieces, apparently padded, helmets singularly like those of a modern lancer, with horns

in front, and studded all over with light spots that suggest metal studs. They carry small shields, reaching from shoulder to knee, and wear strapped gaiters and shoes. The art is rude and clumsy, and almost suggests caricature; that it is not so intended, and also that the work is later than that of the shaft graves, is shown by the fact that a precisely similar subject is depicted on a gravestone, being painted on plaster which is overlaid upon a sculptured gravestone similar to those of the shaft graves. These paintings may well be contemporary with the siege of Troy, and may represent the Homeric hero's equipment more accurately even than Homer himself. The round shield is merely one of the many varieties used before Troy, and the more complete body clothing is fully in accordance with Homeric tradition, and has a deeper significance than might appear at first sight.

It is scarcely necessary to labour the point that there was plenty of time for the introduction of new weapons and armour between the time of the Mycenæan graves and the time of the poet, but that, for the most part, the objects found at Mycenæ give us a sufficiently vivid picture of the kind of people for whom the great song was made, and of such of their possessions as were heirlooms from old time.

The next question is one of the most interesting and vital of all. Granted that the Homeric kings were mostly of new stock, whence had the founders of their fortunes in Hellas come?

To answer this question we must turn back to the allied evidence of tradition and archæology.

Some time ago reference was made to the probability that a people whose prosperity had been checked by the diversion of trade in the Aegean, following upon the fall of Knossos, would seek new sources of revenue, by opening new avenues of commerce. To look for evidence of such efforts in the labours of Herakles might seem a waste of time. But the predominant characteristic of that mighty man's exploits has been too much overlooked. They were all, or almost all, useful. Like Theseus, he ridded the countryside of pests, in the shape of wild beasts and robbers. The Nemean lion, the Stymphalian birds, and suchlike nuisances, fall under this heading. He was a mighty engineer—so great, that even Nature's engineering, the "Katavothra," or natural outlets of Lake Stymphalos and Lake Kopaïs, were later attributed to his skill. He diverted rivers from their course, as when he prepared the lands of King Augeas for conversion from pasturage to tilth, by letting loose the river upon them. He imported olive-trees (according to the tale), poplar trees, even oranges, into Greece. He improved the breed of horses, by introducing Thracian brood-mares — unfortunately the property of Diomede, whom he had to slay to obtain possession of them; and that of cattle, by bringing from far Cadiz the cattle of the triple-giant, the Geryones. Above all, he travelled far, he travelled north and west, and the valley of the Danube, and its forest-lands, are the source of many of his fabled importations, and the scene of many of his exploits. It is expressly stated that he made friends in these far lands, and that he brought the worship of strange

gods, and the proper wood for their sacrifices, therefrom.

Now Herakles belongs to the early days of the arrival of the new folk in Greece. He represents in his single person all the vigour and enterprise of his time. There is little doubt but that he and his contemporaries did push northward along the valley-routes of Epirus and Dalmatia, to the Danube valley, and westward through the snowy passes of the Alps to the valley of the Rhone, to the Pyrenees, even to southern Spain, and that their object in so doing was commerce as much as adventure. Before his time, there had been trade, maybe through many hands, between the north and Mycenæ; all the amber in the graves is Baltic amber. The wild story of the golden-horned hind that Herakles brought back from the Danube valley—a story which even the ancients themselves could not quite swallow—is the story of the first, possibly the only, reindeer that ever Greece set eyes on, for alone among hinds the reindeer hind has antlers. We can see emerging from the tangle of fancy and extravagance proper to all travellers' tales, the fact of the attempt to make the land-routes of trade provide the wealth that the sea-routes no longer gave, and the fact, more important still, that those land-routes ran north.

Down those trade routes slowly filtered the more adventurous spirits of a fair-haired, northern race—an Aryan race—to the rich cities of the south. Some of them had long been settled in Thessaly, the original Hellas of the legends, where they had an Argos of their own, that was in time to give its name to ancient Larisa, hard by Mycenæ. These

were the first to arrive, perhaps, unless Pelops really was an Aryan of Phrygia, akin to those of Thessaly, but reaching Greece by the older seaward way. Some were settled in Epirote Dodona long before the time of Herakles, and there had established their god Zeus, and had devised his wind-oracle of the rustling oak-boughs and the swinging jars, or perhaps appropriated it from some older earth-god.

As they came and increased in power, they brought with them the natural religion and the natural customs of a nomad people, formed in the centuries of their wandering across Asia, round the Black Sea, up the Danube valley—customs blended with those of the older Asiatic peoples with whom they had mixed, and partly blended. One branch of them, spreading in Asia Minor, made Phrygia as much Aryan as Hittite, Troy as much Aryan as Aegean, and now they came to do the same for the Aegean cities of Greece.

A nomad people learns to burn its dead, that it may not leave their graves to be desecrated by wild beasts. It learns to worship gods of the high air, of the wide earth, rather than gods of one particular place. The functions of those gods must be rather those of governing principle and discipline than of a commercial activity and skill of craftsmanship with which their worshippers, knit by the discipline of the clan, and little concerned with any world of men outside their own, had nothing to do. The material culture of such a people cannot be high, for their wealth is mostly in flocks and herds; but their moral culture must be comparatively high, not only from the need of self-restraint, of subjection to

the ever-changing needs of the community, which, having no permanent abiding-place, must stand or fall together; but because in the great silences of the uplands, in the weary monotony of the long march, there is time for thought, and endless opportunity of seeing the smallness of man, unrelieved by any mighty work of his hands, side by side with the vastness of nature.

Such were the gods these people brought with them into Greece. Zeus of the golden hair, god of thunder and sky and land, the one great god: Apollo, golden-haired, Apollo of the Far North, "Hyperborean" Apollo, the Far-shooter whose arrows are death, the god of prophecy, interpreter of Zeus and god of the sun, first and greatest child of Heaven; and his sister Artemis, goddess of women and womanly virtue, strength, grace, loveliness, and of the sun's counterpart, the moon; these were the great Achæan gods, and their common characteristic is their universality. In course of time they superseded many local Aegean gods, and gave their names to many others, so that this characteristic is obscured, but they remain essentially, from first to last, the gods of a higher ethic, a wider outlook, than those of the older race, and so, perhaps, are always more remote from human life.

It is worthy of notice that in Homer the dwelling of the gods is above the clouds on Olympos—which is also the name of a mountain in the north of Thessaly; and that in those days the only shrine of Zeus in all Greek lands was Dodona, far north in Epirus.

There are two more prosaic, but perhaps more

forcible proofs of the northern origin of the Homeric ruling caste: firstly, the heroes of Homer wore a good many garments; secondly, they fastened those garments with brooches.

Taking the second of these two points first, the brooch, or fibula, is characteristic of the bronze and early iron ages in Central Europe. It does not exist in the bronze age of Greece; but it appears as soon as iron appears. The inference is that the people who brought iron brought brooches. As the Homeric people wore very beautiful and elaborate brooches—Odysseus had (or said he had) one decorated with a design of a dog pulling down a fawn—it is plain that by the poet's day they had been known and made for some time in Greece.

The significance of the first point, which is illustrated on the warrior vase, is this. The cultured men of the Mycenæan and Cretan civilisations wore scarcely any clothes at all, but what they did wear were shaped and sewn, for their graves have no brooches, nor do their pictures show any. The comparatively rough folk of Homer, who gaped at the sight of a splendid house, wore several garments. Therefore, the people who wore few clothes had never been in a really cold climate, or, with their skill in matters of luxury, they would have invented clothes to keep them warm. All their pictures show that voluminous garments, when they were worn, were rather ceremonial than utilitarian. People, however rough, who live in a cold climate, soon learn to make clothes. It is simpler to pin such garments together than to sew them together. There-

fore pins were invented. From pins to brooches is a short step in the interests of safety and convenience. Therefore brooches were invented. Moreover, people who come from a cold to a warm climate do not discard their accustomed garments. British colonists in South Africa are not content with a string of beads as their sole garment. An artificial sense of decency is soon evolved; that it never went very deep in Greece, witness the nudity of the athlete even in the most civilised days of Hellas: for the athletics of classical Greece have a pre-Homeric descent.

Frequent reference has been made to the loss of the eastward trade by the Greek cities. Though this was the natural result of the fall of that power which had organised it, there is no need to suppose that it was either immediate or complete. On the other hand, in the Homeric poems, almost every reference to such trade makes it clear that it was not regarded as a matter for the Achæan kings, but for foreigners, to handle. The trader in Homer is also a slave-dealer, and something of a pirate, as might well be expected in a disorganised Aegean. Sometimes he is simply a "redman," sometimes definitely a Sidonian, that is, of Semitic stock. There can be very little doubt that the "merry Grecian coaster" never quite relinquished his heritage of trade; but it is equally certain that the Phœnicians (using the name in its generally accepted sense of a Semitic people) very largely usurped the activities which had been at one time almost exclusively Aegean, and that with the coming of the Achæan kings, the sea trade of Greece dwindled to very

small proportions. A race whose whole tradition was that of land travel would prefer the landward to the seaward routes, and, as the descendants of a nomadic and pastoral people, would not be likely to have much trading instinct. In their time, therefore, there was ample room for the Sidonian traders in the Aegean, and they were not slow to avail themselves of the opportunity of expansion; but while the Aegean traders had been producers too, the Semitic traders were traders only: there is no Phœnician art, properly so-called. On the other hand, the presence of Minoan remains in Palestine makes it certain that the Minoans and Phœnicians had been in contact for centuries before the time of Homer, and it is inconceivable that a trading people like the Phœnicians should not have learnt something from an advanced civilisation like that of Knossos; as a matter of fact, there seems to be evidence that the Phœnician alphabet, with which that of classical Greece has the strongest affinity, was actually derived, at least in part, from the Cretan linear script.

Now it should be noted that the solitary reference to writing in Homer is unfavourable; the "signs" used by Proitos are regarded as something evil, almost as a kind of magic: and it is easy to conjecture that an uncultured race of kings, understanding nothing of the art of writing, would regard this strange skill of their new subjects as something uncanny, and would avoid any traffic with it. This being so, it would be most injudicious behaviour on the part of a bard, singing for such an audience, to make any reference to the art; he would naturally

suppress it, as he suppressed also the whole of the ancestor-worship, and of the sacrificial customs and grim superstitions of the Aegean race. The moral atmosphere of Homer is high and clean and open. That of the Aegean race was dark and tortuous, stained with the cruelty and obscenity of the most primitive gropings after truth, as innumerable survivals into classical, and even into modern times, make abundantly clear. These customs existed side by side with the religion of Homer, but they scarcely cast a shadow across his poems. If the art of writing was regarded as an almost obscene magic, it is easy to see that not only would reference to it be absent from the poems, but its use would tend to decline and finally to disappear.

But it was a necessary art, as a generation but little later than that of the poet found, in dealing with these quick-witted Semitic traders; and in time, Phœnician letters came to be used in the seaports, their use spreading rapidly by reason of their simplicity, and supplanting that of the older script, if indeed it still survived anywhere in Greece.

It is perhaps permissible, now that we have achieved a reconstruction of the process by which the Homeric civilisation came into being, to abandon the archæological attitude for a moment, and to consider the poems as a work of art. Before doing so, however, it is only right to disclaim all pretence of finality for the conclusions reached above. The Homeric question has many sides, and no two seekers after its truths look at it from exactly the same point of view. All that has been attempted here is the simple presentation of a single point of

view, and the extraction from the mass of evidence, often puzzling and apparently conflicting, of a cohesive and human story. In the present state of our knowledge, absolute certainty is impossible, on almost any one point; the most that can be done is to add to the archæological and literary interest of these relics of dead civilisations, a living and a human interest; that and no more has been the aim of these essays.

The peculiar poetic product of classical Greece was not the epic. The Iliad and the Odyssey are, it is true, almost the only survivors of a great mass of epic poetry, nearly all of which was concerned with the tale of Troy, or with events arising out of it. Certain hymns to the gods also survive, composed in the hexameter verse, and belonging to the same category. But the epic was dead as a literary form before classical Greek history began. The lyric, as early as the late seventh century, the time of the immortal Sappho, had reached its perfection; the lyric is the glory of Thebes, in the mouth of Pindar, who had many predecessors whose work is lost. It is their lyrics which constitute the splendour of the Athenian tragedies of the fifth century, and the first of the three tragedians gives the greatest value to the lyric portions of his plays. Lyric poetry, not epic, is the characteristic literary form of historical Hellas.

This fact, which has never been sufficiently emphasized, is of the utmost importance to a proper appreciation of the epic poems themselves. For poetic art, like all other art, is controlled from without, and depends in its method of expression,

as well as in its subject-matter, upon the conditions under which it has been produced.

It has often been remarked that no culture precisely like that represented in the poems has left unmistakable traces in Greek lands, and this has been used as an argument against the unity of the poems, which have been regarded as an *olla podrida* of many generations.

It is equally forcible as an argument for their absolute unity. If we may adhere to the date which we have fixed above for the first sporadic appearance of Aryan Achæans in Greece, namely *c.* 1300 B.C., and may be allowed to cling to the traditional date of the siege of Troy, 1199–1189 B.C., and further, may hold to our supposition that at least one generation and probably two had passed after that time, before the poems began to take their present shape, we are brought down to the end of the twelfth century B.C. It is almost outside the range of controversy that the Dorians arrived in Greece early in the eleventh century; yet in Homer, they are only one of several peoples in the comparatively small island of Crete; they have not appeared in Greece at all. It is quite inconceivable that they should have been passed over in silence had they arrived, for their arrival was epoch-making. The Homeric poems therefore belong to a very short period in Greek history, namely, to the few years which lie between the fall of Troy and the coming of the Dorians, a mere matter of three quarters of a century. The culture they describe is mixed; the men for whom they were made were a small ruling caste. It is not only not improbable, it is

most probable, that traces of the precise "moment of culture" which they represent would be difficult to recognise at this distance of time.

Now, if their subject-matter represents a "moment of culture," so also does their literary form. It is a form which could only have been evolved under certain conditions, and those are precisely the conditions which may be inferred from the history which we have reconstructed from the joint evidence of the poems themselves, the legends, and the Mycenæan remains.

The epic is the song of the camp-fire, grown into the song of the feudal hall.

Night after night, under the cold stars, the wanderers of the continental uplands had gathered, in centuries past, around the bivouac fire. Drowsy in the warmth of the fire, weary with the work of the day, yet not ready for sleep, they sat silent, as you may see men sit round a camp-fire even in these modern days. But the gifted teller of stories was among them, then as now. And one voice was lifted, and the story droned on, familiar and flowing, with the lilt and cadence that belong to the early days, when a tale must be remembered, word for word; for such an audience is like a child, who will suffer no deviation from the rigour of the story as he knows it.

There must be no sudden, startling changes of metre, no intricacy of form or of thought to be followed: the song is sung at the end of a day of toil, at the end of a night, maybe, of feasting. So the long, swinging line tramps on, like the beat of a marching host, and the familiar

catchword and the familiar end-phrase mark, for the half-sleeping minds of those who listen, the beginning and the ending of each episode. At the end of almost any one of such tales within the tale, the singing may cease, the brooch be shifted, the loose garment drawn over the head, and the thoughts of weary men and the flames of a dying fire flicker down together into darkness.

Such was the birth of the epic—the song of a wandering folk.

When the Achæan kings lorded it in the palaces of Greece, their bards had greater deeds to sing; and that was only for a short time. For a shorter time still, the greatest exploits of all, the siege and taking of a great walled city, the wandering over wide and unknown seas, formed the theme that held the feasters to silence at the table of the king. It was the grandson of Agamemnon who first had to meet the onslaught of the Dorians. To his day, and to the later years of his old father Orestes, and to no other time, belongs the glory of the epic in Hellas; with the passing of its own Achæan kings, it passed away. The host of imitations and extensions of the Homeric story, which were poured forth by wandering bards in the later days, have perished. Only the true epic has survived, and of that, only the two poems which contained the most stirring, the most fascinating tale. Even though the Iliad and Odyssey be the sole monument of their day, they have made that day live for ever in the minds of men.

Note on the Song of Demodocus

To the statement that the epic is distinctly Achæan, it may be objected that this is inconsistent with the supposition that Phæacia represents a vague tradition of Knossos, seeing that Demodocus the minstrel plays a prominent part in the Phæacian feasts.

The inconsistency arises merely from the fact that Homer was not an archæologist. To him, a feast was incomplete without a bard; and it is perfectly natural to him to put the tale of the taking of Troy into the mouth of a Phæacian bard.

Further, there is no reason to suppose that there were no singers at the feasts of Knossos. The "Harvester" vase from Phaistos and the sarcophagos of Hagia Triada show that both singing and the lyre —the latter in a very highly developed form—were well known in Late Minoan I.

Further, the song which Demodocus chose for himself is not in the least epic. It is short, self-contained, episodic; moreover it is a ribald tale, and ribaldry is foreign to Homer. The song itself is in fact a traditional survival from Knossos, together with the magnificence, the seamanship, and the skill in dancing of the Phæacians. Its protagonists are the god of metal-craft, whose symbol was a double axe in classical times; the goddess Aphrodite, whom we may recognise as the dove-goddess of Knossos and Mycenæ; and a war-god who reminds us of the Aegean god symbolised by the figure-of-8 shield.

The shortness of the poem, and its frequent

change of speaker, both suggest that it is more suitable for lyric than for epic treatment. It is not difficult to suppose that the song of Demodocus is a transcription into hexameter verse of one of the best-known of Aegean lyrical songs in Homer's time, and that the survival of such lyrical songs formed the basis of that lyric poetry which superseded the epic, after Achæan days. Thus the lyrical poetry of classical Greece was a renaissance, while the epic was an incident of short duration.

VI

DECORATIVE AND CREATIVE ART

In conversation with a great American scientist, I once made use of the phrase, "the science of wireless telegraphy." Quick as thought he corrected me. "No, sir," said he, "the art of wireless telegraphy, if you please. Science is the material, art is the use of it."

Thus, by accident, I came by what I had sought for years, namely, a definition of art. Even now, I fear it is rather too good to be wholly true. None the less, it contains so important an element of truth that for our purposes it may be allowed to stand, with some qualification.

Art is the use of acquired knowledge. In other words, it is human activity.

Now, we may say that the fine arts, so called, consist in the use of the knowledge of beauty: and we need not stop to ask here, what beauty is. It will be quite sufficient at this point to say what beauty is not.

Beauty is not a nothingness. It is not emptiness. It is not a blank.

To modern minds, trained to a close perception of detail, the conception of an absolute blank is almost impossible. In almost every surface of unadorned material there is some variation, some suggestion

of pattern, which is appreciable by the civilised eye. The higher the civilisation, the less need there is for obvious decoration. A child will scribble on a printed page or a patterned wall-paper as readily as on a blank space, for his eye does not grasp the marks that his own hand has not made: but a skilled artist chooses carefully a paper or a canvas whose grain or texture shall suit his subject.

This increased faculty of observation leads steadily towards severity in taste. Take a single instance. It is a shock to many lovers of old wood panelling to discover that the people who made and put up the beautiful woodwork of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries covered it with paint. It seems almost iniquitous that the rich grain of the wood should have been covered up: but the cottager or innkeeper who happens to have a piece of panelling in his house covers it with a gaudy wall-paper—"It's more cheerful-like," says he. His mind is more mediæval, less perceptive, than that of the modern connoisseur. He does not notice the grain of the wood; to him it is a blank space—emptiness. Therefore, according to his lights, he works in the cause of art.

This is an explanation, not a defence. There is no reason why the human mind should not progress to the point at which it can realise that Nature is an artist. But the fact remains that it did not start from that point.

In a somewhat different connection, we are commonly told that Nature abhors a vacuum. The eye abhors a blank. When we wish to say that a person is unlovely, we call that person "plain." Anyone

confronted with an insoluble problem is said to be brought up face to face with a blank wall—a wall, in fact, on which there is not so much as a bit of moss, or a carved moulding, to distract his attention from its impenetrability. These are fanciful tropes, maybe, but they are based upon the human hatred of the unadorned thing.

It may be objected that one of the most subtle forms of beauty, in architecture especially, is the right use of the blank space. In a way, that is true: but the beauty lies not in its blankness, but in its spacing; it is only beautiful in so far as it brings out the idea of strength, or of proportion, or of some other quality appropriate to the building —in so far as it *expresses* something.

The fact that Time and Nature are always fighting on the side of beauty, by filling up blank spaces, is sufficient indication that the eye is not wrong in its abhorrence of a blank. What we are wont to call the "painful newness" of modern buildings is often no more than an undue proportion of unrelieved blanks. Nature, with Time, will vary the staring uniformity of new red brick, the deadly neatness of newly-cut ashlar masonry. Left to herself, she would soon hide the blank walls of a Cornish stone cottage—about the ugliest thing in the world—either with the myriad forms of climbing leaves, or with the stains and pittings of wind and weather. We are on the right track when we fill up our blank spaces.

If, even endowed as we are with the civilised power of seeing accidental and natural beauty, we still devote so much ingenuity to the filling of blank

spaces by artificial means, it is not difficult to understand that a primitive mind would be constantly assailed by the bugbear of emptiness, and would very soon begin to make efforts to do away with it.

Without entering deeply into the question, whether imitative or inventive art be the earlier—on the whole, the evidence is in favour of the former—we may safely assert that the primary object of man in making either pictures or patterns is not to reproduce a thing because it is beautiful, but to cover a thing because it is ugly. In other words, his aim is decoration, not creation.

Now, decoration cannot be brought into existence unless something already exists which calls for decoration. Decorative art is therefore dependent and subordinate in its character. From this fact arises the gradual growth of conventionalism. The pictures scratched on bone by the cave-dwellers, untold millennia ago, were made with the object of decorating the thing on which they were drawn—of giving it an interest apart from, or rather in addition to, the utilitarian reason for its existence: but they are not conventional; they are vividly realistic. The artist could only draw exactly what he had seen, but that he could do with photographic accuracy. It is a striking fact, that the reindeer of this art are drawn in an attitude of which the truth has only recently been rediscovered by instantaneous photography, but which was visible as a "moment of movement" to the quick eye of the man who lived by hunting; and further, that these same reindeer are often drawn without feet, like swallows in mediæval heraldry, and for the same reason, namely

that neither the cave-dweller in the one instance, nor the herald of the Middle Ages in the other, had ever seen the feet of the living animal. The reindeer ran in long undergrowth, and the swallow seemed always in the air. So the artist drew as he saw, and when the cave-dweller came to the point at which the feet of his subject were hidden in the grass, he simply stopped his outline, and left it at that.

With such limitations, it was not to be expected that he would venture to make his subject conform to the outline of the thing he decorated. There was no inherent relation between the two, except a relation which lay outside the domain of art, and within that of sympathetic magic. A reindeer spear-head —probably of reindeer bone or horn—had reindeer scratched upon it, for better hunting; on a salmon spear-head, salmon: on a spear-head-of-all-work, both, in inextricable confusion of ideas. The most he could do to give his work a distinctly decorative character was to select the portion of his subject which was at once the most characteristic and the most beautiful, as when he carved the end of a knife handle with a reindeer's head, the antlers laid flat along the back, for convenience alike of execution and of use.

Coming down to later days, the decoration of pottery affords a long and unbroken series of examples of the evolution of decorative art. Predynastic Egypt, which takes us back in its later stages at a modest computation to 5000 B.C., has left pottery in which rude figures of ships and men are scattered vaguely over the surface of a vase. It is a moot point whether we have not already here an

example of a new development in decoration, namely that in which the interest of the subject itself is added to the ideas of the beauty of its forms, and of the breaking up of the blank space. Modern advertisement makes great use of the fact, dear to the primitive mind—one has only to go to the Academy, or to buy a Christmas number, to see how dear—that "every picture tells a story." Of course there are many pictures that do not tell a story, but such pictures are caviare to the general. Even land- and sea-scapes, the particular genius of English painters, are generally liked more for suggested associations than for their intrinsic beauty. In the case of primitive decoration the idea may be traced with some degree of probability from the magical idea mentioned a few moments ago. The mere fact that the pictures are not simply pictures, but that they carry with them an idea, gives them a value apart from all ideas of art—for the *idea* of art is a far younger thing than its practice.

Decorative pattern marks the step from unconscious to conscious convention. Incised lines are made in the wet clay on the flat underside, or within the hollow of a hand-made bowl. Often they are no more than mere meaningless scribbles, but they serve to fill the emptiness of the surface: a very interesting example of accidental decoration is the impress of the woven grass mat on which the soft clay bowl was set to dry. Then they gradually begin to take shape—a cross, like the "mark" of a modern illiterate, chosen as the very simplest form, next to the single line, that can be made: an elaboration of the same process, consisting of a

network of crossing lines: circles, suggested by the shape of the cup itself, and becoming, with the introduction of the potter's wheel, the easiest of all forms of decoration, and therefore constantly used: all these gradually carry men's ideas forward to the conception of making the decoration fit the space. The natural corollary of this process of development is that the space itself, from being merely the loathed emptiness, ultimately becomes the controlling factor in the design. The first effect of this is a frantic desire to make the pattern or picture fill the space completely. With merely conventionalised vegetable forms, or more or less geometric patterns, this is comparatively easy: it is more than a suspicion that many monstrous forms as well have come into being because the peculiar shape of some object of common use demanded their existence. When, however, we come to the human form, whose use in decorative design is forced upon the artist by the necessity of giving interest to his design for its own sake, thereby going beyond the primitive requirements of decoration, we find all kinds of expedients used to fill the space and to tell the story. Every one is familiar with the complete disregard of uniformity in scale presented by Egyptian and Assyrian wall decorations. In these cases, the violation of literal truth is not primarily decorative in its object, for the figures increase in size as they rise in the social scale. Slaves are pigmies, and kings are giants. But when we come to such comparatively late work as the early sculptured reliefs of Hellenic art, we are confronted with a purely decorative use of the same

disproportion, which goes by the name of "isocephalism." All the figures must reach to the same height, determined by the height of the space decorated, whether they be represented as standing, sitting, kneeling (a convention for running), or even lying down! A metope from the temple C at Selinus in Sicily (late 7th or early 6th century B.C.) affords an example of this practice, for the "kneeling" Medusa's head reaches the top of the space, as well as the heads of the standing Athena and Perseus. The sculptured architrave[1] of the sixth-century temple at Assos in the Troad is still more striking, for there we see that the group of Herakles wrestling with Triton is colossal compared with the remaining figures in the band of ornament, solely because these two figures are almost lying down, while the others are standing.

It is noticeable, however, that at a very early stage the Greek sculptor and painter so contrived their designs that the figures which were rendered colossal by the use of this convention were for the most part either monstrous or divine; and even Pheidias, in the Parthenon frieze, has used isocephalism as a device to give superhuman size to the figures of the gods in the east portico of the temple; they are the only seated figures in the whole design, and it is quite without any sense of incongruity that one observes them to be consequently much larger than all the human figures by which they are surrounded.

Gradually the artist learned to appreciate the decorative value of blank space as a foil to the free

[1] See p. 145. This architrave is exceptional.

movement of the figures set upon it, or to the symmetrical arrangement of conventional decorative forms, recognising that each figure and form had a beauty of its own which was best seen when it was set in a comparatively open background. Thus the decoration, in the case of human figures, grew to acquire a character almost of independence, and the blank space was welcomed as affording an opportunity for the introduction of beautiful forms. The object was no longer primarily that of covering up an ugly thing, but of finding room for a beautiful thing.

This new condition demanded at once a greater intrinsic beauty in the decorative forms, and greater caution in their use. The question was no longer "How shall I decorate?" but "Shall I decorate at all?"

Now it is sufficiently clear that the usefulness of a thing for the purpose for which it is made is of greater importance than its beauty. Decoration must therefore never be applied to an object of use in such a way as to lessen its usefulness. A sword grip and guard, even though the most exquisitely chiselled bit of work in the world, are badly decorated if the design is such that the grip is uncomfortable and the guard inadequate to its purpose: all its beauty will not compensate its owner for the loss of his life.

That is almost too obvious to need statement. What is not so obvious, but quite as true, is that right decoration will not destroy or divert attention from the appearance of usefulness. A thing whose usefulness consists in strength must look strong; a

thing whose *raison d'être* is rigidity must look rigid; any decoration which detracts from the appearance of these qualities is bad decoration, and defeats its own object.

It is extremely rare to find mistakes of this kind in a naturally evolved and indigenous art. It is in ages of copyism and eclecticism that they are made.

No better instance of the control of decoration can be found than a Greek temple, which is among the plainest buildings of its kind, and at the same time the most complete, and the most satisfying in the distribution of its ornament.

To begin with, all its characteristic forms are rigidly dictated by constructional history. Not one of them is arbitrary, from the platform, or stylobate, on which it stands, to the acroteria or the antefixes above its gables and cornices.

The characteristic feature of the Doric order is the colonnade running round the cella or actual building. The temple itself is no more than an oblong box, generally divided into a long eastern and short western portion by a cross-wall, and has no architectural features except the slightly projecting antæ at the ends of each side wall, and the mouldings following the outline of the doorway, in each end wall.

In the case of the primitive temple—and indeed also in that of the small village temple down to the end of Hellenic times—the lowest courses only of the cella walls were of stone, as a protection against damp, the remainder of the walls being of unbaked clay, protected at the ends in their whole height by upright beams, or by a casing of wood.

These beams, or casings, are represented in the fully-developed stone temple by the pilaster-like antæ, with their flat, slightly-moulded capitals, which probably echo the bands of metal, or it may be, merely of withes, used to bind the head of the post or casing planks to the clay wall behind them. The mouldings of the doorway obviously represent the wooden frame set in the clay walls. A flat band of ornament at the wall-head probably took its origin from a wooden framing of the wall.

The forms of the colonnade are more complicated, but no less logical. The colonnade itself is not mere ornament, but was the outcome of a need if not of a necessity. A place in the shade was as desirable to the Greek worshipper as a place in the sun is said to be to a more northern people of to-day. Consequently the temple, which was the centre of the community from very early times, made provision for this need. The temple of Hera at Olympia, said to date from the eleventh century B.C., had from the first a colonnade around its cella, and as late as the time of Pausanias, in the second century A.D., an oaken column of this colonnade was preserved in the temple. Such a colonnade consisted simply of a row either of tapering wooden posts driven into the earth with their smaller ends downwards, or of similar posts set upon the ground or rock, and tapering from bottom to top. The former method was certainly that employed in the wooden architecture, and continued into that of stone, in pre-classical Greece, as is plainly shown by representations of such columns in Cretan and "Mycenæan" art. It is quite possible that the

practice was not abandoned in Doric architecture until the wooden column was finally discarded in favour of stone, for which it was manifestly unsuitable, especially when the monolith gave place to the column built up of drums. The column had a capital, probably of wood also, surmounted by an abacus, a flat, square tile of terra-cotta, of which the use was to exclude damp from the top of the column, where the wood, cut across the grain, would most readily admit it. Along the top of the row of columns was laid the architrave, or main beam, forming a continuous support for the roof beams, which in the wooden construction were laid across the whole temple and colonnade from side to side, resting on the cella walls and on the architrave. At the ends of the building these beams were of course only carried over the colonnade from the cella wall to the architrave, and at the angles ran diagonally from the corner of the architrave to the corner of the cella. Between the beams were open spaces about equal in width to the width of the exposed ends of the beams. These open spaces, and the ends of the beams, were boarded over with thin planks, held in place by small, vertical, bevelled slats, set in threes at points corresponding to the ends of the beams, and fixed by means of pins driven into them from below through a projecting fillet above the architrave: a light beam was then laid longitudinally above this construction to keep all in position. In stone Doric architecture, this boarding, with the slats and their securing pins, is represented by the Doric frieze, of alternating triglyphs (the word

means "thrice-grooved") and metopes (μετόπαι = spaces between), and by the guttæ (drops) which are the descendants of the securing pegs. The cornice, which surmounts the frieze, has on its under side, in the fully-developed stone Doric architecture, a series of square flat slabs, set very near to one another, slanting downwards at the same pitch as the roof, and closely set with rows of small flat discs in relief. They represent the casing of the rafter ends of the wooden temple, and the discs represent the heads of pegs driven through the planks to secure the cornice in its place. The cornice itself, in the wooden temple, was of terra-cotta, being simply a gutter to carry off the rain, and had rain-spouts in its outer face at intervals.

The gable at each end is enclosed by cornices following the pitch of the roof and repeating all these features, with the exception of the rain-spouts.

Without going into detail of construction, it must be noted that the Greeks used no principles of pull and thrust in the construction of their roofs, which were always of timber.[1] Consequently everything rested in its place by its own dead weight, and was rendered more secure by heavy weights placed at the apex and foot of the gables at each end of the building. These weights (acroteria) took the form, in primitive temples, of huge terra-cotta ornaments, a remarkable example being the circular—or rather, fan-shaped—ornament from the temple of Hera at Olympia. Groups of sculpture on pedestals took the

[1] The temple of Apollo at Phigaleia (last quarter of the fifth century B.C.) is a notable exception to the latter, and possibly to both, of these statements.

place of these terra-cotta ornaments in many later temples.

One other characteristic ornament of a Greek temple is the antefix, which is a small, flat, upright object, generally having the outline of a cone with curved sides, and most frequently adorned with a palmette or honeysuckle ornament. Antefixæ occur at regular intervals above the cornice at the sides only of a building, and their use was to hide the openings at the ends of the overlapping tiles. They actually served this purpose from first to last.

This rather tedious analysis of the construction of a Greek temple is necessary to show that every detail of ornament in the Doric style has a constructional origin, and has been evolved into ornament with the translation of the construction from wood into stone: and further, to enable us readily to appreciate the force of the laws by which the application of extraneous ornament to the building was governed.

The columns were fluted with vertical grooves separated by sharp edges. Not only did these grooves repeat the effect produced on the trunk of a tree by the process of shaping it with an adze, but their vertical lines added to the appearance of height and of strength, at the same time giving an effect of lightness, especially desirable in the early stages of stone architecture, when the timidity of the workman in dealing with a new material caused him to make very heavy columns, and to set them very close together (sometimes less than their own diameter apart), for fear lest they should be crushed by the weight placed upon them, and lest the stone archi-

trave above them should crack owing to being carried over too wide a space. Any ornament save that of a vertical character would at once have destroyed all appearance both of strength and of grace.

One of the most remarkable æsthetic mistakes made by Ruskin was in the course of a dissertation on the decoration of columns. Drawing his analogy from nature, as he too often did, he stated that as in beasts and birds and butterflies decorative colour very seldom emphasized and nearly always tended to disguise the constructional lines, so this principle ought to be applied to the decoration of the constructional portions of a building. He forgot, or did not know, that such colouring was for the most part designed for the protective concealment of the animal; the object of the architect is certainly not to make his building self-effacing!

Whatever decoration was applied to the columns of a Greek temple was kept unobtrusive in colour and design, for their strength and uprightness were beauty enough. The same reticence of decoration was observed in the case of the architrave, which in theory had to bear the whole weight of the roof, and in practice that of the frieze and cornice above it. The projecting lintel at the top of it, and the guttæ, however, were brightly coloured with patterns, forming a line of colour emphasizing the limits and the characteristic horizontality of the architrave. The frieze received its appearance of solidity from the triple ridges of the triglyphs with their vertical grooves, picked out in vivid stripes of red and blue. The metopes—the spaces between—did no sup-

porting work at all; they were only holes filled up: consequently it was here that fancy could have full play without detracting in the least from the idea of strength which is the primary beauty of a building. The metopes were handed over to the painter and the sculptor, and the frieze became a picture-gallery. The cornice, which topped all, and bore no weight, was gay with colour too.

One other feature is left for consideration; namely the triangular space formed by the pitch of the roof at each end of the building. This was also constructionally idle, save that the support of the roof ridge ran up behind the centre of it. Therefore it was for decorative purposes a large and rather awkwardly-shaped metope or "space-between," and was also handed over to the artist as a field for his fancy: moreover, its position at the entrance front of the building made it an excellent place for a "sign-board," to denote the dedication of the temple, and in the height of Greek architecture it is safe to say that the sculpture of the east pediment of a temple would always contain the representation of some incident in which a principal part was played by the god whose house it was.

It will be clear from this review of architectural decoration that there is not a single item of ornament in a Greek temple which has had a place forcibly made for it. Indeed, almost the only departure from the forms of the wooden construction lies in the raising of the ceiling of the colonnade, so that the triglyphs no longer indicate the actual position of the roof beams, which are at a higher level. Occasionally a Doric frieze is

placed at the top of the cella wall, a perfectly logical procedure in the case of temples having no colonnade at the sides, but illogical when the frieze is carried across the end walls, as in the case of the Theseum, where the object is solely decorative. Such instances, however, are quite abnormal, and may be ignored in considering general principles.

When individual examples of architectural sculpture come to be considered in their historical order, it will be seen that, however free they may appear to be in their composition, they are ultimately governed by their position on or in the building, and by the space which they decorate. They are in no sense free sculpture. In this condition of subordination lies the essential difference between decorative art, and art which exists solely for the purpose of expressing an idea, or in other words creative art.

I have deliberately avoided the phrase "art for art's sake," which embodies a pestilential heresy. An artist who works for art's sake works in a vicious circle. The coming of the phrase dates from the period when the Apollo Belvedere was the criterion of taste, and its following produced a great deal of vastly pretty workmanship, about which nobody cared two straws, because it meant nothing, and had no spark of vitality. Gibson's "Hylas and the Nymphs" is a typical work, well finished, well grouped, dull, and uninteresting, in short, uninspired.

To be inspired, a work must contain and seek to convey an idea. A decorative work may be inspired, apart from the idea of decoration, although primarily its inspiration is external to it as an indi-

vidual work, and consists in its relation to the thing it decorates: but an independent work, standing on its own merits alone, *must* be inspired. The suggestion that the love of beauty is inspiration enough, and that it is sufficient for a creative work to convey the idea of beauty, can only be met by entering upon a wide discussion of the nature and meaning of beauty, for which this is not the place. It must suffice to say that beauty is not in itself an elemental idea. The beauty of the human form does not consist solely in its symmetry, its balance, its strength; all these qualities are beautiful, not intrinsically, but in combination. Muscle is not beautiful in itself; it is only necessary to set the Diadumenos and the Farnese Hercules side by side to see that: symmetry alone does not constitute beauty; a glance at the Apollo of Tenea destroys that fallacy. Each such quality is only beautiful in so far as it contributes to the fitness of the body to its purpose. This is the permanently controlling idea of human beauty, and it is an abstract idea.

In short, all ideas of concrete beauty are based upon the abstract idea of good. All physical perfection has its counterpart in a moral idea. "Beauty is good, good, beauty."

Now, one application of this principle would result in the inclusion in the category of inspired work those very statues to which a somewhat disparaging allusion has just been made. They are certainly pretty: that is, they possess some of the qualities of beauty. But they are merely pretty precisely because they are uninspired. The artist has aimed at producing the form of beauty without

attempting to understand its meaning. He has not gone below the surface; he has not believed in the creed of which he has used the formula. Gibson only wanted to make a beautiful piece of sculpture, and chose to carve "Hylas and the Nymphs" because he thought it would make a good subject, not because he cared about the story, or about the idea behind it. Conviction is necessary to inspiration. Harry Bates' "Pandora"[1] is beautiful, because the idea of hope is one to which every one clings, the idea of curiosity is one which has an instant and an eternal appeal, and those ideas are expressed in the statue. Watts' "Physical Energy"[2] is a failure in all save its haunting suggestion of colour, simply because it fails to express any clear idea at all. A naked man, suffering from incipient sunstroke, and rolling helplessly on his horse's back, does not convey the idea of physical energy, but merely of bad horsemanship; there is more physical energy expressed in the small statuette of "Sigurd" by Gilbert Bayes,[1] than in all this mountain of bronze.

It must be remembered, however, that good is of many kinds, of which some do not go very deep. Happiness, even of a light and momentary kind, is good; therefore the "Cock-fight Winner" of Falguière[3] is good, for it expresses such happiness: in a dancer, lithe grace and strength, even if voluptuous, are good in a degree: in that degree the "Nonia, a Pompeian Dancer," of Paul Roussel,[4] is good; though the goodness is almost outweighed

[1] Tate Gallery.
[2] Kensington Gardens.
[3] Luxembourg Gallery.
[4] Paris Salon, 1906.

by other qualities, it is there; but a thoroughly ignoble idea can never inspire to the making of a good work of art.

If these arguments be accepted, it will not be necessary further to demonstrate that technical skill is not the same thing as inspiration; but it may be advisable to go a little further, and to show that absence of technical skill does not necessarily imply bad art.

Archaic Greek sculpture is seldom beautiful. Much of it is, to our eyes, absolutely grotesque. None the less it possesses a certain quality which compels its inclusion under the heading of inspired work—it is the artist's best endeavour to express a noble idea. To him, and to his contemporaries, it meant something; he knew, as well as we, that it was not a perfect or an adequate expression, but at least it did not fail for want of effort. True, the statues of the sixth century tend to fall into stereotyped forms. A tradition was established, outside which the artist seldom strayed, but within the limits of that tradition his efforts were steadily aimed at improvement of expression. A human being must walk before he can run: the statue had to stand before it could walk.

If, then, beauty was not the sole aim of the sculptor, if he was content to sacrifice to mere progress in skill of imitation the natural impulse to give life to his work, what was the idea, the inspiration, in whose service he worked? If beauty alone had been his aim, it seems unlikely that he would have tried his hand at free sculpture, until he had reached a point of skill in decora-

tive work at which the intrinsic beauty of the human form had forced itself upon his notice, whereas the fact is that statues of a clumsy, inanimate kind were being made long before the human form had become conspicuously beautiful in decorative art. Moreover, beauty was the aim of the artist very early in the history of decoration, and consequently his work very soon began to show vigour and boldness of conception, whereas the maker of statues was timid in his progress, and seemed to be held in the fetters of a rigid convention quite foreign to our ideas of the object of sculpture.

In primitive Greece the statue was not a luxury but a necessity. It was not a portrait—not even primarily a work of art at all—but a signpost. Its main function was to be the recognisable symbol of a known individual, and that individual a god.

One of the most anciently worshipped gods of Greece was Hermes, the god of travellers, who was also the god who led souls on their last journey. All through Greek history his characteristic symbol, which still bears his name, was the herm—a tapering post with a head carved upon it.

Man is a restless creature: he is never content to sit still in one place for long. He will "squat," in Australian parlance, in one place long enough to establish some sort of right of possession, but even so, he is not content with just so much land as he can cover in that posture. He must extend his sphere of influence, must set his landmarks, and must "beat his bounds." This instinct is not only Hellenic, it is universal: we may recall the Jewish curse laid on him who removes his neighbour's

landmark—that is, steals some of his neighbour's land.

The landmark, therefore, plays a part in human life even before the formation of communities, and becomes more and more necessary as man wanders more widely. The traveller in a New Zealand forest bends back leaves of the tree fern as he goes, so that the silver underside may gleam through the darkness to him returning. The Australian bushman "blazes his trail" with axe-marks in the trees. The trails of London are blazed with street names, postal districts, and the like. For the motorist and cyclist Hyde Park Corner is the centre of the world. A clergyman of my acquaintance, who loses himself in London nearly every day, is able to begin again with a renewed sense of direction and a renewed hope once he can discover the Marble Arch.

So the primitive Greek, carried far afield by the chase, found his way back to his own cave or hut by noting the landmarks on the way. A big tree, a lonely boulder, stood out clearly in the landscape and in his mind, and became permanent factors in the activity of his daily life. A scrutiny of a large-scale map of England will reveal an astonishing number of "One Tree Hills," which earned their name from their value as landmarks.

Such landmarks were plainly the gift of the gods. They must be watched and tended with care. To destroy such a tree, to remove such a stone, would not merely be stupid, it would be the blasphemous rejection of a divine gift. From taking care of a thing to paying honour to it is an imperceptible step—the latter is merely the emphatic

expression of the former. One of the most famous of the *Characters* of Theophrastos is the "superstitious man," who never passed a landmark-stone without anointing it with oil and saying a prayer. His behaviour would not be considered outrageous in some country districts of Greece to-day. I have seen woodcutters on Parnassos sweating more with fear than with exertion as they hewed down a tree that overtopped its fellows, and have seen them rush to hide their faces on the ground as it fell, for fear of meeting the eyes of the outraged "Nereids"[1] as they fled from their desecrated home.

But even mighty trees must die, and one stone, to a stranger, is very like another. Gods multiplied, as communities came more constantly into contact with one another and admitted with complete simplicity the right of each god to power in his own community.

When the tree died, its standing trunk was hewn to a post, to differentiate it effectually from other dead trees. By the side of the stone, a stake was set, to make it clear that this stone was different from other stones. Even so, it was difficult to know which landmark was which, to what god it belonged. Moreover, side by side with the idea that the landmarks were the gift of the gods, there had grown up the idea that where the gift of the god stood, there the god himself could be found: receiving respect first as an actively beneficent thing, from its active function of showing the way, the stock or stone gradually

[1] Νεράϊδα is the modern Greek equivalent of "fairy," whether of wood or stream.

received worship as the evidence or the symbol of an actively beneficent nature which lay behind it, and which gave it. It belonged to the god, and therefore honour done to it was honour done to the god, gifts laid before it would in some mysterious way reach him and propitiate him. The landmark became more than a landmark: it became the medium of communication between god and man. But by now there were many gods, each with his own particular sphere of activity, and with his own special form of worship in prayer and offering. It was therefore important to know what god was to be worshipped in each sacred place.

In the New Forest stands an ugly pillar of cast iron. On its sides is a long inscription recording that here fell William Rufus, King of England. Above the inscription are two crossed arrows. Nobody reads the inscription: the arrows are enough. Every one who comes to see the "Rufus Stone" knows the name of the king and the manner of his death. If he does not, and cannot read, there are plenty of people to be found hard by who will tell him the meaning of the arrows.

The "Rufus Stone" is a primitive statue. The process of evolution is complete. Here once stood the tree from which glanced the arrow that slew the king. The tree died, and a stone was set in its place. The stone decayed, and has been encased in iron, and the symbol of the thing commemorated was set upon the casing, that all the world might know what had happened on that spot. It is a signpost, and the primitive statue was nothing more.

At Amyklai, near Sparta, was a shrine of Apollo, with a statue of the signpost kind, so famous that in Roman times its image was set upon the autonomous copper coins of the place, and by these coins and by the description of Pausanias we know something of its form. It was a tapering stake of wood some 40 feet high, plated with bronze, and surmounted by a helmeted human head, and by arms, holding the bow and arrows that were the recognised symbols of far-shooting Apollo. No Greek, least of all those who had made the stake, or, later, its bronze sheathing with the head and symbols atop, thought that this thing was Apollo, or even that it was like him. It was enough that it was like nothing else.

If this was all that was needed, why did the statue ever progress at all? Why did it not remain simply a signpost to the end?

It has been seen that the true landmark-god, Hermes, did retain that shape in his landmark function, and further, that such herms were never enclosed in temples, which would have defeated their purpose of showing the way. The case of the other gods was different, but not so very different after all.

Even when art had progressed so far that an artist could be said to have added somewhat to the accepted worship of the god, it was not the beauty, but the traditional sanctity of the cult-statue that mattered. The most sacred statue of Athena in Athens was not the splendid gold and ivory Parthenos, but the formless wooden Palladium, reputed to be the statue rieved from Troy. In the end of

the sixth century B.C. Onatas, a skilful sculptor, was commissioned by the people of Phigaleia to make a replica of their ancient statue of Demeter with a horse's head, which had been accidentally destroyed. The statues before which the most sacred religious observances were kept remained signposts, mere symbols of the divine presence, to the end, a fact which completely disposes of the erroneous idea that the Greeks were idolaters, so long as their religion was real to them. Idolatry began with the state of mind which could feel that art was capable of "adding something to the accepted worship of the god," and found its most forcible expression in the rush of pilgrims to Knidos to pay respect to the beauty of the new statue of Aphrodite by Praxiteles.

Mediæval and modern religious feeling supplies an exact parallel. Our Lady of the Pillar at Chartres is not beautiful, but she is ancient, and tradition brings her very close to the glory of the personality of which she is the symbol. Hundreds of exquisite mediæval and later statues of saints claim reverence, not mere admiration, solely because they enclose some fragment of an older statue, or some relic of the saint. They are primarily reliquaries, not statues. The statue of Isis brought back from Egypt by St. Louis underwent a metamorphosis, not of form, which was immaterial, but of significance, which was vital. It is needless to multiply instances. None but the profoundly untutored think that the statue is the god or the saint, though, incidentally, the confusion does exist in a vague form. I have seen a fisherman of Southern Italy pray for a good catch before the little plaster image

of Our Lady in the stern of his boat, and smack that same image soundly when he returned in the evening, because he had had no catch at all; and yet, fundamentally, even in this extreme case, the punishment was meted out to the image for its inefficiency as a medium between him and the object of his devotion.

But between the symbolisation of the gods and the service of them there is a great difference. Service of the gods meant, to the Greek, service of the state, of the city in which stood the sacred places that it was his duty as a good servant of the gods to defend. Religion and citizenship were to this extent identical, and the man who deserved best of the gods was he who deserved best of the city. Those who sneer at the paganism of Hellas are wont to point out that Hellenic religion was not primarily concerned with morals, but consisted chiefly in driving a bargain with the powers outside human control. That is true, but it should not be forgotten that though one of the essentials of a bargain is receiving, the other is giving: if that aspect of the bargain be borne in mind, it is doubtful whether many excellent modern persons reach so high a religious level as the "pagan" Greek. How much the Greek could give up for his ideal of religious citizenship we shall see later. For the moment it is enough to say that his idea of religion included sacrifice, not merely of gifts, but of self, to his gods.

Now, in a comparatively strenuous stage of civilisation, the best soldier is the best citizen. The man who can endure fatigue, who can march and fight like the Athenian ten thousand at Marathon,

who can run like Pheidippides with the news of victory, or, if need be, with the call for reinforcements, must be physically fit. Therefore the beauty of physical fitness was the natural expression of the ideal of a good and useful and religious life—in short, of service to the gods. From this fact arose the athletic ideal of Greek sculptors, and all their energies were bent to express in their sculpture that perfection of the human frame which was most acceptable to the god. Thus the essential difference between the cult statue and the votive statue is that the former is a medium of worship, and the latter is an act of worship.

Out of these conditions arose the long series of so-called "Apollo" statues, which were produced in every Hellenic state throughout the sixth and fifth centuries, and in a less degree in later times, either as votive statues in sacred enclosures, or as grave-statues over the resting-place of some citizen who had tried to live up to the ideal they expressed. They are statues of young men, because youth, or rather early maturity, is the time of the greatest fighting vigour. They are nude, because every part of a human body is contributory to its perfection; and in their earlier form almost the whole attention of the artist is devoted to the body and limbs, and very little to the features, firstly because the mind is the concern of the directing authority, not that of the individual in any marked degree, and secondly because good looks are not an essential of good citizenship.

The sculpture of women rests upon a somewhat different basis. The fighting woman was an anomaly

to the Greek mind. The Greek must have had a surreptitious admiration for the Amazons, for his conflict with them was a favourite subject of his art: but they were very nearly as monstrous to him as his centaurs, with whom they were so constantly associated in his schemes of decoration, as companion examples of the forces of disorder.

None the less, the most deeply revered, the most nearly loved of the Greek deities, were women: by women the Greeks symbolised some of their highest ideals, some of their deepest moral convictions. Demeter and Persephone, Athena and Artemis, stand very near the heart of Greek religion. Hera is high in its honour, though not in its love.

But these female deities were not worshipped in the very least for the same reasons as the male deities, with the possible exception of Athena, who in her later aspect is so near to being the expression of mental, moral, and physical perfection as to be almost sexless, though even she had been, in a past that was kept carefully in the background, if not actually a mother-goddess, something very like it indeed.

Demeter and Persephone, first and greatest among the goddesses, were worshipped for the function implied by their womanhood, and for the idea of the eternity of life which it symbolised. Artemis, the maiden goddess—does not every new spring-time of the woods bring home the idea of unsullied, unscathed virginity?—was also the goddess of women in childbirth, the mitigator of the evil heritage of womanhood. Athena was the goddess of quick wit, of intuition, and of the womanly arts as well as of

the arts of war. There is something of the woman in every true hero, and something of the hero in every true woman. Hera was the goddess of the social order, of the marriage charter of women, with very little of the mother-nature about her: she even had to pray to Mother Earth—she, the queen of heaven—that motherhood might be granted to her.

So in the representation of women by Greek sculptors, the ideal kept in sight was that suggested by her difference from, not her resemblance to man. In the place of strength, with its emphasizing nudity, is modesty, with its accompaniment of delicate grace in the disposition of her concealing draperies. The fourth century, B.C. saw the first nude statue of a woman, and that, even though it was a statue of Aphrodite, goddess by then of womanly beauty, startled the world. In the place of vigour is grace; of strenuousness, softness; of boldness, retirement; of freedom, the stillness that belongs to one whose destiny is "safely tethered with a rope of children." And so the sculptor of women laboured to learn the fall of drapery, the turn of a hand, the softness of the hollow of the arm where the blue vein lies, the quick flash of expression on a mobile face, nay, even the vagaries of fashion in the dressing of the crown of hair, and of the style of earrings and bracelets. And the city of the woman-god, Athena, was the city above all in which the sculpture of women reached its greatest perfection.

So it was in the service of the gods, not in their representation, that progress was made in sculpture. As ideals of life widened, so there was more to

express; and as skill increased there was more hope of achieving expression. It was only when skill outran ideals that sculpture became dead, trivial, academic, merely clever. The earlier inspiration was the desire to serve the gods by expressing the divinity in man, and the later, the necessity of flattering man by expressing the humanity of the gods; it is not difficult to see which would lead to the greater result. When the sculptor, for lack of anything better to express, fell back upon the exhibition of his own cleverness, creative art was dead, for its soul was gone out of it, and it had to wait for a new source of inspiration, a newly-kindled flame of belief, before it could rise again to the production of immortal beauty.

VII

COLOUR IN SCULPTURE

Now that we are about to begin our detailed consideration of the history of Greek art in its relation to the times which produced it, it becomes necessary also to consider the conditions which made sculpture preëminently the expressive medium of the Greek genius. Setting aside for the moment architecture, which is closely allied to sculpture in many of its aspects, and literature, which may be regarded as a universal art, common to almost all races, there is no doubt that the greatest gift of Hellas to the world is her sculpture. It may seem strange at the outset that a people so astonishingly endowed with the power of reproducing and idealising form and thought through this medium should not have displayed a like genius in other arts.

It is not enough to say that *non omnia possumus omnes*—that every race has its own peculiar means of expression, and that sculpture was that of the Greeks. It is true, but there is a reason for it. And as our object is to discover the why and wherefore of things, and not merely to state ascertained facts for their own sake, we must endeavour, if we are to understand with any degree of sympathy the mental, physical, and spiritual outlook of the Greek people,

to discover the laws by which that outlook was formed and controlled.

Those laws are covered by a broad statement, which may be modified as it is developed.

There is no great northern sculptor. There is no great southern colourist.

That is the broad line of demarcation between the arts of sculpture and of painting, and it is a climatic rather than a temperamental law. Briefly, it is a matter of atmosphere.

As a general rule, the strongest impression brought back by the Englishman from a Mediterranean tour, a visit to Southern Spain, Italy, or Greece, is that of the extraordinary clearness of the atmosphere. On the other hand, from Roman times to the present day, the standard gibe against these islands has been that they lay under a perpetual fog —a picturesque exaggeration of an actual fact.

Let it be remembered, further, that whereas in the south of Europe the transition from full sunlight to complete darkness is very swift, in the north the twilight occupies a considerable time, and is in fact a distinct characteristic of the day, especially in summer. Consequently, the north is familiar with a long series of gradations of light which are almost unknown to the south.

Argument is scarcely needed to uphold the fact that, in a clear and brilliant atmosphere, form is seen with sharp distinctness; and that in a less pellucid air, influenced by many changes in the intensity of light, form is less clearly apparent, but on the other hand, colour is infinitely more subtle and more varied.

Now, say what we may, Nature is the mistress of art, and it is from our surroundings that we derive our ideas of beauty; and we cannot express our ideas in terms of that which we do not know. In the north we know colour, and from the north come the greatest painters. In the south colour is killed by sheer light, but the smallest variation of contour, the least considerable form, stands out with insistent strength, expressed in terms of light and shadow.

But, it may be urged, we go to the south for colour—for the intense blue of sea and sky, for the brilliancy of costume, the kaleidoscopic vividness of peasant dress, the picturesque beauty of the huddled houses, washed pink and blue and yellow, standing on a southern hillside. Here in the north are greys and browns and greens of many shades, but the splendour of the south is its vivid colouring.

True, we do go to the south for vivid colour, and there it is to be found in plenty. In that blazing sunshine, colour must be violent and insistent to be seen at all. Nature knew that when she made the spring flowers of the south scarlet and royal purple and flaring blue. The colouring of the south is in scales of contrast, not of tone. One glimpse of a Greek peach-orchard, splashed with anemones on the hard yellow earth under a hot March sun, would make clear what I mean. Every peasant dancer in Southern Italy or Greece affords examples of the astonishing taste which sets magenta and scarlet side by side with complete confidence—"εἶνε ὅλον κόκκινον—it's all red," as a Greek shopman once said to me when I strove in vain to explain to him

that a virulent aniline pink was no match for the dull red of a Persian carpet. He gave up the contest at last with a shrug and a disgusted exclamation, "εἶνε γοῦστον—it's a matter of taste." It is a matter of taste, but taste is acquired from immemorial association, from environment, and I maintain that the very vividness of the southern colouring, natural and artificial, is the result of this necessity that colour should be, as we say "loud," that it may be perceived.

There is colour in a Greek landscape, but it is in patches, concentrated, vivid. For the greater part of the year there is an almost appalling sameness about the colour of a Greek countryside, but an infinite variety in its form. The limestone hills are grey—the tired, dusty olives, trunk, branches, and leaves alike, are grey. The rare plane-trees, marking the place of a welcome spring of water, stand out in their greenness like the desired landmarks that they are. But the folds in a hillside are like folds of unstirred drapery. The shadow of a great rock in a thirsty land seems almost tangible, so clear-cut and strong does it lie along the ground. I have seen the shadow of a hovering kite slip across my path on Kithairon like a living thing. A lizard on a wall stands out like sculpture itself, underlined by its own shadow. These are things that the north cannot show, and they are precisely the things that give the genius for form and line.

But if we turn to a Hertfordshire woodland, a Lincolnshire fen, a Scottish moorland, our delight in Nature is far other than this. Spring, summer, autumn, winter; dawn, noon, and afternoon, and

dusk, present their ever-shifting procession of colour. When the first flush of green on the hawthorns runs like a thrill through the tangled underwood, the bracken is brown underfoot, and the sky is blent of grey and blue and gold overhead. Scarcely a month, and the brown has given place to a shimmering haze of bluebells tossing in the breeze of spring —a blue that melts into the sombre green of their leaves, or leaps from the sharp colour-note of the new-unfolding bracken shoots all tufted and dimmed with brown-gold hair. With summer, the chromatic variety of young larch, beech, oak, and birch and fir has softened to the deep splendour of more closely-blended green. An autumn forest side flames with every red and brown that God ever created. Winter is not colourless—the snow in red reeds, the glittering drip of thawing hoar-frost, the sullen yellow of early evening on the sodden meadows, the reflection of a shifting sky trembling in the wavelets of a wind-swept river—these are colour too : but only we can see it—it is the heritage of the north, and of England above all. It is the colour of the land of fogs on which the Roman poured his scorn.

And so we built our grey Gothic churches, loving the soft colour of their stone that faced the sky. So we filled their windows with colour that glowed in all the shades that skill could devise. So also in our carving of their crockets, of their mouldings, of their broad, happy sculpture, we cared little for exactitude of form, little for sharpness of line. The rich round hollows and rolls of a thirteenth-century moulded arch are light and shade, it is true, but

light and shade softened to a single sweeping curve. And the colour that we laid upon them, gay and daring though it was, was only so because we had no other colours at command, and because it was to be softened, mitigated, by the reluctant light that crept through narrow windows, gathering colour as it came.

That is why there were no true painters of landscape till England led the way. That is why Turner and Watts could never have been, if they had not been English. They could scarcely draw a human figure, but it did not matter. Their language was that of colour, and it is the language that their fellow-countrymen can understand.

But here the great names of Italy and Spain may be cited against the contention. Botticelli, Raffaele, Michelangelo, Titian, Correggio—what of these? What of the "Masters of the Three Arts"—painters, sculptors, and architects all in one? What of El Greco, himself a Cretan—who more southern than he? of Velazquez, Murillo, Goya?—I mention only the names that all will know.

Of the Italians, was one a true southerner? What great Italian painter hails from further south than Rome? Rome herself never produced a painter of the highest rank. It was from the soft sunlight of Florence, from the mists of Venice, that the glorious Italian colour came. And even so, the Italian painters of the fifteenth century were prone to use colour more as a medium for the accentuation of form than for its own sake. Crivelli does not paint liquid sunlight but lays on solid gold. For all the beauty of the colours of Botticelli, they are

in the main pure colour, modelled, as a sculptor might model, with exquisite precision. Who will deny that the painting of the Sistine Chapel is sculpturesque in its manner? Who will gainsay that, if Raffaele lacks anything, it is atmosphere and gradation of tone, save of a conscious and formal kind? When we come to the Venetians it is a different matter: but the Venetians are of the north in this, as any one will testify, who has seen fog driving in white billows over the lagoon, or sleet sweeping the Piazza clear of pigeons and of populace alike. There is, in fact, a borderland between the kingdoms of form and colour, and Venice lies within it.

For Spain, a different answer. No Spanish painter was a colourist: to a man they thought in monochrome. If I may be permitted an opinion on such a matter, that fact alone, quite apart from the crude vulgarity of the picture, rules out the Rokeby Venus. But the Spaniards of the sixteenth century were enormously influenced by the Italian schools, and they learned colour, as we might learn sculpture. Ribeira's famous "Asuncion" in Salamanca is so like, both in design and colouring, to the Sistine Madonna, that in Salamanca itself, chromo-lithographs and medals of the Italian picture do duty with the devout for copies of their own picture. And this "Asuncion" is perhaps Ribeira's most richly-coloured picture. By the rest of his work he has earned the name of the "Rembrandt of Spain."

In fact, there are two ways of emphasizing form; the one, that of accentuating it by strong contrasts of colour—the earlier Italian method; the other,

that of keeping colour low, that form may stand out of its own force and value—the Spanish method. The Spanish painters are alone in using black as if it were a colour. Indeed, in Spain it is a colour, for it minimises light, and allows the subtler shades to become visible. One need only look at the face of a portrait by Goya to see this use of black for modelling. It comes very near to destroying the appearance of natural colour, but it makes form intensely apparent.

Theotocopulo, or El Greco, as he is generally called in a mixture of tongues, stands in a somewhat different category. A Cretan trained under Titian, and painting for the greater part of his life in Toledo, he displays first a susceptibility to Venetian influence which makes his earlier work scarcely more than skilful copyism, and later, an absorption in form, in the value of light and shade—of Sol y Sombra, the very type of Spanish life—which makes colour in his second style an incident, and in his third even an eccentricity. Painting in the confidence of his full powers, or in the opinionated manner of his old age, he is a sculptor in paint, not a colourist at all.

So then the genius of the north is colour, that of the south is form. Short of so severe an education as to kill the natural instinct for beauty, one cannot invade the province of the other.

It may be thought, perhaps, that I owe an apology to English sculptors for this statement. I shall not offer it. I have said enough to show that there is an English sculpture; all I maintain is that the rules which govern it are not those which governed the

sculpture of the Greeks. A knowledge of the laws of Greek sculpture, of the niceties of form, is well enough as a training—even necessary, perhaps, to progress. But it is not an inspiration in itself, and imitation of the "antique" will not produce a national art—it will never produce more than an academic skill. There are signs that sculpture in England is about to become English once more, and that in due time we may look to our sculptors for the breadth and suggestion of colour which are so apparent in the greatest mediæval work. Let us leave it at that. For the rest, there are few statues in London streets and parks and squares that do not bear out my main contention.

Have we then come back to our original state? Are we still, and for deeper reasons, to regard Greek sculpture as a thing apart? By no means. As we cannot enjoy Homer to the full without learning Greek, which is not our own tongue, so we cannot enjoy Greek sculpture to the full without learning the ideas that it sought to express: and because we can understand and love Homer, we need not try to copy him; the reading of the Iliad and the Odyssey lays no obligation upon us to write an Iliou Persis, nor to turn the story of the Boer War into Greek hexameters. So, because we love and understand Greek sculpture, we need not strip our statesmen to the buff, nor array them in Athenian helmets, rightly to commemorate their deeds in the spirit of the age of Perikles.

And while we have this matter in hand, let me digress to point out one other thing, which is too often forgotten, namely that as we are not Greeks

of old time, and have neither the same country nor the same faith as they, our appreciation—let us say our love—of their architecture must lie along the same detached lines as that which we give to their sculpture. The Erechtheum was not a Christian church; St. Pancras' Church is, but it is inexpressive, even stupid, because it is pagan in form.

The salient characteristic of Greek Olympian religion—the worship of the gods of the upper world—was its finity. It had its set forms, and, to a very great extent the forms were the religion. Consequently—I use this word deliberately—the forms of Greek religious architecture were definite, complete, and self-contained. Once a temple was finished, it was finished. It might be enriched, but never extended: there was no more to be said, no more to be done.

The power of the Christian faith lies in its infinity. "We see now as in a glass darkly, but then face to face." "Then" is not yet; and the faith of the Middle Ages in that which was yet to come is shown forth in the mystery, in the readiness for expansion, of its greatest buildings. Always there is something out of sight, something more to come; always there is room for hope. So we must not build our churches four-square and finite, lest we make them no more symbolic of the faith.

If the fancy be carried further, it will be found that the religion of the Greeks, earth-bound by the limits of human intelligence, finds its expression in the long low lines of its sacred buildings. The architrave and frieze of a Greek temple repeat the

line of the ground on which it stands. It is a horizontal architecture in its spirit as well as in its form. In Gothic architecture all the lines run upward, rising from earth to heaven, and that is symbolic too; and the symbol is carried further still in the soaring lines of such a spire as that of Salisbury, tapering away into the blue, till they seem to escape the eye rather by mere distance than because human ingenuity could carry them no farther. The churches of the East are low and broad. Their domes do not seek the sky. Perhaps there is a little paganism still about them. St. Nicholas is the saint of seamen, but he reigns chiefly where Poseidon once was great; and I have seen a devout and eminent Greek gentleman, whose name stands well in Europe, cross himself with fervour at the name of the Nereids, the fairies who haunt the streams and woods and caves of Greece to this day. But there is another reason; Greece is a land of mighty hills towering close and high over the dwellings of gods and men. The mountains are savage and sharp and threatening, not the soft rolling contours wrapped in haze and mist that we know. So man did not compete with nature in the old days, and he does not now. The formation of an art lies in things outside the artist, things that cannot be defined.

But for all their lack of perception of its finer gradations, for all the poverty of their language in words to express ideas of colour, the Greeks used it, and used it freely, as an adjunct to their sculpture. The dead white statues and reliefs of our galleries and buildings are a modern heresy, dis-

astrous in its effect upon a national interest in sculpture. Colour is natural to sculpture, and it is only since Europe began to run after strange gods, and to take as her models in the art the marbles unearthed in Rome in the sixteenth century, stripped by long burial of their wealth of colour and turned into the white ghosts that fill our museums, that the sculptor has laid aside the gracious aid of the painter.

The use of colour in sculpture is not the barbarism that we might at the first blush be inclined to think it. It is difficult, perhaps, not to give rein to prejudice in this connection, but one must beware of the attitude of mind displayed by a certain German archæologist, who made a tour of ancient Greek buildings, with the express object of disproving the contention that they had ever been adorned with colour. It is said that, being of full habit himself, he avoided the necessary climbing of ladders, employing a young student to make the actual investigation of capitals, cornices, and the like, but that he was wont to stand at the foot of the ladder, watching the work with a terrible frown. Then he would cry, "Do you see colour?" and if for answer came a quavering "Yes," he would growl in his fury, "Down you come, quick!" This method of research is to be deprecated.

In M. Collignon's admirable little monograph, *La Polychromie dans la Sculpture grecque*, may be found all the essential facts which go to prove the general use of colour in Greek sculpture. The evidence both of the monuments and of literature is conclusive. We are rather concerned, therefore, to

trace the historical evolution of the practice than to prove its existence.

The first incentive to the use of colour was necessity. The imagination of man sees nothing incongruous in the worship of a purely natural object —a mighty rock, a tree towering above its neighbours: it is a thing that he cannot make for himself, and it therefore possesses the necessary element of mystery. But his mind boggles at regarding a stock or stone, pure and simple, as a holy thing—that is, as soon as the idea of a definite divine personality penetrates his mind—so he hacks it into some semblance of a form of man or beast, or a combination of both. Then the imperfections of his own work assail him. The thing is like nothing—it is dead. Colour comes to his aid; he puts colour in the cheeks, pupils in the eyes, broad masses of colour on the rudely-incised drapery. The strong simple contrasts enliven the statue, and differentiate clearly, where the poor skill of the sculptor fails, between flesh and garments.

As his object is frankly to conceal his material, he applies colour to the whole of its surface. This is the stage in which art is not conscious of its power, but only of its weakness, and it calls all means to its assistance.

Naturally, we have no remains of such primitive sculpture. The climate of Greece is not like that of Egypt, which has preserved wooden sculpture, still plainly showing traces of colour, from an age long anterior to that of classical Greece. But literary references to such works abound, and it is known that, as the traditional cult and votive forms of

certain gods, they survived, and were still being made, long after the skill of artists had left them far behind.

The first sculpture in stone was executed in soft calcareous limestone, full of flaws and imperfections. Its durability and comparative ease of working were its only recommendations as a material for carving, for its surface was far less pleasant and less convincing than that of wood. Paint was more than ever a necessity, and therefore the tradition continued. There are notable remains of work of this period, ranging in date over the first three quarters of the sixth century B.C. The best-known examples are those which have been found on the Acropolis of Athens, and which are now in the Acropolis Museum. They consist of fragments of pedimental sculptures, and are remarkable for the broad vigour of their execution. The system of colouring is, however, wholly conventional, and is confined to a narrow range of strong, flat colours covering the entire surface.

One group represents a bull pulled down by two lions. The bull is painted a uniform dark blue, as a convention for black, perfectly natural to a painter living in an atmosphere which emphasizes the lustrous quality of black rather than its deadness. The lions, of which only small fragments remain, are pale red, with brown-red manes, and streaks of vivid scarlet stream from the wounds which their claws have made upon their victim. Here is a scheme of colour very far removed from any attempt at actuality, but closely approximating to the simplicity of purely architectural decoration. The aim of the

painter is to make his work suggestive rather than illusive. It is quite obvious that no architect or sculptor would desire to produce the illusion that, in the gable of a building, two live lions were actually struggling with a live bull; and it is equally obvious that by going to the other extreme—painting his bull green and his lions purple—he would only succeed in making both the building and its decoration ridiculous and inharmonious. Consequently, decorative sculpture, being dependent for its existence upon the pre-existence of something to be decorated, obeys laws which are not primarily its own, but those of the object it adorns. The simplest and best colours for the decoration of a white building are red and blue—at any rate they were the most generally used for that purpose by the Greeks. Therefore the sculpture on a building so coloured had to be red and blue as well. Accordingly, a conventional scale of colour was evolved for the sculpture, approximating on the one hand to the primary colours of the painted decoration, and on the other to the natural colours of the subject.

Thus, realism was avoided in architectural sculpture. In another and perhaps slightly later example from the same series, the famous Typhon, also part of a sixth-century pedimental group, the scale of colours used is much wider, but it is quite likely that the same variety was to be found in the painted cornices and other coloured details of the building.

This strange beast, consisting of three human figures set side by side and terminating at the waist in three intertwined serpent tails, is perhaps the

nearest approach to the deliberately grotesque surviving from Greek times. He has blue beards and hair, pink flesh, bright green eyes in yellowish eyeballs, and tails and wing brilliantly barred with red and blue. The colouring here is equally complete, and far more fanciful; it is primarily decorative, of course, but the pink flesh tints and the almost merry expression of the faces—as though Typhon enjoyed nothing better than being slaughtered by Herakles—give the monster an air of realism. The fact is, that, being quite an impossible creature anyway, he would look possible, however eccentric his colouring. If one can believe in a mermaid, one can believe in a blue mermaid without much extra effort. The realism is therefore fictitious, and there is no real abandonment of convention.

Of course, the same limitations control the colouring of sculpture in relief applied to buildings, and perhaps even in a greater degree, seeing that the relief, whether it be in the form of the single panel of a metope in Doric architecture, or of a continuous band of ornament in the Ionic order, is far more an integral part of the structure than detached sculpture can be.

In the older examples of coloured relief, such as the metopes of the two earliest temples at Selinus in Sicily, of the seventh and sixth centuries B.C. respectively, the background was either left plain or washed with a light colour, and the figures were brilliantly painted, standing out dark against light colour. From the end of the sixth century onwards, the arrangement was reversed; the background was painted very dark red or blue, while the figures on

it were lighter in colour, and as time went on were left either wholly uncoloured or only slightly tinted in the nude portions, and perhaps in a great part of the drapery also. The same line of evolution was followed by the comparatively free sculpture of pediment gables.

It may be noted, in passing, that precisely the same change took place, almost simultaneously, in the process of vase-painting, the famous industry of Athens. In the early sixth century the figures on vases were painted in black, with some white, purple, and green, on the natural light red of the clay, and presented the appearance of silhouettes, the internal lines of the drawing being incised in the black. At the end of the sixth century this method had been completely supplanted by that of painting the background black, and leaving the figures light—that is, in plain unpainted clay, except for the necessary modelling lines, which were drawn in black with a fine brush.

It was shown, in the last chapter, that the first aim of the decorator was to hide his background—to fill a blank space; so he crammed it with figures set as closely as they would stand, colouring them strongly to make them conspicuous. It is only necessary to look at the crowded composition of the earlier black-figured vases or at the meaningless rosettes filling the background of the Corinthian vases of the eighth and seventh centuries B.C., to see that the early craftsman was afraid of his background, and did all he could to smother it; it never occurred to him to use it, as it were, to decorate itself.

Gradually, however, both the painter of pots and the builder of temples realised that the beauty of the human figure, increasing with his growing skill, was such that if it were made to stand out clear-cut and strong from its background, that background would recede of itself, and need not be entirely covered. So he helped it into obscurity by covering it with dark and unobtrusive colour, and kept the tone of his figures light. The sculptor had an additional inducement to do this, in the fact that by the end of the sixth century he was using a finer stone—marble, in fact—and that his skill was now so delicate that he felt inclined to resent the covering of his minutely-modelled surfaces with thick paint, quite apart from the fact that the texture of the marble itself was more adequate than paint to express the idea of nude surfaces or of white drapery.

So colour gradually gave place to the marble itself, toned to a rich creamy white in the flesh surfaces, and, in the drapery, either lightly washed with pale but definite colour, through which the texture of the marble remained visible, or picked out with vivid border-patterns and painted "embroidery," the whole showing up strongly against a dark uniform background, like a group of sunlit figures against the shadow of a hill.

Exactly the same process of evolution applies to free sculpture. A delightful series of votive statues of Athenian ladies, found on the Acropolis at Athens in the place where they had been carefully buried by the returning Athenians after the sack of Athens by Xerxes in 480 B.C., displays the whole process of

the gradual concentration of colour upon a few portions of the figure. Undoubtedly portraits, these statues, which are for the most part of late sixth-century date, possess a vivid individuality which has earned for them a convenient nickname. It is said that, when in the course of the excavations the first smiling face peered up from its bed of ashes, a good German archæologist who stood by was whelmed in a sudden wave of *Heimweh*, and exclaimed, "Ah—that is the image of my dear Aunt Mathilde!" For convenience of reference these ladies may therefore be remembered as "The Aunts."

All these statues show such considerable traces of colour that it is possible to judge exactly to what extent and on what principles paint was employed. Nearly all are remarkable for the careful elaboration of their sculptural detail, and it so happens that the example which retains more of its colour than the rest is also the most minutely finished with the chisel. The arrangement of the hair, the details of jewellery, and the complicated scheme of the drapery, are all carved with a care which makes it clear that paint was not, in this case at any rate, used as a mask for clumsy workmanship. As M. Collignon says, the art of sculpture in marble had reached technical perfection, and all future progress must be progress in style. But the hair is coloured with a uniform wash of red-brown. The smiling lips are red, the eyebrows are lined with black, the eyes are red-brown with black pupils; but the flesh surfaces have no colour save the creamy whiteness of the Parian marble, to which the sculptor has given a finer surface and a more minute

modelling than in his working of the hair and drapery.

Save for the pale violet inner garment appearing above the fold of the peplos, the draperies are also uncoloured as a whole; but they have intricate borders of meanders and key-patterns, painted in brilliant red and green. Bracelets and earrings are gilded; and the impression produced by the statue as a whole is startlingly lifelike in its general effect.

If a suspicion should enter the mind, that when the colour was first laid in vivid newness upon new white marble, the effect must have been harsh and glaring, the inquiry must be taken further. Were the flesh surfaces actually left white, to be coloured only by time?

The extra finish given to these surfaces by the sculptor clearly indicate that no opaque colouring was contemplated by him. But there is ample literary evidence that a process of γανῶσις—a kind of light wax-polishing, calling for frequent renewal—was commonly employed for the finishing of flesh surfaces. This process might quite well have included the use of some slight colouring, or toning, of the marble, to soften both the glare of the whiteness, and its contrast with the lips and eyes and hair.

We need scarcely pursue the history of the practice further. From this time onwards its variations are those of taste, and are incidental rather than evolutionary. In isolated instances, to which reference is made elsewhere, painting as an independent art reacted in a peculiar manner upon sculpture, but the effect of this reaction was not

permanent. The main principles of the alliance between colour and form were settled before the sixth century came to an end, and were still in force at the close of Hellenic history.

Throughout all these long centuries, so constant and natural a thing was the use of colour to pick out and enliven statues, that there are even tales—most unscientific tales—of the use of various alloys to give a blush to a bronze cheek, a pallor to a bronze brow. And it must be remembered that the glistening, sun-burned limbs of an athlete would be not inadequately represented by the bright smoothness of pale bronze. As to statues of marble, some modification of the staring whiteness of new marble was an absolute necessity, lest the modelling should lose its effect in the glare of full sunlight. The modern statue of Byron at Athens is a good proof of this, for, totally devoid of toning of any kind, it looks like a blot of whitewash on its surroundings, and whatever delicacy of surface it may possess is totally lost, even at a near view.

So we must put aside modern ideas, and realise that the Athena that Pheidias made, as the embodiment of all that Athens held sacred, looked down with eyes of grey-blue stone under an ivory brow, upon her worshippers. Her lips were scarlet, and her hair was gold beneath a golden helm. The charioteer of Delphi gazes at us with keen brown eyes set in whites of ivory, and though he be of bronze, still brings to us the impression of stirring life. The Hermes that Praxiteles carved had ruddy hair, rough-chiselled, and flecked with gold; his sandals were of scarlet with studs of gold, very fine

to see; his brooding eyes were not blank marble, but living eyes; it was a beautiful blue cloak on which he rested his arm as it hung on the dark tree-trunk beside him: and here, note how the dark colour of the accessories throws the pale skin of the figure into relief, isolating it from the mechanical device by which the practised sculptor in marble gives stability to his work. The headlong chariots of the Mausoleum glittered with gold and colour, as the slow splendour of the Panathenaic procession on the Parthenon walls had done for a century past. And a little later, the sculptor of the sarcophagus of Sidon, having a pretty taste in colour, and a wide range of tints to choose from, made each panel of his vigorous work into a delicate colour-scheme of pink and violet and green and blue, almost going back to the old convention of whole-colour in his pictorial enthusiasm, and colouring flesh and eyes with startling realism.

What, then, is the rule that governs this use of colour in sculpture? Was the aim pure realism, or no? Perhaps the safest answer is that there was no rule but that of taste, as there was no aim but that of beauty. It was the love of form, and the natural power to see form, which had brought sculpture to perfection; naturally, therefore, colour in a nation of sculptors would tend to remain subordinate, and consequently never entirely escaped the limitations of convention, because, to the Greek, colour was, even in nature itself, subordinate and conventional. The Greek did not see, or rather did not grasp, the whole of reality, and therefore could not reproduce it. The same state-

ment is true of the northern artist, *mutatis mutandis*. In northern art, it is form that is conventional, colour that is realistic. Nature used her power to keep the fully-developed sense of form and the complete appreciation of colour apart from one another. It was because the sculpture of Praxiteles was greater than the painting of his contemporary and fellow-countryman Nikias could possibly be, that the master of form was able to call in the aid of the imperfect artist in colour to adorn his work. In the completed work, form still predominated; the realism was one-sided. We have only to picture the result, if there had been a Rubens available for the task, to realise that this climatic and racial limit set upon the skill of man is a beneficent decree of Providence, guarding art against the pitfall of illusion.

VIII

ARCHAIC GREEK SCULPTURE

In the two foregoing chapters we have endeavoured to define the driving force and the controlling conditions of Greek sculpture, and in the process have anticipated to some extent the historical sequence of its growth.

The classical art of Greece is separated from that of the Aegean civilisation, so far as the evidence of surviving monuments is concerned, by a gulf of centuries, but the width of that gulf is continually being lessened by fresh discoveries; and on the more remote side of it, our knowledge is already sufficient to enable us, with the aid of tradition, to trace the racial composition of the various communities of Hellenic times.

The common basis of race in all the states of classical Hellas is the Aegean stock. Sparta, as a city State, appears to be an exception to this rule, for she kept herself rigidly aloof from her subjects of Laconia, and waged perpetual warfare with the Aegean population of Messenia, which she never wholly subdued: but even in Sparta there was in early days a very small proportion of Aegean blood, which was only gradually eliminated.

The introduction of the Aryan element of population into Greece began, as we have seen, by the

infiltration of northern men, whom Homer calls Achæans, and who intermarried freely with the Aegean people, so that the older race gradually reasserted itself in the Achæan cities. Sparta was among these cities, but the Sparta of Hellenic history was not Achæan in tradition, but Dorian and post-Homeric.

The story of the Dorian invasion is simple and straightforward. It accounts completely and rationally for the attitude of historical Sparta towards her neighbours, and is borne out by the evidence of recent excavation.

The tradition runs that the "sons of Herakles" were expelled from the Peloponnesos by Eurystheus, the Achæan king of Argos. In other words, certain vigorous and popular representatives of the pure Aegean race, to which Herakles had belonged, were obliged to give way before the rulers of mixed breed, and took refuge with their kinsmen of Athens, which was still an Aegean state. Athens protected them from the Achæan king, and they returned northward along the trade-ways out of the ken of the Achæan world, to the Danubian homes of those tribes which had known Herakles in his wanderings. Their descendants, a century later, led the Dorian tribes down into Greece, with the deliberate object of wreaking vengeance on the Achæan kings. They passed by Attica, in gratitude for the protection she had given to their fugitive ancestors, and crossed the gulf of Corinth, making straight for their objective. Argos had to fight for her life, Mycenæ was reduced to the condition of a leaguered hill-fort, and Sparta was taken, razed to the ground, and left

desolate, only the shrine of Menelaos being spared. Below, in the plain, the Dorians built a new Sparta, an unwalled city, like a tribal camp, and lived the life of a garrison in a hostile land for the rest of history. But their kings claimed descent from an Aegean hero: many of the wives of those first invaders must have been captive Aegean women, for an army of vengeance travels light. The Aegean element died out in time, for the rules of Spartan citizenship were strict; but it had been there when Dorian Sparta was founded.

This fierce fighting clan, charged with the mission of avenging an ancient grievance, paralysed trade and left its neighbours little time for the arts. The "Dark Ages" of Hellenic history follow the coming of the Dorians, whose chief gift to Hellas was the fullness of the iron age.

The simplicity of the story indicates a certain amount of "foreshortening." The invasion of the Dorians, as a whole, was less cataclysmal than this; no doubt the incursions from the Danube valley were spread over a considerable time, and the mention of Dorians in Crete, by Homer, shows that they had begun to arrive, and to penetrate far south, at a much earlier date than that of the traditional "invasion." But there can be little doubt that the final and overwhelming incursion is fairly accurately represented by the legend, and that, before the destruction of Sparta by these invaders, the Dorians had played no important part in the racial development of Hellas; but that when at length they arrived in force, their presence in the Peloponnesos caused a great upheaval of the existing civilisation.

From this upheaval Athens stood aloof, still a stronghold of the Aegean race. She was not Hellenic yet; for by the word "Hellenic" we must understand that admixture of Aryan with Aegean blood which, in widely differing proportions, was common to all Hellenic states, and which brought to them also the community of language and religion upon which their racial cohesion and patriotism were based.

The insignificance of Athens in Homeric Greece is in marked contrast with the shining eminence of Athena as a Homeric goddess, and with the importance of the city in Hellenic history. Even those passages of Homer in which the name of Athens occurs have been regarded as suspect, though perhaps without sufficient reason.

The explanation of this early obscurity is also the explanation of her later glory. It lies in her possession of a sturdy spirit of independence surpassing that of all other cities, prehistoric and historic, in Greek lands. From the earliest times patriotism was the ideal of Athens. The history of her foundation and of her relations with Crete, so far as it can be reconstructed from legend, bears the impress of the same characteristic, and shows that her insignificance in the days of Knossos and Mycenæ was but a preparation for the greater things to come. The two most ancient gods of Athens, Hephaistos and Athena, were both gods of the arts, not merely of nature. True, they represent two primæval necessities, fire and water—for the name of Athena, "Tritogeneia," almost certainly means "water-born." But these two necessities, or the use of them, con-

stitute the basis of civilisation. A grave philosopher once remarked in all seriousness that it was a wise dispensation of Providence which had caused rivers to flow through all great centres of population. It seems, however, rather more probable that the wisdom of Providence consisted in giving men the sense to gather at the rivers.

How is it, then, that the water-born goddess had her home in the most waterless district in all Greece?

Bœotia, separated from Attica only by the range of Kithairon, is by no means waterless. It was at Alalkomenai, a village of Bœotia, that, according to the oldest Athenian tradition, Athena was born, by the waters of Trito, a pre-Hellenic word apparently corresponding, in the survival of its use, to our own word Avon, as a river-name meaning simply "water."

In remote times—in the days of King Ogyges, who was a misty, far-off figure even to Homer—Bœotia and Attica had been one kingdom. The hot and arid district to the south-east of Kithairon was inhabited only by a few mountaineers, and by a shore-dwelling community of fishermen; their god was Poseidon, lord of land and sea alike. It was then that Athens was founded, by folk who came from Alalkomenai, and made a city where none had been before, astride the road from the magnificent Peiraieus harbour to the cities of Bœotia. With their civilised arts they brought the wild olive of the plains into cultivation, so that it was to them the gift of the water-goddess, now turned goddess of irrigation; and on the point of Sunium they

discovered the silver mines that are worked there to this day, so that Hephaistos had his honour too. Poseidon of the fisher-folk and of the hillmen yielded his sway, after a struggle, to Athena, but never to Hephaistos, for with the growth of culture the fishermen became traders, and the sea was still the source of Attic prosperity. Hephaistos, with his symbol of the double axe, and Athena with her constant companion, the Erichthonios snake, are both in close affinity with Crete. For it will be remembered that the symbol of the Cretan god, which pervades Knossos, and may have given its name to the Labyrinth, is a double axe; and that as a "snake-goddess," Athena finds her prototype in the snake-goddess of the palace shrine-repository. This does not imply that the Athenian civilisation was Cretan in origin, but merely that it was Aegean, and that the Aegean stock was essentially one from the earliest times, in Crete, the mainland, and the islands. Athens was founded before Kadmos the Red Man brought letters from Crete to Thebes, and before Minyans reigned in Orchomenos.

The silver mines of Laureion, perhaps long kept secret, at length attracted the Minoan traders, coming directly from Crete, for silver was a precious commodity in those days. There was a time in Egypt—the time of the Hyksos Kings—when silver was twice as precious as gold. By the end of Late Minoan II, under Amenhotep III, it was plentiful, and scarcely more than half as valuable as gold. The influx of silver which caused the fall in its price is more than likely to have come from Laureion in the land of Attica.

Athens was then an offshoot from pre-Minoan Bœotia—pre-Minoan, in the sense that the influence of Knossos had not reached Thebes and Orchomenos when the worshippers of Athena first left Alalkomenai. Her relations with Minoan Bœotia were on the whole unfriendly; they could hardly be otherwise, seeing that her stronghold intercepted Minoan trade along a short and convenient road from the sea to Thebes. But her firmest and most faithful ally, throughout history, was the Bœotian city of Plataiai—a little city, whose traditions, like those of Athens, were of an unmixed stock and an unbroken tenure.

Bœotia is riddled with Minoan tradition; even Plataiai is not free from it; but the tradition of Athens is hostile to Knossos; even to the Athenians of Plato's time, Minos was the type of a cold-blooded ruffian, and all that was Cretan was black and treacherous and bad. Yet she had suffered no more from Minoan oppression than many another city of Greece. Minoan dominion gained a firm hold on Megara, her next neighbour, and on the great cities of Bœotia and Argolis, but never upon Athens. It is true that the bull-god claimed his victims from her; perhaps for a time there may even have been a bull-ring established on her shores: the story of the capture and slaying by Theseus of a bull which, coming from Crete, had ravaged the Peloponnesos, and, when Theseus arrived in Athens, was ranging the Marathonian plain, has a suggestive air. There is an anticipation of Attic irony in the version which tells that Androgeos, son of King Minos, was accidentally killed by this Cretan bull. We

may well share the suspicions of Minos on the subject.

But the main thing to be noted is that Athens resented the oppression. Even in these early days of her history she displayed the fierce love of liberty which prompted the madcap enterprise of Theseus, and set Athens free, while Argos and Mycenæ, Tiryns and Megara, still paid tribute to the sea-lord of Knossos. But, because Athens was already free when Knossos fell, she gained neither glory nor material advantage from the destruction of the Minoan power. Indeed, she probably suffered, for she had no store of loot to take the place of her lost trade, and while Mycenæ and Argos and Sparta grew in importance, Athens dwindled. When the Achæans came down into Greece, neither Athens for her wealth, nor Attica for its fertility, was worth the trouble of an adventure to men seeking gain and place and power. Athens remained inviolate and poor, and plays but a minor part in the Homeric story, for as it was in Thessaly and in Southern Greece that the Achæan stock held sway, so it was of Thessalian and Peloponnesian heroes that the poet sang.

With the Dorian invasion came the reward of Athens; for when the latest of the Aryan immigrants, the Ionians, made their way into Greece, they found Athens a flourishing and peaceful State, like an oasis of order in a desert of chaos, ready to receive them as servants and as fellow-citizens, but intolerant of mastery, and jealous of her ancient rights. The Ionian "invasion" of Attica was peaceful, even timid, but it was steady, and resulted in

pressure upon the resources of an overcrowded Athens. The outcome of this pressure was one of the most important developments of Hellenic history, to wit, the tide of colonisation which flowed eastward across the Aegean to found the great Ionian cities of Asia Minor. By now the power of the great inland empire of Asia had sunk, and the Athenians of Aegean race, who were mingled with the stream of Ionian migrants, brought with them into Asia the first influence of Aegean art, save that of Troy, that had ever gained a footing on the eastern shore of the Aegean sea.

Thus Athens was Hellenised. But the Aryan element entered at the bottom of the State, so to speak, and spread upwards; and it never reached the top. Therefore the aristocratic tradition, and the national tradition, remained Aegean, and continued in an unbroken line.

There were, then, three distinct processes in the Hellenisation of Greece, producing three distinct types of Hellenism. In Argos the Achæan stratum was superposed on the Aegean, and gradually absorbed by it. In Sparta the Aegean stock was overwhelmed by the Dorian, and what little of it remained was in course of time bred out of the Spartan race. In Athens, the Ionian importation occupied from its first introduction a subordinate position, and the Aegean tradition and stock, though to a great extent permeated by Ionian blood, predominated from first to last.[1] Thus the proportions, in which the Aegean and Aryan race-ingredients

[1] For a succinct and brilliant exposition of these facts, the reader is referred to Mr. D. G. Hogarth's *Ionia and the East*, pp. 34–36.

were mixed, varied in different parts of Greece, and the temperament of the people presented corresponding local variations.

In the artistic expression of a race, temperament is the dictator of style, and style is therefore founded upon history, in precisely the same degree as temperament.

Speaking very broadly, the Aegean element supplied the manual dexterity of the Greek artist, and the Aryan element, his abstract religious idealism. The degree in which these qualities were combined in any one state depended upon the mutual receptivity of the two races, and upon the conditions under which they came into contact with one another. The reason for the preëminence of Athenian art lies in the favourable conditions under which the Aegean and Ionian elements in the State coalesced. The rather stolid grandeur, combined with minute technical accuracy, of the Argive school of sculpture, is the result of the artificial imposition of Achæan ideals upon a subject race of skilful workmen. The combination of boldness and delicacy in the art of the Dorian colonies in Sicily arises from the fusion of Dorian and Mediterranean elements (the latter being of kindred stock to the Aegean) at a distance from the cramping influence of the war-state of Sparta.

Thus the early history of art in Hellas is largely that of local schools. Hellenic art did not become Hellenic in the broadest sense of the word till it had passed through its apprenticeship, the reason being that Hellenism and its art were in the making at one and the same time. When at length a

common peril from without forced Hellas to realise and to use her unity, her art became homogeneous too.

It is too often assumed that the Dorian invasion paralysed the whole of Greece. There is no doubt that the Peloponnese suffered severely from the overthrow of old Sparta, and from the perpetual warfare between the new Spartans and the Aegean people of Messenia. But the principal result of the disturbance of Greece by the Aryan invasions was the foundation of the Greek colonies of Asia Minor, bringing Greece into direct contact with the East. The diminution in the Greek shipping traffic, caused by internal disorder, brought many foreign traders to Greece, and by these means Oriental art-types became familiar to Greek artists.

But tradition remained the strongest influence from first to last, in a form modified by the Danubian art imported by the northern invaders who became permanently incorporated in the race. The extremely scanty remains of art from the eleventh to the eighth century B.C. show no strong foreign element, but merely the mingling of the Aegean and Danubian traditions. Greece borrowed little from the East, and what she borrowed she Hellenised at once. Moreover, the introduction of foreign types must have been sporadic, while the material for the continuation of the old traditions was abundant. It may be remembered that Sir Arthur Evans found many Cretan engraved stones still being worn by Cretan women as charms. Apart from the pictographic engravings which were the especial object of his quest, these stones are carved with a great

variety of subjects, and have been found throughout the islands of the Aegean, and in the mainland, especially at Mycenæ, in considerable numbers. Before the establishment by archæologists of their connection with the Aegean civilisation as a whole, they were generally known as "Island" or "Mycenæan" gems. Their talismanic character and their portability ensured their preservation even through great upheavals, and their production did not cease with the Dorian invasion, but merged gradually into the finished gem-engraving of classical times.

The earliest designs include scenes from the bull-ring, the battle-field, and the chase; representations of animals, and a great variety of monstrous forms; religious subjects, such as sacred figures, altars with beasts on either side, and ritual scenes. The later "island gems" are engraved with recognisably mythological pictures, in which Herakles figures largely, often grappling with the Triton, a form of monster nearly allied to those of the Minoan gems themselves.

It was to these gems that the artists of the "Dark Ages" turned for ideas and subjects, which they invested with a new vigour and naturalism in enlarging their scale. A series of repoussé bronze reliefs of the early sixth century, found at Olympia, show designs almost identical with those of the "island gems," combined with Oriental types. All through history the design of the coins of Kerkyra (Corfu) was that of a cow and calf, for which an exact parallel may be found in Aegean gems; and a striking example of the tenacity of tradi-

tion is to be seen in a metope from the treasury of the Athenians at Olympia, erected by the Athenians from the spoils of Marathon immediately after 490 B.C., in which Herakles captures the Kerynian stag by kneeling with one knee upon its back, in an attitude anticipated almost line for line by a gem dating from at least 1450 B.C.

Moreover, the evidence of the gems is conclusive, that primitive "signpost" statues existed from Minoan times onwards, as well as sacred figures of a more advanced type. It is inconceivable that none of these should have survived into classical times, when we consider the sanctity attached to ancient cult images. We shall not accept tradition too readily in such a connection, bearing in mind the local pride of custodians, but when Pausanius was shown at Delos a wooden statue of Aphrodite-Ariadne, said to have been made by Daidalos, and to have been dedicated at Delos by Theseus, who had brought it from Knossos, we may be allowed to suppose that even if the statue was not the work of a Minoan artist, it perpetuated a traditional form traceable to a Minoan source.

Both by the evidence of the monuments, and by the voice of tradition, we are led back to Knossos to find the main source of Greek art. It is a strange thing that, in spite of the immemorial enmity between Athens and Knossos, those two cities should each possess its guild of Daidalidai, "descendants of Daidalos" (himself said to be an Athenian by birth), practising the art of sculpture. Though "daidalos" is probably not a name but a word meaning simply a cunning workman, it is plain that

the tradition represented by it is of the pure Aegean line.

The Telchines and the Dactyli, traditional guilds of metal-workers, can be tracked to Crete, and their association with religious mysteries does not detract from their value as evidence; all the "Mysteries" of Hellas are Aegean in origin. In fact the tradition of Cretan influence touches every school of sculpture in Greece; and the actual remains of Minoan art show it to have been the forerunner, in choice of subject, in treatment, and in technique, of many characteristics of fully-developed Hellenic art. It is one of the strange ironies of history that has swept away all traces of the colossal statues of gold and ivory that marked the summit of Hellenic achievement, yet has preserved for us the tiny ivory figure of a leaping acrobat, with hair of gold, that lay at the foot of the great staircase in ruined Knossos.

Thus the art of classical Greece is no new thing, no inexplicable miracle, but a re-birth, the putting to a new use, for the expression of new and higher ideals, of the old forms and the old craftsmanship.

All the earlier sculpture of Greece was in wood, or, in rare instances, in ivory. Pausanias saw many wooden statues in the temples of Greece, for the most part of early date, though wood was occasionally used by poor communities throughout Greek history. These have all perished, but the earliest statues in stone give us a clear idea of their appearance, for they are worked with the adze and saw, and deliberately reproduce the forms of their predecessors.

Statues in metal began to be made about the

same time as those of stone, or perhaps somewhat earlier. Pausanias saw at Sparta a very ancient example: he calls it "the oldest of all works in bronze," and refers it to the Daidalid tradition. It was not cast, but repoussé, and built up of plates riveted together. The Apollo of Amyklai, as shown on the local coins, is plainly a pillar of the Aegean type, tapering towards the foot, and was of wood, sheathed with bronze and capped with the head and arms of the god. We are reminded of the pillar of the house of Oinomaos, preserved at Olympia to the time of Pausanias. In this bronze sheathing we may perhaps see the origin of the bronze statue.

Samos and Aegina were especially famous for the skill of their workers in bronze. Theodoros of Samos, who made a silver bowl for Crœsus, and the famous ring of Polykrates, and who therefore worked about the middle of the sixth century B.C., is credited by Pausanias with the "invention" of casting, together with Rhoikos and Telekles, members of the same family. Theodoros reminds us of the "Masters of the Three Arts" of the Renaissance, for he was an architect as well as a sculptor and jeweller.

The number of bronze statues surviving from ancient times is extremely small, owing to the ease with which the metal can be melted down and used again. At the height of Greek culture, and for at least two centuries after it, the very great majority of the statues in Greece were of bronze, though marble was always much used, especially by the Athenian school.

While we may accept the traditions of early

artists as a broad indication of the main lines upon which Greek sculpture progressed, we must not regard them as being literally accurate. The principal facts to be deduced from them are, firstly, that the Aegean tradition persisted strongly through the Dark Ages into the sixth century; secondly, that the early part of that century was a time of great artistic activity and progress; thirdly, that in Sparta the Aegean influence died out, its place being taken by that of Lycia, which had been Hellenised by contact with the Ionian colonies.

We have already seen that the monuments confirm the first deduction: the second will be found to have similar support: and the third has recently been borne out by the excavation of the sites of Dorian and pre-Dorian Sparta by the British School at Athens, with the peculiar result that Sparta, whose artistic activity appears to end with the close of the sixth century, at present affords the earliest examples of truly Hellenic art.

Aegean and Achæan Sparta lies waste, with the traces of fire on its long-buried walls. In the Dorian sanctuary of Artemis Orthia on the bank of the river Eurotas, the remains of a temple of the ninth century have been unearthed, and a number of votive figures of lead, ivory, and bone, covering a period lying between that date and the middle of the sixth century, have been brought to light. These show a peculiar combination of the characteristic heaviness and fleshiness of Ionian art, with a certain vigour and muscularity, exactly paralleled by that of the Siculo-Dorian work of the Temple C at Selinus, which was an offshoot from Megara Hyblæa,

a colony from Doricised Megara. There is no change, and little progress in style or skill between the ninth and the last years of the seventh century B.C.; but a comparison of the sculptured art of Sparta in the early sixth century with that of a contemporary Dorian colony shows plainly the effect of the elimination in the one case, and the retention in the other, of the Aegean element of population.

Without tracing in minute detail the history of sculpture in the sixth century, I wish to show how closely the main lines of its progress correspond with contemporary progress in national life. It has already been seen that there never was a Greek nation: there was community of race, of religion, and of language, however, and to this the Hellenic states clung tenaciously in the face of the outside world, however bitter their dissensions among themselves might be; and while the actual forms taken by sculpture in various states differed from one another, the ideal was in every case the same—the expression of good in terms of beauty.

There is a phrase of Pausanias which earns for him our respect, as a lover rather than as a mere critic of art. Speaking of the statues attributed to Daidalos, he says, "Although they are uncouth to look upon, yet there is about them something of divine inspiration." In order to see the beauty in the feeble and tentative efforts of the earliest sculptors, we must look beyond the art to the artist; for the beauty of his work is that of reverent and honest endeavour: its narrow limitations are those which he accepted voluntarily, that within their bounds he might achieve the mastery of form and

of technique which could alone justify him in going beyond them.

The artist of the sixth century was in the leading-strings of religion. His art was religious in its purpose, and it was religious in its execution. Because his statues of gods were at first like planks or posts hewn to a semblance of the human form, and later, rigid in attitude and dry and formal in anatomical detail, it must not be supposed that he did not know the beauty of motion; he knew that he was incapable of reproducing it with the skill at his command, in a manner worthy of the gods whose statues he made, and therefore confined the representation of action to decorative reliefs, where his powers were less severely taxed by the limitations of his material, and where the work itself was not destined to be an object of cult. It has been suggested that as, in the making of votive statues, the sculptor felt a greater freedom to experiment, the consequent improvement in votive statues led to the abandonment of the traditional cult-type. This is true to a limited extent, but to the last the dominant characteristic of the cult statue, as opposed to the votive statue, is stillness and a certain rigidity; though the form became completely and magnificently human, the attitude is always the same as that of the crudest efforts of archaic art, either standing upright or seated, with only slight variations of pose in the direction of naturalism.

Of the stone or marble statues which imitate the wooden cult-image in the shrine of the god to whom they were dedicated there is little to say. Their form was dictated by conditions lying outside the

technique and outside the artist's mind. Two examples of early sixth-century draped figures will suffice to illustrate two stages in their progress. The first is a statue of Artemis, dedicated at Delos by a lady of Naxos named Nikandra: it is plainly an imitation of a wooden σάνις, or plank-statue, for it is simply a flat plank of stone with a head carved upon it, a girdle indicating the waist, the arms pressed closely to the sides, and the feet, which are set close together, represented in the crudest fashion. There is a peculiarly Egyptian appearance about the treatment of the hair; this treatment occurs in other statues of the early sixth century, and gives colour to the stories of Egyptian influence upon early classical sculpture, one of which, connecting the name of Rhoikos of Samos with Egypt, is further borne out by the discovery at Naukratis of a bowl dedicated by Rhoikos. The work of this Artemis-statue undoubtedly represents the limit of the artist's capability. In the next example, a votive statue of Hera from Samos, one of the great sanctuaries of the goddess, the conditions are somewhat different. The drapery is still a solid mass, but there is some attempt at the representation of texture. One arm is laid across the breast, the other is pressed to the side; the head is unfortunately lost, but the feet are well and firmly carved, showing considerably more mastery than the rest of the figure. The form of the whole is immediately suggestive of the Aegean column, tapering to the foot; this statue was made while religious restraint was still strong enough to compel the artist to make a votive statue of the goddess in imitation

of the form of her cult image, but at a time when he had progressed in his art beyond the mere suggestion of the human form, and felt himself justified in exercising his skill upon details of the figure; and the modelling of the feet suggests that, if freed from all restraint, he would have been able to carve a far more lifelike form.

The "Apollo"-statues, to which allusion has already been made, present precisely the same combination of stationary tradition and progressive skill. The earliest male figures were no doubt draped, owing to their development from the post form. Soon, however, the controlling ideal outlined in an earlier chapter made the nude form imperative as the expression of the idea of service to the god. The nude statue was at first as post-like as its predecessor, with the legs pressed closely together and the feet side by side. The first stride of art was the first stride of the statue. One foot was advanced, and a little timid undercutting detached the mid-arm from the side without altering the general outline of the figure, for the elbows were not brought out, but the waist was narrowed to make the space between arm and side.

In all this early work the influence of the older wood-technique is plainly to be seen. The surfaces are all flat planes, with the angles slightly rounded off. An "Apollo" from Orchomenos is a vigorous, rather brutal piece of work, in which no attempt is made to disguise technical processes. Another, from Thera, is far less effective, but more careful in its rendering of the human form. The example from Tenea, south of Corinth, is the best preserved of

all these Apollo-statues, and in some respects the most instructive. It is not beautiful. The slimness of the figure is exaggerated, and the amiable idiocy of the face is exasperating to modern eyes. The rigid symmetry of the attitude, although it preserves the balance of the material, does not suggest a balanced human body: but the whole figure shows minute and painful care; the artist was thoroughly in earnest in his desire to give an accurate reproduction of the human form. A peculiar feature of the work is, that if the various parts of the figure and of the limbs be considered separately, it is difficult to see precisely where the artist has failed: each part is well observed individually; especial care has been given to the articulations; the knees, the elbows, the shoulders, the ankles and heels, are all well studied and minutely rendered; it is when the figure is considered as a whole, that its weakness is revealed; it is badly put together, and consequently appears stiff, elongated, and lifeless. In a word, it is ill-knit.

This is a transitional fault, and marks the stage in which the sculptor, conscious that his knowledge of anatomy is imperfect, is deliberately resisting the temptation to treat detail summarily in the quest of general effect. Knowing that the power of a human being to move freely depends upon his right articulation, he has confined himself to the task of perfecting his knowledge of that articulation, before paying much attention to the relation between the various parts of the body; and consequently, while fully aware of the beauty of actual movement and variety of attitude, he has adhered thankfully to

the traditional rigidity of the statue, as a refuge from the grotesqueness of deformity in motion.

A very great advance in power is at once noticeable in the next example, found in Bœotia, but directly traceable to the school of Aegina. The limbs are not only well jointed but firmly set upon the trunk; the poise of the very ugly but vigorous head is natural and confident; the modelling of the trunk is dry but bold and convincing; the impression is given of more rapid observation; there is no timidity about the handling of the material.

Aegina was famous in very early days for the peculiar excellence of her bronze. The majority of early Aeginetan sculptors appear to have worked in bronze, and had behind them the long tradition of a metal-working community. A form cast in metal must first be modelled in clay; and in this fact lies the explanation of the early progress of the Aeginetan school; for a man who carves in marble has ever before his mind the risk of spoiling all by one false stroke; he must feel his way slowly, timidly, groping towards each fresh discovery in his art; his work must bear the impress of this timidity, and the brittle nature of his material narrows still more the limitations within which he works. The worker in clay, on the other hand, watches his model or recalls to mind his observations, while the plastic material under his fingers responds instantaneously to each impulse of his thought. A mistake is nothing; he fills the place and begins again; with each new day's new knowledge, his skill grows; in the making of one clay model he has been able to profit

by a hundred lessons, to put a hundred impressions to the test of actual form, where the sculptor in marble may have learned but a single lesson, taught him by a single failure. This "Apollo" is of marble, but the knowledge of modelling that it displays was acquired in the workshop of the clay-modeller; its dry, sharp surface is that which is naturally produced by the graving-tool upon bronze rather than by the chisel upon marble; and the presence of the statue in Bœotia, and of much work by the Aeginetan school in Athens, shows that the influence of this local style on its contemporaries elsewhere was felt and appreciated by them.

The nude male athlete-statue was used not only as a dedication to Apollo, but also for the commemoration of some athletic exploit, or as a grave-monument, and in these circumstances was sometimes intended as an actual portrait; there are literary notices of such portraits dating from the middle of the sixth century onwards; but it has been shown that, as a general rule, the face of the statue was a matter of secondary importance, the aim being the representation of the physical ideal. Nevertheless, a face of some kind was necessary, and a face utterly devoid of expression would have been inhuman in its effect. The "Apollo" of Orchomenos has a forbidding expression, while the "Apollo" of Tenea and that of Aeginetan type err on the side of amiability. The galvanic expression known as the "archaic smile," from its constant appearance in statues of the sixth century, is an attempt to give a pleasing expression to the face, and at the same time to solve the difficulty of

modelling presented by the meeting of the angle of the mouth with the cheek.

Another peculiarity of archaic art is the treatment of the outer angle of the eyelids: careful observation showed the sculptor that the upper eyelid does not actually overlap the lower, but meets it at a sharp angle, and accordingly he represented it as it actually was, at the same time giving the eye the prominence that seemed warranted both by its importance as a feature, and by its actual convexity. The result is unpleasing, and apparently untruthful. The sculptors of the fifth century sank the eye deeper in its socket, and made the upper eyelid overlap the lower at the outer corner.

Thus even the mistakes of the early Greek sculptor were made in the honest pursuit of truth. Where a less conscientious observer might have achieved far more appearance of life, he was content to lay the foundations of genuine knowledge for future generations of his craft. He sacrificed his delight in beauty to his love of beauty, knowing that it was not by subterfuge and self-deception that he could arrive at truth. That the ascription of this spirit of self-sacrifice to the Hellene is no mere sentimental fantasy, the history of the greatest achievements of Hellas will amply prove.

In spite of this spirit of self-restraint, however, the Greek artist was always ready to attack some new problem of free sculpture. To Mikkiades and his son Archermos, of Chios, is ascribed the credit of having made the first figure of a winged "Victory," and it is particularly interesting, in view of this tradition, that there should have been discovered in

that island a fragmentary statue of a flying figure, and not far from it, a base upon which is a metrical inscription containing the names of these two sculptors. The statue is a grotesque attempt, being no more than the conventional "flying" figure familiar in early reliefs and vase-paintings, detached from its background and set upon a pedestal, the head and the upper part of the body facing the spectator, while the legs and lower part of the trunk are in profile, so to speak. The feet did not rest upon the pedestal, but a mass of drapery descending between them formed the support of the statue. The curving wings were spread behind the shoulders as though they were still carved upon a background.

Thus it is plain that sculpture "in the round" was an accidental rather than an intentional development of art, and arose primarily from the detached nature of the cult signpost; when the sculptor attempted subjects not controlled by that factor, he had to discover the artistic value to his work of freedom from a background of any kind. We shall meet with this characteristic of "one-sidedness" in the latest decadence as well as in the early efforts of Hellenic free sculpture.

The nude male type embodied the Peloponnesian ideal. In all parts of Hellas where the Ionian element was strong, it was upon the female draped type that the archaic sculptor concentrated his highest efforts, though he did not neglect the sterner type of sculpture. The love of drapery displayed by the Athenian artist is well illustrated by the series of votive statues, the "Aunts," described in a previous chapter. The type progresses from the simple plank-form,

probably in imitation of the Palladium, the ancient wooden statue of Athena, in whose sanctuary they seem to have been dedicated. Down to the early years of the fifth century B.C. the attitude of this type remained almost unaltered. One hand is raised to hold some attribute, the other lifts the folds of the skirt; the feet are planted close together. But the steady development in the representation of the contours of the body beneath the drapery, the subtle change of the poise of the head, and the elaboration of the carefully-disposed folds of drapery, with its varied textures, show the same patient devotion to detail, the same spirit of self-restraint, that characterise the history of the sculpture of athlete-forms. Most noticeably, too, the concealment of the whole form has given to the artist the impulse to careful study of the face, and even of individual character, and the rapidity of advance shown in the modelling of the features of these statues gives us an insight into the human sympathy of the Athenian mind: for these studies are not so much consciously progressive as individually impressionistic. Again and again, in the perfected art of Greece, we shall be struck by the contrast between the bold and understanding impressionism of Attic art, and the careful and calculated accuracy of the Argive school. The contrast is racial as well as artistic.

It now remains to glance at the political and social conditions which helped to direct and develop the art of the sixth century—the century of discovery, endeavour, and restraint.

Broadly speaking, the conditions controlling the progress of sculpture are an echo of those obtaining

in political and social life. The sixth century was marked in almost all Greek states by a series of political experiments. The monarchical forms of government, which had tended to die out, reasserted themselves in answer to a need for rigid control over the growth of democracy. The early "law-givers" and "reformers" were really licensed autocrats, who imposed laws and enacted reforms in even greater independence of popular opinion than the "tyrants" themselves. The tyrants, who were no more than successful and not entirely disinterested political leaders, failed to establish dynasties, and to revive monarchy, not so much because the Greek communities resented control in itself, or even control by an individual, but because the hereditary principle appeared to them illogical, and offering no guarantee of public security. But it was under the tyrants of the sixth century that the arts made the most rapid progress; the principle underlying this fact did not die, even when the constitutions of Greek states had become more generally democratic in their basis; in democratic Athens of the fifth century, for example, the greatest work was achieved under the guidance of a dominant personality, that of Perikles, and his sixth-century ancestor and prototype was Peisistratos, who was quite as much a demagogue as a tyrant, for he twice regained over Athens, by sheer force of personality, the hold he had lost, once calling to his aid a transparent dramatic device, which, even when it was exposed and became a common jest, did not damage his prestige among the very people whom he had gulled.

Thus the community accepted, precisely in the

same way as the artist, a restraint which it knew to be artificial and temporary, unconsciously availing itself of the opportunity of building up within the bounds imposed by that restraint an "articulated" and efficient political consciousness.

The coincidence was not accidental but inevitable. Without the capability for self-restraint, illustrated by the sculptor's self-apprenticeship, the state would have been beyond the power of any individual to control and guide; this was especially true of Athens, whose long traditions and abiding principles were opposed to the idea of power centred in an individual. On the other hand, in an incomplete and tentative social system, so much loss of energy is involved in the decentralisation of political power, that art must have suffered for want of a definite force to draw it out.

The artist lives by the grace of the patron: artists have always protested that it is not so, history has always proved the truth of the assertion. Homer without an audience, the artists of Athens without Peisistratos, Pheidias and his peers without Perikles, must have remained obscure, not because the patron gave them the power over their medium, and the inspiration of their ideals, but because he gave them the opportunity of expressing those ideals.

It may be objected that the taste of one man may err; that in the multitude of counsel there is wisdom; and that the community at large has the final word in according fame to the artist. That is true; but it is also true that the leader of a people is he who is most representative of their collective mentality; in other words, a nation gets the govern-

ment it deserves. And while the "public," with its multifarious activities and interests and opinions, is bound to fritter away its power of drawing out expression from the artist, one man, acting with all the resources of a community at his back (whether the community itself has sanctioned his use of those resources or not), will either rely upon the guidance of fame, which is no more than the collective opinion of the public, in choosing artists as objects of his patronage, or else, feeling keenly the value of art, will exercise his own judgment, which is ultimately based upon that of the community from which he has risen. In either case the art produced is a national rather than an individual expression. The value of the "tyrant" lies in his unhampered power of initiative in setting the artist to work. We need only think of the great artists of the Renaissance to realise that even the tremendous artistic impulse in Italy following upon the fall of Constantinople must have failed of expression—must even have failed to reach the artist himself—had not the fugitives from the fallen city found patrons in the rich and cultured "tyrants" of the Italian centres of culture. We owe nearly as much to the Medici, to Pope Julius II, and to Francis I of France, as we owe to Michelangelo or to Benvenuto Cellini; and, to return to the Hellenic world, the Greek artists of the early fifth century produced some of their finest work in the service of the tyrants of Syracuse, where the monarchical principle was established in some degree of permanence.

This book is no place for a disquisition upon the virtues and failings of democracy: but in matters of

art at least, it is permissible to say that if the instinct of the community is in the long run unerring, so that fame rests upon its judgment, its power to evoke great expression exists only when it is so universally inspired by a single idea as to be to all intents and purposes an individual mind. Athens after the battle of Salamis, Western Christendom in the time of the first crusade, and France after the Revolution, are instances of this rare phenomenon, and all of them were productive of an art great in proportion to their unity of inspiration.

Athens under Peisistratos produced work expressive rather of controlled effort than of free attainment. Her attitude towards both the state and the gods was rather that of service than of coöperation, of obedience rather than of sympathy; and consequently her ideal was that of careful adherence to a rule rather than of untrammelled use of a principle.

As the controlling principle of social order is the maintenance of a due balance among its constituent parts, so the controlling principle of order in the human form is its symmetry. A line drawn down the nose of a perfectly upright figure, and continued to the ground, divides the mere mass into two exactly equal parts; each half matches the other in form and in weight. If the figure be of stone or bronze, this symmetrical disposition of the masses is easily seen to be merely a static balance, for it applies to the dead weight of the material as well as to the living form. So long as he adhered to a rigidly symmetrical disposition of the parts of a human body, the sculptor was certain of two things,

both essential to success, namely, that his marble or bronze would stand—would not, in fact, overbalance—and that the attitude of the figure would be one that it was possible for a human being to assume. Beyond this he could not go till he had mastered the principle of balance involved in the attitudes of the human figure which deviated from rigid symmetry in the disposition of mass—in other words, the dynamic balance of the living sentient being. While the laws of social, political, and religious life were few, simple, and rigid, those of sculpture were the same. With complexity, delicacy of balance, and flexibility in the life of the state, and with their concomitant development of national and individual activity of mind, came a corresponding expansion in the laws of sculpture, which brought freedom, life, and movement into the national art of Hellas.

IX

THE SCULPTORS OF THE TRANSITION

χαίρετε νικῶμεν!

THE sultry August night had deepened around the watchers at the Diomean gate, old men and boys. Behind them, high on the Acropolis, lights flickered here and there. The darkness of the narrow streets was tense with whispered hopes and forebodings. Was it a day, two days, a century, since the manhood of Athens, ten thousand fighting men, had passed out of sight along the road to Marathon? Was it true that Plataiai had sent her men to stand for Hellas side by side with Athens? Even so, what hope? Still the odds must be ten to one at least. All Hellas hung in the balance, yet Athens and Plataiai alone were found to stand for freedom against the Mede, whom no Hellene had ever yet withstood in the shock of battle. The day had come and gone, the battle must be over now—what was the issue of the day?

Out of the stillness came the sound of footsteps on the road—footsteps that staggered, halted, recovered, gathered speed: the laboured breathing of a strong man in mortal distress—one man, alone.

The gate swung open: the surging mass about the entrance fell back to make a lane for the glorious, ghastly figure of him who brought the news.

Grey with a mask of dust from head to foot, eyes bloodshot and half closed, lips swollen and teeth bared, the splendid limbs all streaked and smeared with sweat, every footfall printed in blood upon the stones, the messenger reeled on. Then as the agony of question in the faces round him pierced his consciousness, the clenched hands swung high above his head, and he stood for a moment, swaying terribly. From the parched throat two words burst harshly into the waiting silence, death-rattle and triumph-shout in one—χαίρετε νικῶμεν—and before a hand could reach him, he had lurched face foremost to the ground. Pheidippides had lived to do his duty, and had died.

"Rejoice, we conquer."

Hard upon the tidings, the marching cloud of the victorious host dimmed the dawn between the hills; in the fullness of the day it stood upon the shore at Phaleron in its battle-line of crimson and steel, and watched the Persian ships forge shoreward, then put about, and fade away to sea; invincible till now, the Persian had no stomach for a second Marathon. He had tasted the fierce welcome of the inviolate land, and felt the force of the arm that is nerved by love of liberty.

It was that force that saved Hellas from becoming a Persian province. It was that force that gave slow Sparta time to see the risk that her delay had run. It was that ideal which, radiating from victorious Athens, permeated some at least of the Hellenic states and prepared them for the greater encounter that was to come. The destiny, not merely of Athens, not merely of Hellas, but of Europe, was shaped

upon the fennel-field, where one man of Europe faced ten of Asia, and stayed the tide of conquest that might have swept out of history the western world and its ideals.

It would have been a strange thing had such a spirit left no mark upon the chosen art of Hellas. It was in these early days of the fifth century that the inanimate figures of the Greek sculptor came to vigorous life. Henceforth we shall be less concerned with local styles and with matters of technique, than with the expression of ideals by the means of an art brought almost to perfection.

For twenty years before Marathon the struggle between East and West had been approaching a crisis. The harsh repression of the Ionian colonies by Asia had drawn Athens into the conflict on behalf of her kin. They were men of Athens and Eretria who had burned Sardis, the ancient capital of Persia, on a wild raid that recalls the adventure of Theseus long ago. The fate of Eretria, on the eve of Marathon, had shown Athens the measure of Persian vengeance. Darius was master of Thrace and Macedonia. During all those years Hellas had been waking to a consciousness of her destiny, finding her balance, and taking up her stand.

Simultaneously, the sculptured figure found its balance, and became a living thing. The mere method of technical progress was simplicity itself, but the advance it brought was immeasurable.

Symmetry alone was not enough. It was a condition precedent of balance, as a firmly established constitution was a condition precedent of

effective action by a state. But in itself it conveyed no impression of action or of life.

When a soldier is standing at attention, immobility and apparent lifelessness are the virtues of his attitude; all his power is latent. See the same man as he stands "at ease"—his weight shifted on to one foot, his body sinking, very slightly, towards one hip. Where there were straight lines, a mere symmetrical arrangement of parts, there are now subtle curves, and a closely-knit relation between all the parts of the body. The balance is no longer static, but dynamic; no longer that of dead weight, but that of living flesh and blood and muscle, sustained by conscious action of the mind. That is the simplest illustration of the principle of rhythm.

"Rhythm" means flow, the free and flowing interaction of all the parts of the body. Its adequate representation in sculpture entails also the suggestion of the controlling force of mind. The field opened to the sculptor has no bounds save those of his own powers of observation and technical skill. The difference between pre-rhythmic and rhythmic sculpture is much the same as that between alphabet and language. The alphabet is a machine in parts; it expresses nothing, and effects nothing as it stands; the same symbols, in their almost infinite variety of combinations, may express thought, convey a message, carry a gospel, or become a deathless poem. In all Shakespeare there are but twenty-six letters.

So when we look at the Charioteer of Delphi, a superb bronze statue of the early fifth century, we know at once that here is no "alphabetic" catalogue of limbs, but the image of life. The

attitude differs scarcely at all from that of the most crude "Apollo"-statue: but the slight turn of the head, the braced shoulders, the firmly-planted feet, set at an angle to one another, not parallel, form one scheme, controlled by one intelligence. Moreover, the face, though set and emotionless, is alive and human.

The evidence of a fragmentary inscription seems to prove that the chariot-group of which this statue formed part was dedicated by Anaxilas, tyrant of Rhegion (the modern Reggio), who died in 476 B.C. If this is so, it may quite possibly be the work of the famous sculptor of this transitional period, Pythagoras of Rhegion, who was credited in later centuries with the "discovery" of the principles of rhythmic balance. It certainly exhibits the combination of delicacy, grace, and strength which is associated with the art of Magna Græcia, though there is some ground for the opinion which assigns it to an Athenian sculptor, Kalamis. The mere fact that so wide a divergence of opinion is possible, shows that art had become Hellenic rather than local, under the influence of the free intercourse between state and state which immediately preceded and followed the Persian wars.

One school, however, that of Aegina, retained its individuality in a marked degree. The Athenian nickname of Aegina, "the eyesore of the Peiraieus," sufficiently indicates the relations between the two states, which were keen rivals in commerce. When Darius, before his expedition to Greece, had demanded earth and water from the states in token of submission to his rule, many states made the

CHARIOTEER FROM DELPHI

symbolic offering; indeed, Athens and Sparta were alone in their fiercely scornful rejection of the demand; and Aegina, less for love of the Mede than for hatred of Athens, had been among the first to submit. For this, hostages had been taken from her by Athens and Sparta, and when the day of Marathon came, were still held by Athens. After the Persian defeat, Aegina demanded her hostages back: Athens refused, and war, no new thing between these two, ensued.

That war saved Greece, for it taught Athens, through the persuasive eloquence of Themistokles, the necessity of becoming a great naval power. She voted an armament of 200 ships, and a yearly addition of twenty vessels to this fleet. Aegina, hitherto the greatest naval state in the western Aegean, was outpaced at last; then when victory was within her grasp, Athens laid down her enmity, and Aegina renounced her faithlessness, in the shadow of a common danger; and so it came about that the state, which before Marathon had earned the name of traitor, was the same that earned the prize of valour, the next time that Persia threatened Hellenic liberty.

Thus, in the ten years on either side of Marathon, Aegina had been selfish and self-centred in her policy. At the same time her art, which had led the way while the limits of all art were narrow and self-contained, lagged behind in the day of new and wider ideals.

The pediment-sculptures of the temple of Aphaia in Aegina[1] are the last and greatest monuments of this purely Aeginetan art. They date from before

[1] Munich, Glyptothek; casts in British Museum.

her defeat by Athens, and exhibit all the peculiarities of technique observed in the "Apollo" described in the last chapter. But they also display a most interesting series of examples of the new rhythmic balance, in simple yet effective forms.

The warrior who advances with upraised lance is absolutely symmetrical in balance. The weight of the body has been shifted forward, but it still lies above a line midway between the feet, by which it is equally shared. The figure stooping to seize a fallen comrade does not deviate to right or left in his lunge. The trailing leg acts as a counter-weight to the stooping body and outstretched arms, and the play of muscle in the leg on which the weight rests is clearly to be seen, but the centre of gravity still moves along a straight line.

It is useless to attempt to describe in words the complex system of intuitive balance of the human figure in motion. The simplest method of realising the balance-system of a statue is to take up the attitude it portrays. Indeed, it is well-nigh impossible to tell whether the balance of a statue is true or false, without doing this, and, the moment that it is done, the question is answered by intuition.

We must imagine the body to be transfixed by a perpendicular pivot passing through the centre of gravity. The foot of that pivot must always fall between the points of support, nearer to that upon which the greater weight rests, or, if there be one point of support only, actually in that point. Thus, if the centre of gravity be shifted forward, the support must come further forward still, and a limb must be thrown out in the opposite direction as a

counterpoise. This is the position illustrated by both of the statues just described. The same principle applies to movement in any direction whatever. If the shoulders be thrown violently to the right, the left leg is instinctively raised from the ground, and both arms are extended horizontally, to adjust the balance, as a rope-walker uses his pole. These movements are made to settle the centre of gravity exactly in a perpendicular line above the foot which rests upon the ground.

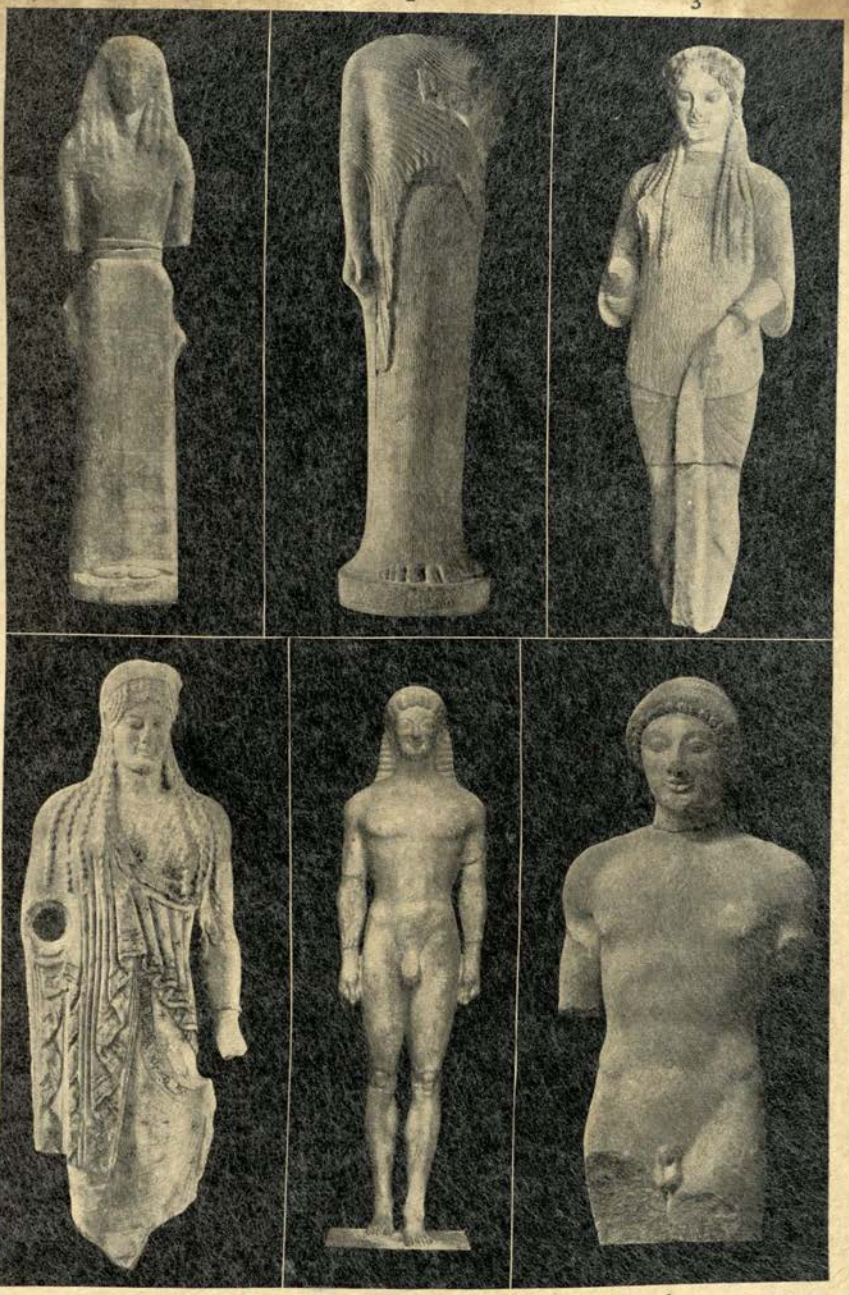
All this explanation of things which everybody does by instinct appears wearisome. But they were the lessons that the sculptor of the transition had to learn by close observation. They constitute the "principle of rhythm."

The accuracy with which history and art agree is almost fantastic. Aegina was energetic, patriotic, intelligent as any other Greek state. But she saw in one direction only, moving in a groove, aiming solely at her own personal advantage. Her sculpture is energetic, instinct with warlike spirit and fortitude, but it is narrow in its scope, and its figures move in one direction only, as in a groove.

In strong contrast with these fighting figures of the pediment, the central figure of Athena retains the wooden attitude of the cult-statue. This has been regarded as due to the desire for a strongly-marked central point in the composition, or as mere conservatism, which hesitated to present a deity in any other than the recognised attitude of the cult-statue. But the reason is other than this. Athena is indeed visible to us, standing in the midst of the fray and directing its issue; but

she is invisible to the combatants; the rigid figure is not the goddess, but the symbol of her unseen presence. In the pedimental sculptures of the great temple of Zeus at Olympia, of slightly later date, we shall see precisely the same idea controlling the attitude of the central figure of the god, although the skill of the artist in that case is far more advanced than that of the Æginetan sculptor.

A very striking group, of considerable historical importance, shows plainly the wider interpretation given to the principle of rhythm by the Athenian artist. The popular heroes of Athenian democracy were Harmodios and Aristogeiton, the assassins of the son of Peisistratos, Hipparchos, who with his brother Hippias had succeeded to the tyranny in Athens. The patriots lost their lives, but the surviving tyrant lost his kingdom. The statues by Antenor, erected to Harmodios and Aristogeiton as the liberators of Athens, were carried away from Athens by Xerxes in 480 B.C., and their place was filled, when the Athenians returned, by a group made by the sculptors Kritios and Nesiotes. A marble copy of this later group is now at Naples. The hard, sinewy forms betray the debt of Athens to Aegina, but the greater breadth of treatment is easily seen. The weight of the figure on the right, that of Aristogeiton, falls almost midway between the feet, but the right shoulder is swung boldly forward, and the right foot is planted pointing slightly inward to bear the thrust of the advancing form, while the left shoulder bears backward so that the left arm and left leg combine to emphasize that thrust. The balance, though apparently simple, is



1. ARTEMIS, NAXOS (*Athens*)

2. HERA, SAMOS (*Paris, Louvre*)

3 *and* 4. VOTIVE PORTRAITS (*Athens*)

5. "APOLLO" OF TENEA (*Munich*)

6. "APOLLO," ÆGINETAN TYPE (*Athens*)

really more complicated than that of the lunging figure of Harmodios (of which the head is an unfortunate piece of patchwork, being a copy of a type a century and a half later in date). Even the stolid, heavy treatment of the features of Aristogeiton is not inappropriate. The modelling is not crude, but merely simple and massive, and the conventional treatment of the hair is derived from the original bronze. The touch of archaism is a useful reminder that the advance of art did not precede but followed the advance in national thought and inspiration. Even in the work of the greatest period of Athenian history, the age of Perikles, we shall still find traces of such archaism, and that age was a generation after the events that gave it inspiration.

But those events were so tremendous, both in themselves and in their consequences, that they form the centre of Greek history, and the starting-point of that of modern Europe. And from the terror and turmoil of those days Athens emerges, shining and triumphant, alone among the states of Greece in singleness of purpose, in loftiness of aim, in pure and self-forgetful devotion to an ideal. It is by a right earned in blood and ashes that she stands eternal, mistress of the arts that speak the soul.

For four years Asia had been ringing with the preparations for the vengeance that Persia had sworn to wreak upon Greece. Egypt and Ethiopia sent their contingents. Phœnicia must give her ships. Nature herself must yield to the Great King. Europe was linked to Asia by a bridge, that the destroying myriads might march from shore

to shore: and the gloom deepened on the horizon of those who stood fast to the Hellenic cause.

We are prone to think of the invasion of Xerxes as the onslaught of one nation upon another. It was the onslaught of many nations upon a small part of one. Thebes was a willing ally of the Mede, Thessaly was forced to submission before the fight began. Kerkyra promised a fleet, but stood aloof till the contest was over. Athens and Phocis, and the little towns of Plataiai and Thespiai, were all the states in Northern Greece which resisted threats and promises alike, and risked existence in the name of freedom. In the Peloponnese, Sparta, Aegina, and Corinth remained true: but Argos stood apart, fresh from defeat by Sparta, and nursing wounded pride. Achaia could not forget her ancient wrongs, and raised no hand.

Even among the faithful few dissension was keen, and must have come to division, but for the fervent loyalty of an Athenian, Themistokles, under whose guidance Athens made her peace with Aegina, and though she owned two hundred fighting ships, nearly two-thirds of the entire naval power of Hellas, gave command by sea as well as land to Eurybiades the Spartan. Thus in the earliest stages of the contest, Athens showed that self-abnegation in a common cause, that sets her high above her allies.

There is hardly need to recall how the little force of Leonidas, three hundred Spartans, and seven hundred men of Thespiai, held the pass of Thermopylai, between the marshes and the hill, against a host, till treachery overcame devotion: how storm destroyed more Persian ships and men at Aphetai

than would have matched the whole Hellenic fleet: how, while the ships of Hellas made their course for Troizen down the Euboian strait, yet another Persian fleet was dashed to pieces on the iron eastern coast of Euboia: nor how the army that had forced Thermopylai marched unchecked through Bœotia towards devoted Athens: nor yet how, through all these swift events, the Olympian games went on, and the Peloponnesians still believed that all would be well if the isthmus of Corinth could be held.

The utter selfishness of Sparta and Corinth at this juncture throws into strong relief the devotion of Athens. When Thermopylai fell, Athens was doomed, for her whole strength was in her fleet, which was under Spartan orders, and Sparta had broken her promise to hold the road through Bœotia. Six days at most, and the head of the Persian columns must appear up the pass of Kithairon.

In those six days a miracle was worked, and a man became immortal. Themistokles had fought at Marathon, but Miltiades had been the hero of that day, and now he was dead and disgraced. But it had been Themistokles who had foreseen this new encounter, who had made Athens a naval power, and who now persuaded her to rely upon that power, to grasp her heritage of the sea. All through those six days he worked with a burning enthusiasm—now at Salamis, where he had persuaded the fleet to remain, now in Athens, of whose people he demanded the supreme sacrifice—the sacrifice of home, of name, of shrines, of possessions, of all, that Athens in ruins might play a part that Athens fighting for herself alone could never have done. Backed by the oracle of

Delphi, where the god himself had but now beaten back the sacrilegious Persian, he passed from street to street, from man to man, from crowd to crowd, persuading, threatening, encouraging, terrifying his people into acquiescence, till his end was gained, and during all those six days the road to the Peiraieus was dark with a stream of sad humanity, winding down to the harbour's edge: the westward waters were thick with labouring ships, deep laden with women and children and such household goods as the all-exacting need of the state could spare. Only those whom old age or poverty or ignorance made deaf to all argument remained behind, refusing to see in the ships of Athens her wooden walls, wherein the oracle had said her safety should be found. These few built themselves a wooden barricade athwart the entrance to the Acropolis, and stubbornly awaited death. The rest of Athens found a refuge in Salamis and Troizen, and a chapter of Athenian history was closed when Kimon, son of Miltiades, chief among Athenian knights, dedicated his bridle in the temple of Athena, and bearing the weapons of the seaman passed down the Peiraieus road, that was to lead him to a new career, and to a fame in that career not matched till Nelson's day.

Before the last skiff had left the harbour, fire sprang beside the path of Mardonios on Attic soil, and as his army reached the deserted walls of Athens, the fleet of Xerxes stood into the bay of Phaleron. While Themistokles pleaded with his stubborn, selfish allies to stay their flight at Salamis, where the narrow seas would minimise the weight of Persian numbers,

he—and all exiled Athens—could see the smoke of their city dark against the sky: and the same night-fall that held the Hellenic fleet, willy nilly, at anchor, was red with the flare of temples and of shrines, as the last defences of the Acropolis, the home of the goddess herself, went down in fire. The sacrifice of Athens was complete: and it needed only the insult that the morrow brought, when Adeimantos of Corinth flung in the teeth of the Athenian the taunt, that he had no right to vote in the council of the states, because he was now a citizen of no free state in Hellas, to bring out the magnitude of that sacrifice, and the great gulf that separated those who made it from those for whom it was made.

But subterfuge achieved what persuasion had failed to accomplish; and the Persian fleet, warned by Themistokles of the impending flight of the Peloponnesian ships, fell into the trap, and in the darkness ranged itself across the only outlets from the bay of Salamis to the open sea. And the last ship that slipped by that cordon from the outer safety to the Hellenic line, brought the exiled Aristeides to clasp hands with his whilom rival, and to do his best for Athens and for Hellas under the guidance of the man whose bitterest opponent he had been.

We know the rest. From dawn to nightfall the narrow bay rang with the clash of arms and the crash of rending timbers and splintered oars, while the red foam was churned beneath the darting prows of the ships of Hellas and around the stripped and helpless hulls of the huddled Armada of the Great King, till flight was all that was left to the remnant

of Asia. In sight of blackened Athens, Greece was free.

Plataiai and Mykale were the epilogue. East and west, by land and sea, Hellas triumphed and the Mede was humbled. In the after days, the young cavalry leader of Salamis day, become the grey-bearded master of the seas, harried Persia among the islands, along Ionia, around Cyprus even. Athens, victorious by the subtlety of Themistokles, gained also through the integrity of Aristeides, for his renown as the most honest man in all Hellas brought to Athens the guardianship of the treasure of the great naval confederacy of the states of Greece, as the sea-craft of Kimon had brought her its leadership, and Athens reaped the reward of sacrifice in the empire of the seas.

We have already seen something of the expression which this great passage of history found in art: and it may have seemed strange that, for all its superiority to the work of earlier and narrower days, it should show so little of religious idealism, and that it should have been directed almost exclusively to the expression of a physical ideal, that of the athlete. Some of us may remember Sir Jacob Astley's prayer before battle—"O Lord, if this day I forget Thee, do not Thou forget me." The Greeks after Plataiai were not lacking in devout thanksgiving for the help of the gods of Hellas, but in the first flush of victory, the simplest expression of national feeling was that which glorified the thews of man rather than the thunderbolt of Zeus. It was when the national mind had settled to a calmer and more distant view of the struggle, that it became

capable of grasping and of expressing the majesty of those gods of all Hellas who had directed the issue.

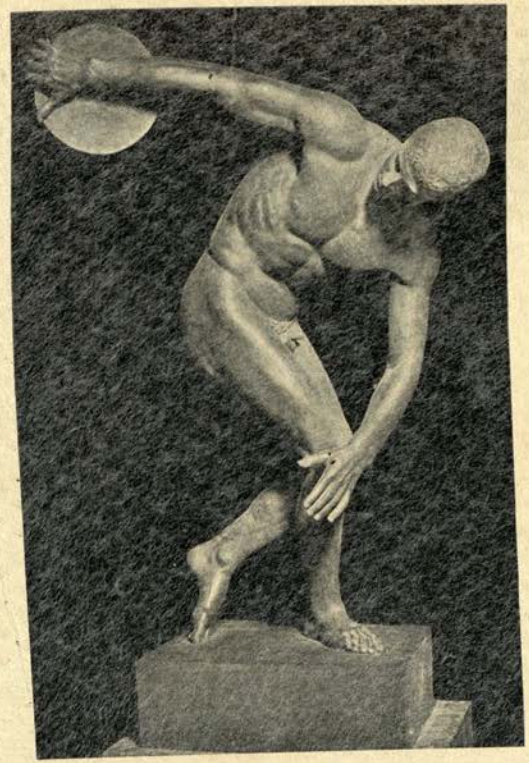
The sculptor who unconsciously summed up in a single statue the dramatic and historic force of the day of Salamis, and of the sacrifice of Athens, was born upon Bœotian soil, at the head of that pass over Kithairon by which the army of Mardonios entered Attica. Myron of Eleutherai—"the place of freedom"—was brought up in the Attic school of sculpture, and is the earliest of Greek sculptors to challenge comparison with all who followed him. His style was still archaic in detail. He made no attempt to express the working of the mind; but with keen and patient observation he devoted his skill to the representation of movement in men and animals. He was an experimentalist, not an idealist, and the object of his experiments was always that of carrying further the mastery of the newly-found principle of living balance.

The best known of his statues is that of the disc-thrower (Diskobolos), which has come down to us in numerous Græco-Roman copies of varying excellence, all, however, studiously reproducing the salient characteristics of his style, careful and vigorous modelling of the muscles, minute accuracy of proportion, and the startling impression of instantaneous observation. The best complete copy is that at the Palazzo Lancelotti in Rome, but a still better idea of the work of Myron is probably to be gained from a composite figure, made up of casts of the fine torso recently found at Castel Porziano, and now in the Terme Museum at Rome, of the

head of the Lancelotti statue, and of limbs from other copies: that at the British Museum has the head restored in a wrong position, completely destroying the unity of effect in which the whole value of the work lies.

If the "disc-thrower" be considered alone, by one unfamiliar with the athletic exercise of which it represents one attitude, the criticism of Quintilian must leap to the mind—"strained and artificial." But if it be placed beside another statue of a disc-thrower, derived from an original of somewhat later date, and by some attributed to the Attic sculptor Alkamenes, the process of throwing the disc is explained, and the unconscious symbolism of Myron's statue becomes clear. The object was to throw the thin plate of bronze, weighing about eight pounds, as far as possible; the direction was a secondary matter, but prudence dictated keeping its path well clear of the spectators.

In the first position, the disc was held in the hooked fingers of the left hand, resting lightly on the fore-arm; the knees were slightly bent, and the toes of both feet gripped the ground, the right foot pointing in the direction which the disc was to follow in its flight: the right hand, also with the fingers hooked, pointed in the same direction. The whole figure was, so to speak, on springs. The left arm was swung across the body, once, or oftener, as the thrower felt the need, and then the disc was released by the left hand, to fly by its own momentum into the hooked fingers of the right hand: the weight of the disc and the swing of the shoulders straightened the right arm out



DISKOBOLOS OF MYRON
(CASTEL PORZIANO RECONSTRUCTION)
(Rome, Terme Museum)

A B

DISKOBOLI: A. OF ALKAMENES; B. OF MYRON
(Casts at Cambridge)

PLATE IX

to its full length, the disc now resting on the right fore-arm, and its course was continued backwards, dragging the body into a stooping attitude, lifting the left foot almost from the ground, and throwing the left arm round the front of the figure. The whole body, limbs, and head, followed a spiral course, only the right foot and lower leg remaining unmoved and forming the pivot of the whole movement. When the upraised right arm could go no further, when every muscle was strained to its utmost capacity, there was a momentary pause at the top of the swing, then the whole movement was reversed, the human spring unwound, and at the point of its greatest extension the disc was released by the straightened fingers, to take the line of flight that the planting of the pivotal right foot had made inevitable from the first.

A moment's consideration will show that every movement is controlled by the necessity of keeping the centre of gravity exactly over the supporting foot, the left arm and left leg acting merely as governors, or counterpoises. For the purpose of the action the brain must surrender to the mechanism of the body, that the balance may be preserved, and none of the energy of the swing be lost by a conscious counter-movement. The eyes cannot remain fixed upon the path of aim. The whole spirit of the statue is that of concentration and self-surrender to a preconceived object. Once the action is begun, hesitation for a fraction of a second is fatal to its success. It is all or nothing.

When Themistokles led Athens to the water's edge, it was all or nothing. When he closed the

trap so that Hellas must fight, it was all or nothing. When he abandoned shrines, walls, homes, to the Persian flames, it was all or nothing. Athens staked her existence on a single throw. Unconsciously, instinctively, the artist, dominated by the spirit of his age, chose for the subject of his work the one attitude in all Greek athletics which expressed with completeness and fidelity the concentration of Athenian will upon the supreme effort for freedom.

Nor is his "Marsyas" less expressive of another aspect of the struggle. Marsyas the satyr was asleep among the river reeds, when Athena came by. The goddess plucked two long, smooth reeds, and with nimble, inventive fingers fashioned from them the first pair of flutes the world had ever known, and piped upon them the first notes of flute-music that ever woke the valley echoes. She piped upon them to her heart's content, until the glassy water at her feet revealed her features to her—cheeks puffed and crimson, blue eyes round as any owl's. So in disgust she threw the reeds upon the ground: and Marsyas, awakened and entranced, leapt forward from his hiding-place to make the discarded treasure his own, stooped, and would have grasped it, but the angry goddess, with a gesture, checked his advance, and he started back, scarcely finding balance, with his eyes still fixed upon the music-making reeds. That is the moment that Myron chose to represent.

A moment before, Marsyas had been stooping, one foot advanced and bearing all his weight, in an attitude much like that of the stooping warrior in the

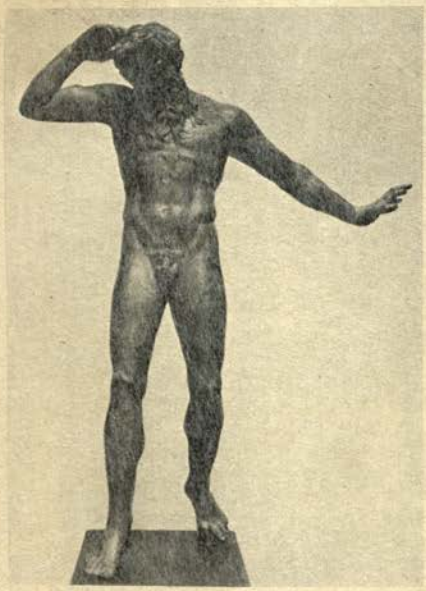
Aeginetan pediment. Now, in the recoil, his weight was thrown upon the other foot that was scarcely ready to receive it. The left leg resists the thrust, the muscles acting like a strong spring. The right leg has become the counterpoise, and the arms are extended wide to keep the precarious balance, and to meet the danger of a fall. The long, diagonal line, rushing up from the right foot to the shoulders, is checked and broken by the bent head, which drags the shoulders forward just enough to relieve the left foot of a little of the sudden strain. And it is significant, if fanciful, to see in the sudden change of purpose, the balance nearly lost, and just regained by a conscious effort, a counterpart of the total abandonment of a land campaign by Athens, when she realised that not a single line of defence lay between Thermopylai and her own walls, and of the swiftly-taken determination to trust all to the fortune of the sea.

It must not be supposed for a moment that this harmony between art and history can ever be conscious or intentional. All that I wish to show—and on it rests the title of this book—is that the artist is bound to be the unconscious interpreter of the mental, moral, and social atmosphere in which he lives: not only does he give to the nation what it wants; he is of the nation, and he wants the same things himself, for the same reasons. It was the consciousness of successful effort, the pride of rewarded sacrifice, that filled Athens when the Persian terror was gone, and consequently her greatest artist (greatest because he was her truest interpreter) devoted his skill to the expression, in terms of the

human form, of those ideas. The Diskobolos and the Marsyas are the work, not only of the sculptor, but of the nation.

Yet, if the triumph of Hellas over Persia had merely stimulated local pride, it would have been a wasted lesson. One of its most remarkable results was the keen realisation, even by cities and states which had taken no part in the struggle, of the pan-Hellenic idea. There is ample evidence, it is true, that all through history there had been considerable interchange of ideas between the artists of states that were political rivals. But that intercourse received a great new impetus, when Hellas met on the common ground of the sanctuary of Zeus of all Hellas, at Olympia, to express, in a common offering, the national gratitude of the whole Hellenic race for deliverance from Asiatic thraldom. The magnitude of the task called artists from all Hellenic lands to the spot, and every one of them was fain to learn from his fellows.

Into this arena of united effort in a single cause, came an artist from a far northern town; Paionios, from Mende, in Thrace, had been given a commission by the Messenians to erect a statue of Victory for them, in the precinct at Olympia. The Victory that he made has survived, in a sadly shattered state, to our own time, and now stands in the Museum at Olympia. We can see in it at once new elements which do not belong to any tradition that we have studied hitherto. Standing high upon its slender triangular pedestal, with pointed wings upraised, and a broad sweep of drapery outstretched behind it; head bent, foot



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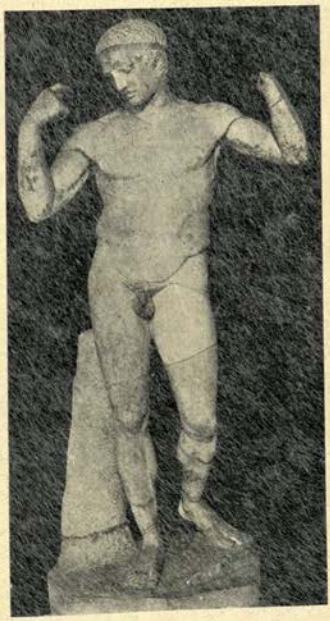

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1. MARSYAS OF MYRON (*British Museum*)

2. VICTORY OF PAIONIOS (*Olympia Museum*)

3. DORYPHOROS (*CANON*) OF POLYKLEITOS (*Naples*)

4. DIADUMENOS ("VAISON") OF POLYKLEITOS (*British Museum*)

pointed downward, long robe fluttering in the wind and clinging in delicate folds upon the form, it gives at once the impression, not so much of flight as of a figure sinking gently through the air to earth, not of its own volition, but heaven-sent: and a last touch is given to the picture by the flying eagle, on whose outstretched wings the foot of Victory lightly rests, and beneath whose breast the supporting stone is tinted with the blue of the sky that was its background, so that the marble figure seems suspended in mid-air.

The idea is bold, almost beyond the right bounds of sculpture. But Paionios came from a land of painters, a border-land betwixt north and south, and to him sculpture was but one of the two great pictorial arts. So he painted Victory in marble on a background of blue sky.

The boldness of the conception took Greece by storm. Whether or no it is true that the sculptures of the eastern pediment of the great temple of Zeus at Olympia are by his hand, at least it is certain that this artist from a remote corner of the Hellenic world was credited with having received the honour of this commission, to make the principal decoration of the one temple that was the centre of a worship common to all Hellenes. If the ascription of this work to him is correct, the work itself, which has been discovered in very fair preservation, exhibits a remarkable instance of the interaction of art influences in this moment of national fusion: for the composition is not pictorial in the least; it is as rigidly architectural and symmetrical as the Aeginetan sculptures, and retains the feature there noted, of the

central colossal figure of the invisible god. Zeus, unseen, presides over the preparation for the chariot race on the Olympian plain in which Pelops was to win Hippodamia for his bride, and Oinomaos her father was to lose his treacherous life, by a treachery more subtle than his own.

But though the arrangement is rigid in its simplicity, the modelling of the individual figures shows plainly that the artist was thinking in colour, not in form. The surfaces both of flesh and drapery are flabby and carelessly handled, and leave much to the colourist for their completion: robbed of its colour, the sculpture is frankly inadequate, and in the strongest possible contrast to the almost exaggerated crispness of the works that we have studied hitherto. That some new influence was at work is plain, and there is nothing more likely than that it should have been the influence of a sculptor who came from a land where colour was understood as an artistic medium in itself.

The western pediment is far more pictorial in treatment, yet tradition assigns it to an Attic artist, Alkamenes, said to have been a pupil of Pheidias. In the centre stands Apollo, a figure on a much larger scale than those of the human persons on either side. His head is turned to the right, and his right arm is outstretched in a simple but commanding gesture; but although his control of the battle of Centaurs and Lapiths that rages around him is plainly indicated, he is still imagined as invisible to the combatants. These, in spite of the wild turmoil that they present, are arranged in corresponding groups in either wing of the gable, so that the

architectural balance is respected. The modelling is summary and slight, and the need for colour to complete the work is particularly marked in the case of the hair of the human figure, which is represented by a solid cap of stone, almost devoid of chiselling. Some of the centaurs have their hindquarters cut off by the back wall of the pediment, and the whole aim of the design is dramatic and pictorial rather than sculpturesque. If this is indeed the work of an Attic sculptor, it is strongly influenced by the northern colour-school.

This work, which is only very little earlier than that of the Parthenon, stands completely apart from the Attic tradition, and has none of the crisp accuracy that constitutes the principal strength of Myron's work. When we return to Athens, to contemplate the monuments of her greatest pride and genius, we shall recognise his influence again. The Olympian sculptures are chiefly valuable, for our purpose, in their demonstration of the eagerness with which Greek artists were bringing together their ideas for the formation of a pan-Hellenic art.

In order to press the truth of the assertion, that the national temperament and spirit control and almost select the ideal of the artist, we must depart slightly from chronological sequence, and turn to the work of Polykleitos, the great sculptor of Argos, before considering that of his older contemporary, Pheidias, the maker of the great temple-statue of Zeus at Olympia, and of the crowning glory of Athens, the Athena Parthenos.

Argos took no part in the struggle with Persia. Her patriotism was sufficient to prevent her from

taking up arms against Hellas, but it was too parochial to allow her to bury a private grievance in a time of general need. She was perhaps the most completely Hellenic of all the states, with a self-sufficient and exclusive Hellenism that made her tenacious of tradition rather than productive of history.

Her sculptor illustrates her. His work is typically Peloponnesian, the perfection of the "Apollo" statue of the sixth century. He worked less by inspiration than by logic. His most renowned statue, next to that of Hera, made for the temple of the goddess at Argos, was no more than an illustration of the rules of proportion for the construction of a human figure, that he had laid down in a treatise on the history of sculpture. The Romans, as might be expected, admired his sculpture above that of all other Greeks, but they had to admit the monotony of works which, as Varro said, seemed almost as if they had been made on a uniform pattern.

The statue which illustrated his book, the *Canon*, or rule, of sculpture, was that of a youth carrying a spear. The best copy extant is that in the Naples Museum. Its most striking feature is its *schema quadrata*, squareness of build; the head is square and stolid-looking, the trunk seems set out in squares, and the mind instinctively sets to work to separate the parts of which it is built up. The attitude is that typical of Polykleitan sculpture; the youth walks slowly forward, the right foot resting firmly on the ground, the left scarcely more than touching it with the toes. The weight is consequently thrown slightly forward and to the right, and the head is turned in the same direction. The face, with its

rather heavy jaw and pronounced under-lip, square brow, and nose with short, full nostrils, completes a type of which the whole aim is physical perfection. The Polykleitan athlete is a splendid animal; there is in him neither spirit nor gladness of living.

Scarcely less famous was his "Diadumenos," a youth binding a fillet about his head, of which the best copy is probably that in the British Museum, known as the Vaison athlete, from the place of its discovery in France. It is of course a Roman copy, and much of the dead formalism of its surface must be referred to the copyist. The "Diadumenos" at Madrid is a finer piece of work, but probably a less faithful copy, while the Hellenistic Greek copy found at Delos has certainly softened much of the square asperity of the original, and is a more complete translation into marble from the bronze in which Polykleitos almost invariably worked. All that can be said with certainty is that as the sculptor advanced in years and experience he tended to abandon the strict letter of his *Canon* in favour of greater grace and more slender proportions, and owed much to Attic influence in these respects; while the stolid expression of his statues did not rise to sublimity, but sank to sentimentality. In his later years, towards the end of the fifth century, his athlete-statues touched the greatest height of beauty and perfection of form possible to a soulless thing. But from beginning to end the divine fire was lacking in his work; over it all hangs the suspicion that the work itself was what the artist loved, not the use of it as a medium for the expression of ideas. Polykleitos was the first of the academic sculptors.

This predominant interest in the work rather than in the subject is plainly illustrated by the "Lansdowne" Amazon, which is traced to a Polykleitan original. The Amazon stands in a graceful pose, resting her left arm upon a pillar, while her right arm is raised above her head. The attitude is the stereotyped Polykleitan slow walk. The story goes that Polykleitos beat all comers in a competition at Ephesus, the "set-subject" being an Amazon. The features of this statue are unmistakably Polykleitan in type, with full jaw, parted lips, short nostrils, and level brows. There is a deep wound beside the right breast, which must be taken to account for the languor of the attitude; but the raised arm is posed very unnaturally considering the position of the wound, and the attitude has been chosen solely in order to display the broad breast and upper part of the torso to the best advantage, without regard to actual probability.

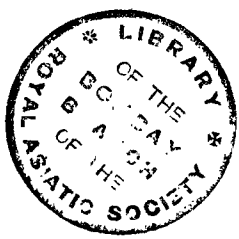
The last work of Polykleitos to which we need refer is the Hera, of gold and ivory, which he made to replace the ancient cult-image destroyed in the accidental burning of her temple in 424 B.C. The coin-type of Argos after that date bears a head of Hera in which all the Polykleitan characteristics of feature are recognisable: and if it may be assumed, as seems permissible, that this statue set the type of Hera for the remainder of Hellenic times, it becomes clear that the Argive character was no less apparent in the goddess than in the athletes from the same hand. Despite considerable beauty of contour, and gravity of expression, combined with a certain youthful grace appropriate to Hera the Bride

(her principal aspect in Argive worship), there is a lack of divinity, a certain sullenness, in all the extant heads traceable to the Hera of Polykleitos. Of these the Farnese Hera is probably the nearest approximation to the original; and we cannot help feeling that the greater part of its dignity is derived from its aloofness rather than from any real conception of divinity.

It may be thought that I have deliberately undertaken to disparage the work of a great master, acclaimed by his own time as the supreme delineator of perfect form. That was not my intention. I desired to show that the Argive, even endowed as he was with the most exquisite skill in the handling of his material, with the most delicate perception of niceties of form, missed the highest inspiration, because he stood aside from the direst dangers and the most heroic efforts of the Hellenic world. His enthusiasm was materialistic rather than idealistic, and so, though he mastered his material, he could not give to it the fire that he himself did not possess. Loving bronze more than humanity, he could not make his bronzes men, but only perfect lifeless forms.

Yet imagination and idealism are not the whole of sculpture. For the production of a work of art of the highest kind an exact balance and adjustment of many qualities is needed. Myron certainly lacked idealism in comparison with Paionios or Pheidias, and his enthusiasm was mainly concentrated upon form and method, but his surroundings would not let his work be lifeless. Moreover, such technicians as Myron and Polykleitos are necessary to progress,

and their influence upon their contemporaries and successors was probably all the greater for their lack of mental idealism. The careful modelling and intricate balance of Myron's work find their echo again and again in the sculpture of the Parthenon. Polykleitos himself is in his debt, and his statues in their turn became the models for all athlete-sculptors. The great fourth-century sculptor Lysippos owned no master but the *Canon* of Polykleitos. Myron experimented with rhythm: Polykleitos, using it as a matter of course, was content to reduce it to a minimum in his statues, and was free to turn his experimental faculties upon the systematisation of proportion and modelling. Our debt, and the debt of Hellas, to the men who carried forward perfection of technique and of proportion is great, for they provided the generations which came after them with the perfected knowledge necessary for the interpretation of ideas.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X

THE TRIUMPH OF ATHENS

THE moment of pan-Hellenism passed as swiftly as it had come. Scarcely had the last Persian left Hellenic soil before those who had fought side by side at Salamis were at one another's throats, their ancient feuds revived. One after another the great names of the Hellenic protagonists were soiled with treason and greed. Miltiades, the hero of Marathon, died under a cloud, convicted of having used the public funds and the arms of Athens to satisfy a private grudge. Themistokles, to whom Hellas owed her salvation at Salamis, spent the last years of his life an exile in the service of the Persian king. Pausanias, who led the united host at Plataiai, died miserably, a traitor. It was only by subtlety and guile that Themistokles had held slow-witted Sparta's jealousy in check, while, in furious haste, the walls of ruined Athens were rebuilt. The instability of the Greek character, and the parochial outlook of the Greek patriot, made it impossible that Hellas should ever become a united nation. It was only the genius of the Athenian people, and the quick wit and high ambition of their leaders, that rendered possible that momentary preëminence, of which she availed herself to make her name immortal.

To trace the growth of Athenian empire in the years between Salamis and the outbreak of the last great struggle between Athens and Sparta lies beyond the province of this book. We must be content to note that that growth was coincident with the full development of democratic power, and that, at the same time, it is a history of personalities rather than of a people. After the fall of Themistokles, the star of Kimon was in the ascendant. The bluff character, ready generosity, and old-fashioned, aristocratic magnificence of the son of Miltiades made him a popular figure while yet public gratitude acknowledged his service to the state in clearing the Aegean of the Persian fleets: but when his steady common-sense expressed itself in the desire for closer ties with Sparta, who, weakened by a disastrous earthquake, and harried by a great Messenian revolt, was ready for Athenian advances, unpopularity, enhanced by misfortune, broke the power of a man who was at least both honest and sane. And now the horizon of Athenian politics began to be filled by him whose name is associated with her greatest triumph.

Perikles was of ancient stock, a blue-blooded Aegean aristocrat; and he had the genius for leading men that his ancestor Peisistratos had possessed, and inherited also his love of the arts. It may have been more as a road to power than from conviction that he supported the democratic cause. But the vastness of his dreams and the fire of his patriotic enthusiasm needed a wider scope than party could offer, and he sought to make Athens

in herself a nation, to imbue her with the love of power, not so much for its own sake, as for the sake of a Hellenic unity that, as he believed, could only be attained under the ægis of Athena.

Athens was his love, rather than the people of Athens. He strove for an idea rather than for a policy. In forcing the ambition of empire upon the people, in whose easily inflamed imagination he saw the instrument that was to turn a dream into a reality, he laid upon them a task beyond their power to carry out. He took them so far upon the road that they could not turn back, but he could not give them the steadfastness to go forward. If his people had possessed the doggedness of Sparta together with their own imagination and fervour, he might have founded a world-empire. As it was, he only succeeded in leaving the splendid memorial of an unrealised dream.

The very rapidity and eagerness with which he urged on the course of events contributed to his failure. That confederacy of maritime states which, relying on the integrity of one Athenian, Aristeides, had confided its treasury to Athens, resented the application of its funds to the glorious rebuilding of Athenian shrines, and to the extension of Athenian fortifications. As the Persian danger, against which the contributions had first been made, receded, the demands of Athens increased, and were supported by Athenian armaments, financed by the contributions of the very states against whom their force was directed. It is not difficult to see that an empire so founded had within it from the first the seeds of dissolution; still, it is not our task

to justify or to condemn the policy of Perikles, but our privilege to enjoy its lasting results.

If justification were needed, however, we might find it in the Athens whose destinies Perikles controlled. Mean, huddled houses clustered round the foot of the Acropolis, hastily rebuilt with little regard to convenience, and none to beauty, by a people whose crying need was a roof to shelter them. About them stood the walls of Themistokles, strong and high, but built of a haphazard mass of broken fragments, the débris of shattered Athens. On the Acropolis, the ancient temple of Athena stood forlorn, smoke-blackened, and bereft of its colonnade; beside it, the broad platform that Kimon had laid out showed where a new temple had been projected, but abandoned in time of political stress. At the western end, a gateway, half finished, formed a narrow and inadequate entrance to the sacred place. The clear-sighted materialism of the Athenian mind demanded, for a new destiny, a new symbol of greatness. If Athens was to be the centre of an empire, her greatness must be manifest to the eyes of all men.

With the need of the time, the man was found. The name of the sculptor Pheidias is as inseparable from the greatness of Athens as that of Perikles himself. His childhood memories were of the news of Marathon; as a soldier of Athens he had played his part at Salamis and Plataiai: he had shared the triumphant but heart-rending return to the ruined city, and his life had been spent in the midst of an atmosphere of growing hope and widened thought. His youth remembered the tragic triumphs of Aischylos, the poet whose pride was not in his

poetry, but in the part he had played against the Mede at Marathon. He had seen the tenderness of humanity grow in the Athenian mind under the influence of Sophokles, through whom religion rose from awe to love: and the yeast of a restlessly inquiring spirit—the eager searching for "some new thing" that found expression in Euripides—had not yet laid hold upon the old faith of Athens, when he was called upon to embody in marble and bronze, in ivory and gold, the passionate worship of a people for the goddess who had become to them the very genius of their national destiny.

The art of Pheidias stands alone in the history of Greek sculpture. It added to the severe simplicity of the transitional artist the grandeur of a wider outlook, and the delicacy of a perfect mastery of material. It linked with a deep reverence for the divine nature of the gods a loving appreciation of human beauty, in which there was nothing sensuous. It combined in a single figure perfect truth and unstrained symbolism. In short, it embodied god and nature in human form: and in its justice of proportion and restraint of design, it was capable either of concentrating upon the statue of a deity the whole fervour of worship, or of making a decorative scheme, instinct with life from end to end, subserve the purpose of the architect whose building was itself an act of worship.

Although no single statue has survived to which we can point as the handiwork of the greatest of all sculptors, enough remains to us of his influence and of his fame, for the formation of a clear idea of the genius with which he commemorated the triumph of

Athenian faith and patriotism, and, going further still, set before the eyes of Hellas a presentment of her great unrealised ideal, the supreme god of a united people.

The teachers of Pheidias are said to have been Hegias, an Athenian in whose work the archaic tradition was still strong, and Ageladas of Argos, from whom he may well have derived much of the quiet strength of his style. The influence of his great contemporary Myron is evident in work which was executed under the supervision of Pheidias, and there is no doubt that his genius was ready to borrow from all available sources; but the living quality and serene grandeur of his work are all his own.

His early training as a painter, and his life-long association with his painter-brother Panainos, no doubt contributed to his skill in minute detail; for his greatest works were famous not only for their breadth of conception, but for their wealth of ornament. His earliest recorded work was a gold and ivory statue of Athena at Pellene in Achaia which the coins of Pellene show to have been almost archaic in type; the goddess was represented as striding forward, with shield advanced and spear raised to strike: horizontal bands upon the drapery seem to indicate that advantage was taken of the nature of the material to imitate embroidery by rich inlaid or repoussé work. This remarkable combination of restraint and exuberance is characteristic of the work of Pheidias throughout his career; for in no instance does he seem to have departed very far from the traditional cult-type in his representations of the gods, resting content with the scope afforded to his

genius by the turn of the head, the expression of lips and eyes, and the fall and flow of drapery.

The same simplicity is ascribed by tradition to the great bronze Athena which towered over Athens, standing in the open air upon the Acropolis as a memorial of Marathon; it was of such height, that the gleam of the spear which the goddess held could be seen out at sea from the ships which passed from Sunion to the Peiraieus. Athena stood erect, her shield upon her left arm, and the butt of her spear resting upon the ground: on her head, which was turned to the right, was a crested helm. The pose was one which might well have been conceived by a sculptor of a generation before: but the beauty of the uplifted head, and of the turn of the neck, made the statue live, so that it was not a mere votive symbol of thanksgiving, but a very representation of the giver of victory.

This statue was doubtless erected during the ascendancy of Kimon, the son of Miltiades—that is to say, between 471 and 462 B.C. But it was with the accession of Perikles to power that the fullness of opportunity came to Pheidias. With him were associated in the work of making a new Athens, worthy of her destiny and of her goddess, the architects Iktinos and Kallikrates in the building of the Parthenon, and Mnesikles in that of the Propylaia, the great western entrance-way to the Acropolis; but to Pheidias himself, as the master artist, and as the close friend of Perikles, was entrusted the supervision of the work as a whole; and though the ancient world judged the genius of the sculptor by the colossal temple-statues of gold and ivory and the votive

statues of bronze that he made for Athena and for the Olympian Zeus, while we have only the evidence of those architectural sculptures which were deemed by them worthy of no more than passing mention, and in which we dare not trace the work of the master's own hand, yet we are able to appreciate the presence in Greek sculpture of something new, of something very great; and we cannot but be sure that this new greatness is due to the directing mind of Pheidias.

The two works on which his contemporary fame was principally founded were the temple-statues of Athena at Athens, and of Zeus at Olympia. Both were of gold and ivory, but the sumptuous nature of the material was rather accidental than essential to the artist's ideal. The riches which had fallen into Greek hands as spoil from the Persians had brought this technique prominently into fashion; even when the great wealth necessary for such work was not available, the appearance of it was desired; and Pheidias himself made for the Plataians, as part of their dedication from the spoils of Marathon, a statue of Athena, with drapery and armour of gilded wood, and head, hands, and feet of marble, in imitation of the gold and ivory technique. That the reason for this use of ivory and gold was devotional rather than artistic is shown by the story that so long as Pheidias recommended the use of marble in place of ivory on the ground that it would retain its surface longer, the Athenians were with him; but that when he added that it would be cheaper, they bade him cease talking and get to work.

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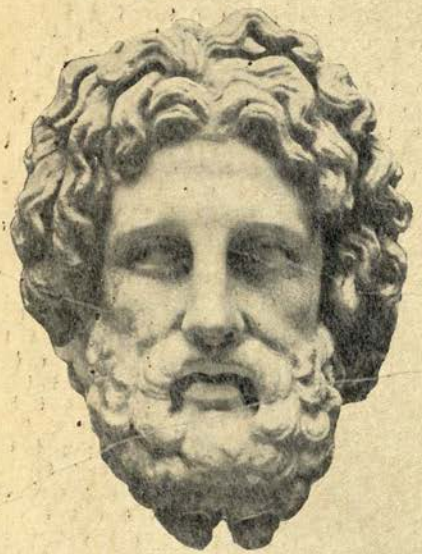

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1. "VARVAKEION" ATHENA (*Athens*)

2. "LABORDE" HEAD, FROM PARTHENON (*Cast, British Museum*)

3. ZEUS (? ASKLEPIOS), FROM MELOS (*British Museum*)

4. ZEUS, OLYMPIAN TYPE, FROM HUNGARY (*British Museum*)

It is uncertain whether the Athena or the Zeus was the earlier of the two statues, or whether they were both in progress at the same time; but it is certain that they were the two last works of Pheidias, and that they represented the ripe perfection of his art.

The Zeus was made some time after the completion of the temple of Olympia, and therefore did not present the complete harmony of scale with its surroundings that was possible in the case of the Athena, which was designed in one scheme with the Parthenon. The size of the enthroned god was such that had he risen from his seat he must have thrust his mighty shoulders through the roof of the temple; but criticism was silenced by majesty, and mere size counted for nothing. Pausanias could find no praise for those who had recorded the measurements of the statue, seeing that no measurements could convey any idea of its impressiveness. He has given us a detailed description, becoming almost lyrical in the contemplation of its glories.

The god was seated on his throne, his head crowned with sprays of olive; the right shoulder and breast were bare, of gleaming ivory. In his right hand he bore a Victory of ivory and gold, and his left hand, upraised, grasped a tall sceptre, inlaid with every kind of metal, and surmounted by an eagle. His sandals, and his robe wrought with figures and damascened with lily-flowers, were of gold, the folds of the drapery sweeping across the knees and descending almost to the ground. The throne glittered with gold and precious stones; it was pied with ebony and ivory; it was enriched with painted and with sculptured figures. On the

upper part of each leg of the throne were four dancing Victories, at the foot two more. The brackets and the edges of the seat, the rails between the legs, and the pillars in the middle of each side of the throne, all were ornamented with figures wrought in gold, and on panels between them, enclosing the space beneath the throne, were pictures painted by Panainos, brother of the sculptor; but the front panels of the throne were painted blue, that no confusion of design might break the sweeping outline of the robe of Zeus. The back of the throne, rising above the head of the statue, was crowned with figures of the Seasons and of the Graces; and on the footstool was pictured in gold the battle of Theseus with the Amazons. The base of the statue was adorned with golden figures of the gods, Zeus himself among them; yet all this wealth of glittering detail, towering high above the sombre pavement of black marble, was dominated by the personality of the god to whom it was a tribute. Pheidias had chosen the aspect of Zeus described in the words of Homer:

"The son of Kronos spoke, and bent his dark brow, and the ambrosial locks waved from the king's immortal head; and he made great Olympos to reel,"

but he had gone beyond the conception of the poet and beyond that of his contemporaries; in the words of Dion Chrysostom, the countenance of Zeus was peaceful and wholly gentle, as of him who watched over a Hellas undivided by faction, and at one; kind and majestic, untouched by grief, the giver of life and of all good things, the father and saviour

and guardian of all men, so far as the divine and ineffable nature might be expressed by human skill.

The type has stood. From the scattered evidence of the coins of Elis, and of various heads of Zeus and of Asklepios, of later times, we can gather a dim idea of the calm majesty of the god that the soul of Pheidias saw face to face, and that his art gave to Hellas for her worship. No one of these copies combines all the qualities that the great work must have possessed. We may take its severe simplicity from the coins, and from a marble head now at Boston: its tenderness and sympathy—peculiarly Pheidian qualities—from the very little later head of Asklepios from Melos, in the British Museum; and its solemn strength from the Otricoli Zeus. It seems likely that the leonine aspect of the Zeus-type from this time onwards finds its origin in the peculiarity of the gold and ivory technique, with the opportunity it afforded for a rich, outstanding treatment of the hair, but that it was exaggerated in the copies and echoes of the Olympian work: and from this Zeus of Pheidias it is not difficult to trace the descent of our own expression in human form of the paternal aspect of God. From Greece to Rome, from Rome to Byzantium, and thence westward to Christianised Europe, the type created in the fifth century before our era has travelled through the arts, echoed but never transcended; and Pheidias "added something to the accepted worship of the god" because, working in the fervour of his spirit and of his day, he approached very nearly to the Presence that faith alone could reveal, and that philosophy, in seeking to reveal, almost succeeded in obscuring altogether.

But if the Zeus was a work of faith the Athena was a work of love. It might almost be said that Pheidias had a "special devotion" to Athena, in his art as well as in his citizenship. For the works, apart from the Zeus, of which the fame has come down to us, are nearly all statues of Athena. The Athena of Pellene, that of Plataiai, the Promachos, the Parthenos, and the Lemnia, are all landmarks in his career, and of one of these, the Athena Lemnia, it is probable that we have a copy sufficiently near to the original to serve as a basis for our study of his art.

The Lemnian Athena was a bronze statue dedicated by those Athenian colonists who, in the period of rapid expansion following the entry of Perikles into power, left Athens to take up the lands of the conquered Lemnians. As a votive statue, a prayer in bronze, it gave the artist an opportunity for departure from the traditional type, and for the expression in the countenance of the beloved goddess of that tenderness and human sympathy that the Athenian journeying to a strange land especially desired to take with him to his new home.

A marble head, in the Bologna Museum, and so known as the "Bologna head," was found by Professor Furtwängler to fit exactly a headless figure of Athena at Dresden. The reconstructed statue represents Athena, bareheaded, and clothed in a long chiton, with no other armour than the scaly ægis on her breast. The arms are lost, and it may be that she held her helmet in her hand.

The sharp style of the head shows clearly that it is copied from a bronze original; its workmanship

ATHENA LEMNIA

proclaims it a Greek copy of the fourth, or at latest of the early third century; and the exquisite beauty of its contours, the delicate modelling of the cheeks, of the long, sensitive nostrils, and of the firm yet not aggressive chin, fully warrant its association with that Athena of Pheidias which earned the by-name of "The Beautiful." Moreover, despite the fact that the head has actually been used as an illustration of the Argive or Polykleitan type, it is so distinctively Attic in all its characteristics, even to the long, narrow shape of the eyes, and the upturned eyebrows, that we need scarcely hesitate to accept its identification, by an archæologist of such brilliancy and perceptive instinct as Furtwängler, as the Athena Lemnia of Pheidias.

The gentle gravity of the expression is that of a goddess, and of one goddess only, Athena: she alone possessed also the calm, clear mind, the concentration of thought, the quick sympathy, the watchful care, the latent power of sudden and terrible sternness, which are depicted upon this wonderful face. And with it all, in the slender, almost girlish figure, the easy pose, in the soft and flowing tresses about the shapely head, one feels the touch of reverence for womanhood which only the Athenian ever expressed truly and with conviction among the Greeks, and that because his ideal was embodied in the brightest and purest figure in all Olympos. If Pheidias did not make the statue from which this conception of the goddess comes, then he had a rival whose name is buried in wholly undeserved oblivion.

If the Athena Lemnia was the expression of love and understanding between the goddess and her

people, the Athena Parthenos was the symbol of their worship and thanksgiving. The emphasis laid upon the virginity of the goddess, in the dedication-title of the temple and its statue, was an assertion before all the world of the inviolate sanctity of the national honour, the unbroken spirit of the national pride; for, sacked and ravaged though her shrines had been, Athens alone among all Hellenic states had come through the Persian struggle with clean hands and unsullied patriotism, flinching at no sacrifice, holding fast to nothing save her ideal of liberty.

The goddess stood erect, the right foot firmly planted on the ground, the left knee bent so that the contour of the form beneath the drapery, in delicate contrast with the straight and heavy folds that fell from waist to instep over the right leg, relieved the figure from monotony. Upon her breast, the ægis, set with the Gorgon's head, was clasped over the deep fold of the diploïdion, which, caught at the waist in the thin girdle, and overhanging it beneath the arms, descended to mid-thigh in straight folds of an almost archaic regularity of scheme. The arms were bare, the right hand outstretched and holding a winged Victory, turned towards the goddess, and the left resting on the rim of her great shield, within whose shelter the snake Erichthonios was coiled with upraised head. Poised on a columnar throat, the head of the goddess was held proudly erect; the rather full contours of the face, the firm yet mobile lips, and the level brows, overshadowing grey eyes of inset jewels, were framed within the flowing tresses that escaped from beneath

the helmet and streamed over neck and shoulders and ægis in ordered freedom, and that welled out upon the temples, adding beauty and power to the aspect of the broad brow. Upon her head, the triple-crested helm was adorned with sphinxes and with pegasi, and the broad crests of gold surmounted all.

Upon this statue, as upon the Zeus at Olympia, a wealth of detail was lavished. Upon its base was depicted in relief the birth of Pandora. On the edges of the sandals of Athena were battles of Lapithai and Centaurs. On the exterior of the shield the contest between Greeks and Amazons was worked in relief, and it is said that one of the charges brought against Pheidias when he was made the stalking-horse for political attack upon his friend and patron Perikles, was one of impiety, in that he had introduced into this scene the portraits of Perikles and himself, the former with the arm so raised as almost to conceal the face, and the latter, that of an old and bald, but vigorous man: two figures answering to this description are recognisable upon the "Strangford shield" in the British Museum, a small marble copy or derivative from the shield of the Parthenos. In the centre of the shield was a Gorgon's head as a boss; on the interior surface, or perhaps only in a band around the inner rim, were painted battles of the Gods and Giants, probably in the form of a series of small metope-like panels, each containing a pair of figures. The ægis was of golden scales, and fringed with snakes; the Gorgon's head upon it was of ivory. The golden drapery was doubtless inlaid and enriched with beaten work and set with jewels, and the pale ivory features, the bare

arms and feet of ivory, gave the note of calm that was needed to relieve the richness of the gold.

We have even less means of forming a first-hand judgment of this masterpiece, than in the case of the Olympian Zeus. The coins of Athens afford only tainted evidence, for the archaic head of Athena that had become known as the coin-type of Athens through a century and a half of growing trade, and as the sure guarantee of good metal and true weight, was not lightly to be varied, and the representation of the Parthenos-head which appears upon the Athenian coins some time after the completion of the statue in 438 B.C. is influenced by its well-known predecessor. The marble copies of the statue are all on a small scale, whereas the original work was about forty feet in height, and the best preserved, known as the Varvakeion statuette, from the place of its discovery in Athens, is a vulgar shop-copy of the worst type, slavishly accurate, no doubt, in its reproduction of general characteristics, but utterly devoid of artistic merit; yet even so, the workman who made it has not been able to divest its lines of all dignity, nor its features of all strength. The column which supports the left hand and its figure of Victory has occasioned much controversy, the question raised being whether it represents part of the original design or not. Apart from the fact that as represented in the Varvakeion copy, with its blind exactitude, it is plainly a makeshift, to which a second capital has been added in order to bring it up to the requisite height, a moment's consideration dismisses the question on æsthetic grounds alone. The whole symbolism of the statue was destroyed at one

blow, if the great, self-reliant goddess, who had given victory to her people, once when fighting almost single-handed, and again when theirs alone was the spirit which made victory possible, could not sustain that victory without the aid of a clumsy mechanical support. Pheidias was not the man to perpetuate an artistic bathos of this kind. But the nature of the gold and ivory technique, in which the framework of the statue was built up of wooden scaffolding within, and the gold and ivory were then built round this core, makes it more than likely that such a support would be needed in course of time—for the statue stood where it was built for close on nine hundred years; and lastly, it is known that all the 40 talents' weight of gold was made by Pheidias detachable from its core, so that he might be in a position to rebut any charge of peculation brought against him (and such a charge was actually made), and that several times in the history of the statue the gold was removed or tampered with, so that in course of time its structure must have been weakened, and its balance impaired.

The "Lenormant" statuette is no more than a rough, unfinished sketch in marble, but is valuable as giving the general outlines of the figures on the base. An idea of the details of the helmet may perhaps be gathered from a gold plaque in the Hermitage collection at Petersburg and from an engraved sard at Vienna.

Lastly we have to consider the Parthenon and its sculptures. The former was of course the work of the architect Iktinos, and of the sculptures we can only say with certainty that they were executed,

as the temple was built, under the general supervision of Pheidias. But here and there, in the vast mass of sculpture, of which the majority now rests in the Elgin Room of the British Museum, we may be forgiven for finding the touch of a hand so masterly, so sure, and so full of the fire of inspiration, as to force upon us the conviction that the great overseer sometimes seized the chisel from his fellow-artist's hand, and with a stroke here and there, or, it may be, losing count of time in the joy of the task, through a whole long day, wrought upon the figures that his genius had devised. This is surely the case in certain portions of the southern frieze, and in some figures of the pediment sculptures. But in any case, though the quality of the work varies greatly in excellence, it is all inspired by one spirit, one style, and by a complete cohesion of design, harmonious not only within itself, but with the building of which it is a part, and, as will be seen, an essential part.

The Parthenon is a Doric temple completely surrounded by a colonnade, having eight columns at the eastern and western ends, and seventeen on either side. At each end was an inner portico of six columns. The whole stands on a platform or stylobate of three steps. The interior was divided by a cross wall into two chambers, the long eastern chamber containing a double row of columns surmounted by an architrave, on which a second tier of columns stood to support the roof; these columns were continued across the chamber at the western end, behind the great statue of Athena, which stood facing the eastern doorway: the western

chamber was almost square, and had four columns upholding the roof.

The sculptured decoration of the exterior consisted of the pedimental sculptures, of which the eastern group represented the birth of Athena, and the western the contest between Athena and Poseidon for the land of Attica. The metopes of the Doric frieze were all sculptured in high relief, some figures being completely in the round, and represented single combats between Gods and Giants, Lapiths and Centaurs, Greeks and Amazons, and perhaps also Greeks and Persians. The workmanship of these metopes varies very much, some showing distinct remnants of archaism, and the dry modelling and elaborate attitudes of the figures in others being traceable to the influence of Myron; some again are weak in composition and poor in execution, as though the workman had not grasped the full intention of the designer, or had been left too much to himself in carrying it out, while others again are full of fire and confidence of handling. The metopes, which are thin slabs of stone dropped into grooves from above and fixed in their places by the cornice above them, were no doubt carved before being put into their places, and are therefore not only the earliest in design, but also were necessarily executed with more speed than the rest of the work. Moreover, the confinement of each design within the rigid outlines of a square rendered it necessary to endue them with something of the character of their setting.

Over the architrave of the inner portico at each end, and along the top of the cella wall at either

side, ran the famous Parthenon frieze, a continuous band 3 feet 4 inches high, sculptured with a representation of the Panathenaic procession. The figures move across the west front from south to north and eastwards along either side of the cella, till they turn the corners of the eastern front, where a seated company of the gods watches their approach: in no part of this wonderful frieze is the relief more than $2\frac{1}{2}$ inches high from the background, and the controlling surface is that of the face of the slabs in which, rather than upon which, the figures are carved, their greatest height of relief being flush with the wall surface. The cutting is rather deeper at the top than at the bottom, a device which threw the figures well forward to the eye of the spectator standing far below, and also gained the full effect of the reflected lighting from the white marble pavement of the colonnade. The skill with which the receding planes have been handled is extraordinary, for the figures are set sometimes five and six abreast, with a wonderful appearance of atmosphere and of perspective, though the architectural purpose of the work is never forgotten. But, to see the whole splendour and meaning of the great work that crowned Athens in the days of her reward, we must see it, not as it crowns the city now, time-stained and shattered, golden with centuries, with the sun-drenched sky peering between its columns, its great heart torn out by the blind forces of war, but as it stood in all its earliest glory of white and blue and scarlet and gleaming gold, when the stories on its walls and in its broad gables were a confession of faith, not a handbook of dead culture; when the

Virgin Goddess was as real to Athens as the Panagía, the All-Holy, is to Athens of to-day. We must look at it with the eyes of some Athenian colonist, an envoy returning to the mother-city after years in a new home, to bring the offerings of his colony to Athena in the dedication festival of her sacred robe. To him the splendour of the temple, and of the broad gateway of the Propylaia, the concourse of votive statues on the sacred rock, were all a new Athens, a full-grown birth from the head of pan-Hellenic patriotism: and to him, as each step of his way brought him face to face with fresh wonders, a newer and deeper meaning was revealed in the master-scheme.

It is thus that we must seek the spirit of the Parthenon: we may marvel, with a purely artistic delight, or a purely archæological interest, at the skill of execution, at the beauty of line and form; but to penetrate the soul of the man who designed it, and of the nation whose history and whose faith made it possible for him to do so, we must frankly cast off the mantle of the critic, and clothe our minds in sympathy. Even if, in doing so, we let imagination carry us too far, and indulge in over-freedom of interpretation, we shall do no more in this respect than did thousands of Athenians when the work was first set up: and we shall be the gainers by a share in the spirit of Athens in her noblest days—a more elusive thing, and in some ways more essential to the right love of Hellenic art, than a coldly exact appraisement of technical skill.

Once in every four years the Panathenaic festival

called the worshippers of Athena to her name-city; not Athenians alone, but colonists, and even strangers, men of other cities of Hellas: but the festival was mainly and intimately Athenian. Like almost all great Greek festivals, it took the form of competition in music, in athletics, and in contests of horse- and chariot-racing. Three days of music, lyre and flute and song; two days of wrestling, boxing, foot-racing, and throwing of the disc and javelin; one glorious day of horse-racing, both for trained racehorses—in the picturesque Athenian phrase "horses that eat their fill"—and for military chargers; and of chariot-racing, for racing teams and military teams; the "apobates" race, in which the armed man beside the driver dismounted and remounted the chariot in the course of the race; and the clang and rattle of the horse-race of cavalry officers in full armour; a day after the heart of Athens, that loved horseflesh and excitement; one day of Pyrrhic dances, and of military competitions, and at its close the races of the torch-bearers, whose flickering lights marked their course in the sudden welcome dusk of the July day. From then till dawn Athens rang with the songs of the Pannychis—the all-night revel—and it may be that some of those who gathered at the Dipylon gate as the sunlight broadened were a little heavy-eyed and pale; but the greatest day of all was begun, and no Athenian would flag who had a place in the procession that was forming as the escort of Athena's robe.

The potter's quarter, the Kerameikos, was astir early that day. A brief sleep snatched between the first streak of dawn and open day was enough for

those in whose streets the procession was to form. Impatient hoofs were stamping in the road outside the gate, where the Sacred Way, fringed with the painted memorials of the dead, wound westward to Eleusis. The street corners were choked with crowds, laughing, jesting, jostling. Small children ran in and out, with the eternal disregard of small children for parental authority on great occasions, or bolted hastily to cover as a troop of horsemen clattered by. Further up the street the slanting sunlight played upon a patch of crocus-gold, the robes of a band of chosen maidens of Athens, shyly forming into ranks under the unaccustomed gaze of hundreds of eager eyes; near them a group of stately gentlemen, white-bearded and grave, conversed with an unconcern born of long custom; in the side streets, the plaintive call of sheep, and the lowing of oxen, told where the victims were being held in readiness to fall into the long line, that now began to move away towards the market-place. A sudden craning of necks, a rising eagerness, welcomed the low, rumbling sound of wooden rollers on the ill-paved street, as the central object of the day came into view. Heaving over the stones, dragged by lusty hands, the Panathenaic ship reared its tall, gilded mast high over the heads of the crowd; and set thereon like a great purple sail, fitfully swelling and sinking in the morning breeze, the peplos, the robe of Athena, displayed to the sunlight all its cunning of embroidery and weaving in saffron and in gold. Four years had the patient fingers of chosen ladies of Athens wrought its intricate devices of figures and of flowers, its borders and its patterns:

and to-morrow's sunset would see the web set for its successor of four years to come.

Behind it, the procession closed in. Marshals hastened to and fro, beckoning laggards, staying the over-hasty. The chariots waiting in the rear began to move at last, and the crowd swayed with delight as the "apobates" displayed their skill, leaping in and out of their chariots as the long line of movement took shape and order in its onward way. The last troop of horsemen swung by, amid them one mounted on a heavy charger, and gleaming from head to waist in polished gear, with crested helm, and shapely cuirass, and with supple mail beneath his bare arms, the winner of the race for cavalrymen in equipment of war.

The crowd, in a solid mass packed from wall to wall, fills the roadway behind the last troop of horse. Up the long street, past the new temple of Hephaistos, god of the Kerameikós, through the narrow space between the north-western angle of the Acropolis and the Areiopagos, we are led; and now the procession swings to the left, and surges like a many-coloured wave up the steep slope that leads to the Propylaia.

Athens was proud of her Propylaia, so proud that she could make a jest of her own pride. The broad, low, gilded roof crowned a central portico of Doric columns, pierced by a wide central gateway with gates of fretted bronze, and by four narrower doorways, two on either side. Within the cool shadow, roadway and pathways were divided from one another by slender Ionic columns. To the left (the north), the building, faced by a colonnade,

contained spacious rooms with richly-pictured walls; to the right, its extent was curtailed by the sanctuary of Artemis Brauronia, and was flanked by the rough Pelasgic wall of ancient days. It is said that Mnesikles, its architect, would have encroached upon the sanctuary for the sake of his design, but that Athens placed her piety before his art, and that, in his disgust at the maimed balance of his building, he refused to finish it. The tale is not greatly likely to be true; it is more probable that the outbreak of war between Athens and Sparta suspended the work, which was never completed; to this day the ears of stone by which the blocks were hauled into position project from the walls upon the eastern face of the building.

But to pass up the steep slope and through the central gateway, and then to turn and gaze upon the westward picture that it frames, is to realise the consummate artistry, the national spirit, that directed all the work. For there is Salamis, a low, rounded outline, dark at evening against the rosy sky, and at its foot the reddened gleam of water, Salamis bay: and those men of Athens who in youth had seen, rising far away above the forest of the Persian masts, the glare of burning Athens, who had fought with the fury of men robbed of all they held most dear, could stand, in the evening of life, upon the spot where, behind their wooden barricade, the devoted band of defenders of the sacred soil had fallen, one by one, silent amid the din of triumphant barbarism; and could look down upon the waters, red then with blood as now with sunset glory, where they had shaped the destiny of Hellas.

It was in such a spirit, and with such memories, that an Athenian must have turned again to gaze upon the Parthenon, rising before him broad and massive in the sunlight, and to marvel at the skill that had devised its sweeping lines. From stylobate to pediment, each horizontal line that seems so straight has its subtle rising curve; the gentle swell and inward inclination of the columns are scarcely perceptible to the eye, but they are enough to counteract the fault of vision, and to give the appearance as well as the actuality of immovable strength.

This was the temple of the Maiden Athena, and, that all the world might know by what right Athens claimed her for its own, the great sculptures of the gable set forth the story of her contest with Poseidon for the possession of Attica. In the centre, on either side of the olive tree that was Athena's gift to man, she and Poseidon sprang apart in vigorous defiance, to where their waiting chariots stood behind them. Kings and heroes of Athens were ranged about them, witnesses of the dedication of their land to the goddess whose name their city bore; and the gods of the rivers of Attica, Ilissos to the north, Kephisos to the south, enclosed the scene. Thus it was made plain that here was the home of the goddess, in the narrow plain that stretched on either side. Athens was the city of the goddess, by right of her own claim and victory.

Even now, bereft of all their glory of colour, with no deep blue background rich with sunlight, and robbed of the sharp enclosing triangle of the gable cornice, these sculptures, shattered and corroded,

1

2

ATHENS

1. PARTHENON, WEST FRONT

2. PROPYLAIA, LOOKING WEST

carry with them a majesty that is all their own. The long, supple, flowing lines of the "Ilissos," the strength of the broad, flat thigh, the ripple of muscles under the sustaining arm, not only produce the impression of torrential strength that belongs to a river-deity, but, with the exquisite texture of the surface, where corrosion has spared it, and the minute care given to all parts of the statue, back and front alike, are a lasting testimony to the spirit of devotion in which Pheidias and his helpers wrought.

Next, the gaze must fall from the high gable to the sculptured pictures below, set in the frieze, between the triglyphs sturdy with their vertical lines of red and blue. Here, duels of Greeks and Centaurs typify the great crisis which brought the temple into being: with contests between Gods and Giants, Greeks and Amazons, they are an epitome of the age-long struggle between order and disorder, culminating in the victory of Hellas over barbarism.

Were this temple any other than the Parthenon, we had ended here the tale of its decoration, and had approached the great doorway within the portico, to enter the shrine. But here upon the Acropolis, whose only entrance is at the western end, we should have found the great bronze doors of the temple fast shut and guarded; for this was the western chamber, the treasury of Athena; and in approaching, we should have seen, high overhead between the columns, the flash of many colours, and of figures of pale marble set in a broad band of shadowy blue.

There, at the southernmost end, a tall youth

swings his great mantle around him, arranging its folds with holiday care; beside him, another binds his sandal, and an older man turns southward, beckoning with an imperious gesture; a youth stands beside his horse, waiting for the word to mount; another, his cloak flying in broad folds behind him, struggles with his impatient steed, who rears wildly, almost out of control; instinctively we move northward, following the line of figures on the frieze within the columns, as they become more closely set, and the figures move with us as we go. Mark the skill that set the long, continuous picture almost out of sight, obscured by the vertical lines of the tall columns, so that, by a simple deceit of the eyes they seem to move as we move, in the direction of our steps. And here, a glittering figure on a heavy charger seems familiar, with crested helmet, and shining cuirass, crimson chiton, scale-mail beneath the arms, and stiff taslets reaching to mid-thigh. It is the winner of the cavalrymen's race—and this is the scene of waiting by the Dipylon gate, the ordering of the Panathenaic procession. Here at the northern angle a single figure of a marshal checks the speeding flow, and holds the picture within the bounds of its architectural frame. And on the northern side, a youth, whose page settles his chiton in folds within the girdle, repeats in his erect figure the vertical line of the corner-stone behind him. Then, with a rush and rhythm that, like a spell, make us part of the procession, once more the glorious troop sweeps by—easy of seat, hands light but firm on the rein, eyes intent; and every horse, with tossing head, veins standing

1

Priest with Peplos *Athena* *Hephaistos* *Poseidon* *Dionysos* *(?) Demeter*

2

3

PARTHENON FRIEZE

1. EAST FRONT (*British Museum*) 2 *and* 3. WEST FRONT (in situ: *Photos from Cast, British Museum*)

out, and muscles playing beneath the satin surface of the pliant skin, instinct with life and individual movement, yet one with all his fellows in the forward swing of the procession. Chestnut and brown and black and dappled white, their riders in cloaks of every colour; bridled with gilded bronze, they stand out living against the blue; swifter they move, then slower, as each hand tightens on the rein, the statelier movement of the chariots checking their advance. And here the apobates leaps from his chariot, here mounts once more, each movement timed by the marshals who move in and out between the teams. Slower still the movement grows, where groups of magistrates are walking, and where the players on the lyre repeat the songs that won them fame in the first days of the festival. Before them go the victims for the sacrifice; the movement of the procession is irregular now, for the oxen are hard to control: here is one that taxes all the strength of his leader, who bears upon the halter with might and main; and here are the sheep that the colonists bring, for the mother-city offers only oxen to the goddess. Now an uplifted hand brings all to a standstill, and behind the marshal is the sharp line of the north-east angle of the frieze; so that, across the eastern end, we move with steps timed by the slow advance of maidens bearing sacrificial vessels, their heavy drapery falling in columnar folds. The magistrates of the city come to meet them and to usher them to the entrance of the temple, and there, beholding the advancing stream, is the high company of the gods enthroned. There, Aphrodite with outstretched hand points out Athena's

worshippers to Eros at her knee; Athena, lithe and strong, with broad Hephaistos beside her, witnesses the worship of her people.

So we are brought, insensibly, to the entrance of the shrine, led by the feet of those who worship with us: and, had we turned the southern angle, we should have reached our goal in like company; and there, we might have marvelled, not only at the compelling movement of the master's design, but also at the clear-sighted organisation which had set the less finished workmen upon the figures of the northern frieze, which no strong light could ever reach, so that the heavy shadows, the simple and summarised modelling of surfaces, and the strong definition of details, might serve a good artistic purpose, while all the delicate skill of the most masterly sculptors was expended upon the southern side, to be brought out clearly and in minutest detail by the fierce whiteness of the midday sunlight cast up from the pavement below. Here, the manes of the chariot horses are struck from the marble with a sure and confident hand; a touch here, an incision there, and eyes blaze, nostrils dilate, muscles heave, pencilled in instantly responsive light and shade.

The gods who watch the coming of the procession are in two groups, facing to north and south, and between them, over the great doorway of the temple, stands the figure of a priest; behind him are three maidens bearing trays, and before him a youth, who helps him to fold up the robe that has served Athena since the last great Panathenaia; and so we stand, led by the sculptor's genius, on the thres-

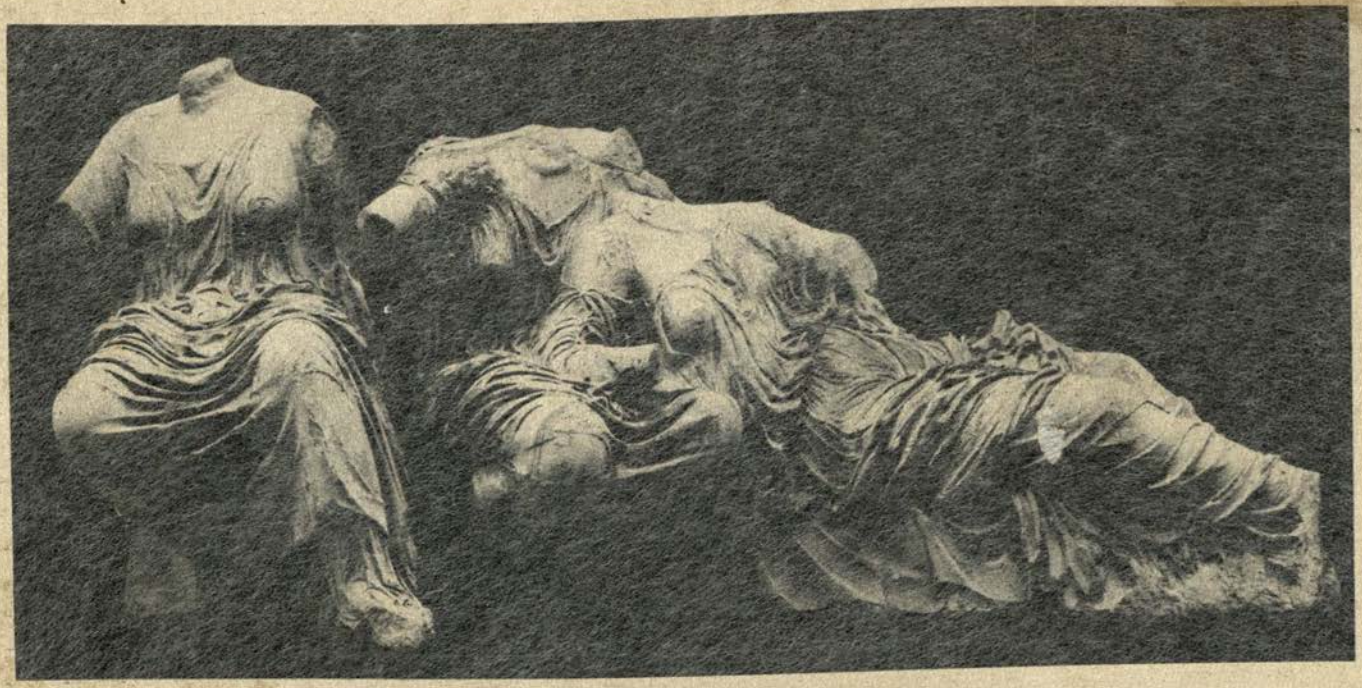
hold of the holy place, reminded of the purpose that has brought us thither.

But there is one lesson yet to learn, before Athena may be approached in the full knowledge of her glory. She, who is goddess of Athens, is far more than that; her fame reaches beyond Attica, beyond all lands; she is first in the counsels of Olympos, daughter of Zeus, sprung in full wisdom, fully armed, from the head of the son of Kronos. Here in the eastern gable was the story pictured, enclosed between no boundaries of Attic streams, but only within the dome of high heaven itself, within the circle of ocean, wherefrom the horses of the Sun rise with heads upthrown and nostrils wide, while the horses of the Moon sink with arched necks below the waters. In the high centre, Zeus enthroned beholds his daughter stand before him, and behind, Hephaistos, with his double axe, starts backward in amaze. Iris and Victory fill the group, and the forces of nature and the gods of earth wake to the miracle with growing strength of movement and of attitude from flank to centre of the pediment.

All the central group is lost, and we can only guess its splendour from that of the sculptures that are left. The strong simplicity, the perfect grace of the so-called Theseus, the only figure of which the chance of time has spared the features, have the same grandeur as the figure of Ilissos in the western pediment, but in the place of flowing line and fluidity of texture is a certain massiveness which makes its identification as the genius of Mount Olympos scarcely fanciful. Breadth of

design and ease of attitude, entailing neither coarseness of execution nor slackness of the mighty limbs, characterise a form that has upon it the stamp of that nobility which we have come to recognise as prevailing throughout the work in which the controlling influence of Pheidias can be traced.

Next to the "Theseus" were two enthroned figures of Demeter and Persephone; and in the northern half of the pediment, balancing this group, was that known as the "Three Fates." In these three figures, headless and mutilated though they be, we may see the highest surviving achievement of Greek sculpture: for they display not only the perfect Attic mastery of flowing drapery, delicate and true in texture and in line, but also the most subtle and yet most simple imagery in the expression of a great historic idea. If we may call the massive figure, just described, that of Mount Olympos, we do not strain imagination in giving to these splendid forms the names of Hestia, goddess of the home, Gaia, the mother-earth, and Thalassa, the sea. And their close association is but in accordance with the national history of Athens. In the sad, ordered flight to Salamis, it was Hestia more than all gods who suffered desecration. Every house in Athens that was laid low by Persian wrath in memory of Sardis, saw the sacred hearth of Hestia defiled; and now she was come into her own once more, and witnessed the rebirth of Athens, as she had witnessed the first miraculous birth of Athena. Her pose is almost arrogant, her drapery sweeps in wide folds from knee to knee, the broad bosom is filled with the pride of her worship: she is the very em-



HESTIA, GAIA AND THALASSA

(PARTHENON)

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3

PLATE XV

PARTHENON FRIEZE

1. North Side (*British Museum*)

Apobates

2 *and* 3. South Side (*British Museum*)

bodiment of the enthusiasm of a new and greater Athens, made strong through pain. With faithful care the hanging hem of her garment, that no eye could see while the statue stood high in the pediment, is undercut to hang beside her bent knee: the lines of all the scheme lead down in waves of shadow to the perfect pair of figures at her side, that, in the tender intimacy of their attitude, symbolise the close alliance between the land and sea, on which the ancient freedom of Athens had rested from the first.

It is not difficult to realise how strongly this alliance was brought home to the Athenian who gazed upon the sculptures for the first time. He had but to turn to where Hymettus, the "violet crown" of Athens, raised its rounded outline against the southern sky, to find its personification in the soft contours of the stooping, seated figure, the drapery about her breasts all broken into shadow-keeping folds, like the long clefts and hollows on the mountain side: and the deep shadow below the heavier drapery about the updrawn knees was like that shadow over which, in the declining day, the mountain spurs and peaks of a Hellenic landscape ride like ships of light upon a sea of purple darkness.

As Hymettus stoops to meet the waters of the Aegean, so Gaia stoops to meet Thalassa in a tender embrace, and the broad, flowing lines of the drapery of this reclining figure, from foot to knee, are like the swinging outer surge of the blue, distant waters; breaking in turmoil, as the drapery breaks about the thigh; sweeping over and between the rocks that are the first outposts of the shore, as the sharp and

tumbled folds sweep and curve, and break and re-form about the hips and girdle; rushing onward and upward, till, as the wave shoots out upon the sand, they spread like a film upon the delicate breast, ripple over arm and side, then fail, and fall, and gather once again, to hang in broad light and shadow over the rock, as the exhausted wave returns to sea, pouring in smooth, opalescent green from the flat rocks to the surge.

I may be accused of reading too much into these figures, of sacrificing sober criticism to fancy. Very likely it is true. But it is what the sculptor meant us to do: he did not mean his work to be criticised, but to be loved as he loved it himself. And an Athenian who saw in these dancing, flowing lines, in this play of light and shade, the ideas that I have tried here to express, would enter the presence of the goddess in no worse frame of mind for the rein he had given to imagination. He would step forward from the midday glare, that bleached all colour to tremulous grey, into the cool shadow of the shrine, that seemed like utter darkness to his tired eyes: slowly the gloom would melt before him, and the pale procession of the columns would take shape on either hand. High above, a soft cloud of translucent gold gathered, filtering through the thin Parian marble of the roof till from it points of golden light stood out, and grew together to form a towering shape, a triple-crested helm, high plumed and richly dight; and falling from beneath the helm, a cascade of golden tresses framed a face, pale, proud, ineffably confident and calm, a faint smile hovering about the scarlet lips, grey glittering eyes gazing out stead-

fastly towards the east. This was the Maiden Goddess of the inviolate land, resting from toil, victorious, sure of victory.

Thus, while we may extol the sculptures of the Parthenon, they were but guides to lead us to the Parthenos. No stroke or line in all that multitude of figures was without its ultimate aim, that of drawing those who had gazed on the scene of Athenian sacrifice and victory into the presence of her who had inspired the sacrifice and given the victory as its meed. The endless variety, the individual life and strength and beauty of them all, were held subordinate to one ideal; and in this disciplined and corporate spirit we may see the reflection of the passionate patriotism which in the day of trial had held all things of no account beside the destiny of the race, and had let the sanctuaries of the gods go down in ruin that the gods themselves might live in the devotion of their worshippers.

XI

THE SPIRIT OF UNREST

SCARCELY ten years had passed since the dedication of the Parthenon. Pheidias was dead, hounded into exile by those who sought to strike through him at Perikles: and now Perikles lay dying.

To the last he had held the love of Athens. His power had made him many enemies: his policy of war against Sparta, of the centralisation of Hellenic power in Athens, had brought privation with it, and had shaken his hold upon his people; but none the less they had obeyed him implicitly in the early days of the struggle of which he was not, mercifully, to see the end. And he had stood upon the walls of Athens, watching the distant glare rising from the burning farmsteads of Acharnai, while three thousand sturdy fighting men whose homes were being ruined, and their fields and orchards devastated, chafed around him at the inaction that he imposed upon them, yet he held them in check. The scourge of typhus, which turned the resentment of a sorely-tried people upon him, was one which neither valour nor devotion could withstand, and which it had been beyond his power to foreknow, though it had been his own action, in crowding the city with all the countrymen of Attica, that had brought it about: and for a while Athens degraded from power the man whose

patriotic ambition had brought her to such misery. Yet, that she loved him, his restoration to power shows; and when this silent, reserved master of men and of himself gave way at last, and, over the dead body of his dear son, the last of his lawful line, broke down in open lamentation, the warm heart of Athens opened to him, and gave, unasked, the citizenship to his son by the woman whom it had compelled him to defend against accusations of unspeakable dishonour.

Perikles was one of the poets of history—ποιητής—a maker in the noblest and completest sense. The balanced scheme, the restraining rule, that governed all his actions, ran like the cadence of a metre through his life as leader of Athens. Even in the sweeping eloquence of his panegyric of the dead in the first year of the Peloponnesian War, the calmness of his outlook is the dominant characteristic. Had he been able to keep within bounds the eagerness for power that he had fostered in Athens, had he been able to communicate caution together with patriotic pride, Athens might never have wasted her strength on the mad adventure of a Sicilian expedition, and the shattered remnants of that ill-fated armament need never have worked out their miserable end in the quarries of Syracuse. The ruin of Athens lay in lack of concentration, in overweening pride in the hour of victory, and in savage fury and panic in the moment of defeat.

The portrait of Perikles bears out the estimate of his character that history has formed. The bust from which his features are familiar to us is almost certainly an early copy from the portrait made by

Kresilas in his lifetime, and in it we can see the eyes of the dreamer, the lips of eloquence, the air of detachment and reserve that lifted him above his fellows, the quick sympathy that enabled him none the less to keep his hand upon the pulse of public feeling. It is an ideal portrait of an idealist, and stands as a landmark in that dubious borderland of art, wherein the artist must confine his capacity for beauty within the bounds set by an individual human face. The question has often been debated, whether portraiture is a right use of art; and the answer seems to be, that the more permanent the medium, the deeper the artist must go into the soul of his subject, and the smaller is the number of those who are worthy of such perpetuation. A portrait in marble or in bronze, destined to last perhaps for thousands of years, must justify its existence by recording, not the mere passing externals of a man, but those qualities of mind and soul that are of lasting worth and weight in history: unless the subject of the portrait possess such qualities, and have used them to make a mark upon his time that shall not be forgotten, to portray him in "imperishable bronze" is a waste of skill; and unless the artist can penetrate beneath the surface, and in his rendering of the features can make plain to all men the eternal part that only his sympathetic insight can perceive in the man, he falls short of the right aim of portraiture. In other words, a sculptured portrait must represent the very essence of the man. A painted portrait, less lasting, and more superficial, yet may combine deep insight with vivid likeness, and there is at least one living portrait-painter whose

portraits are revelations of the inner aspect of his subjects. Lastly, a rapid sketch, made in a moment for the moment, rightly seizes upon and accentuates external peculiarities, and confines its aim to the emphasis of a single, momentary aspect of its subject. Thus, the Perikles that Kresilas represented by his art was the Perikles of history, not the Perikles of intimate every day; and the almost extravagant idealism of the Athenian statesman is as truly expressed in this sublimation of essentials, as was the character of Cromwell, with its brutal yet fervid materialism, in the portrait which represents him, as he wished to be represented, "wart and all."

We need not follow the weary course of the long struggle between Athens and Sparta. The contrast between the characters of Perikles and Alkibiades will give us all we need to remember of the change in the Athenian outlook upon life, that made the humiliation of Athens as inevitable as it was crushing.

Exchange for self-restraint, self-indulgence; for national ambition, personal ambition; for singleness of purpose, a flighty versatility that veered with every political breeze; for unswerving patriotism, an ease of treachery that seems almost incomprehensible in a citizen of the state that had staked all on the inviolability of national honour; turn aloofness and reserve into arrogance and magnificent insolence, philosophic searching into ostentatious reverence alternating with open impiety, and the picture of one who was by turns the popular idol and the execrated outcast of Athens is com-

plete. The restlessness of spirit, the inconstancy of aim that Perikles had held in check, took rein as the war went on; and the fretful spirit that shows through all the intricate skill of Euripides finds its counterpart in every aspect of Athenian and of Hellenic life.

The war brought art in Athens itself almost to a standstill. The Propylaia were never finished. The Erechtheum was still incomplete in 409 B.C., when the work was resumed, and seems to have been finished in the following year. The little temple of the Wingless Victory, that is, of Victorious Athena, was scarcely completed when the Spartan troops entered Athens at last. And Athens, the commemoration of her triumphs still new-glistening, was constrained to stand by in silent bitterness, while, to the music of the flute-players, the Long Walls that were her pride and her roadway of empire, were demolished stone by stone.

Small wonder, then, that art lost its calm and grandeur, and that the sculptor echoed the uneasy spirit of his time. The balustrade that stood around the bastion of the Wingless Victory was carved in low relief with a procession of winged Victories bringing animals to sacrifice. The work marks the summit of Athenian skill; it is difficult to imagine more delicate execution, or a more subtle decorative scheme, than is displayed in one figure, that of a "Victory" who stoops to bind her sandal. The broad, crescent-shaped shadows between the limbs link all the lines of drapery together into one design; the form that is expressed within its clinging folds is full of litheness and grace: but a conscious

emphasis of line, a fretful elaboration of detail, produce a restless effect in the whole.

This characteristic of restlessness is still more marked in a work of somewhat earlier date, the frieze of the temple of Apollo at Phigaleia in Arcadia. This temple was erected from the design of Iktinos, architect of the Parthenon, to commemorate the staying of the same plague that devastated Athens in the earlier years of the war. It was a remarkable building in many ways; its length ran north and south, enclosing a smaller and more ancient shrine that faced across the temple to the east; the principal entrance was at the northern end, and the body of the building formed a long vestibule, of which the side walls were divided into bays by projecting Ionic pilasters, to support the roof, which was of stone, and was pierced by an oblong opening to admit the light. A raised step at the southern end led to the inner sanctuary with its eastern door, and in the middle of this step was set a column with a Corinthian capital, the first in the history of Greek architecture.

The frieze was a continuous band of sculpture, set, not like the Parthenon frieze, around the outside of the cella, but inside, above the Ionic pilasters of the vestibule, and running also across the ends, over the northern doorway and over the Corinthian column at the southern end. Its composition was therefore governed by quite different conditions: for while the movement of the Parthenon frieze was necessarily continuous, in order that the spectator might be led to follow it around the building, that of the Phigaleian frieze was broken up into clearly-defined groups, so as to interrupt the move-

ment of one turning upon his own axis in the middle of the building. Moreover, its interior position made it necessary that its relief should be strong, for its shadows would otherwise have been too slight; and the fact that it was lighted directly from above, not by reflected light from below, gave greater freedom to the sculptor in the handling of his background, so as to throw the figures forward by deep cutting in its lower portion. A brief study of the frieze as it stands in the British Museum will show that it is designed in broad masses of light and shade, and that each group is linked with its neighbours only by this scheme.

The groups are reminiscent of the symmetrical treatment of pedimental sculpture; and their intense vigour of action, and occasional bold foreshortening, remind us somewhat of the treatment of the Centaurs in the Olympian pediment sculptures: but the style of the modelling, with its faint tendency to exaggeration in the dry vigour of flesh surfaces, and the violently dramatic contrasts of line in the opposed figures of Greeks and Amazons, Lapiths and Centaurs, give an aspect of turmoil which is only relieved by the expressionless features of the combatants. Hellenic art is still in the height of its power, but that power is becoming feverish rather than effectual.

Another symptom of decline, which grows more marked with the advance of the fourth century, is the gradual recession of the great gods from the first place in art, and the corresponding advance of gods of less importance in Olympos, but more sympathetic to the needs of the individual.

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1. PERIKLES (*British Museum*)
2. DEMOSTHENES (*Athens*)
3. ALEXANDER THE GREAT (*British Museum*)
4. BOXER (*Olympia*)

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3

1. PEACE AND WEALTH (*Munich: photo from cast at Cambridge*)
2. SLAB FROM BALUSTRADE OF WINGLESS VICTORY (*Athens, Acropolis*)
3. PHIGALEIAN FRIEZE (*British Museum*)

The gods of the common weal, of law and governance, had failed Hellas. Political life, the natural life of the Greek, had become not only irksome but actually dangerous, and a people harried by war and pestilence and famine, in a state torn by faction, turned from Zeus the god of statecraft, to Asklepios the god of healing, who had once been mortal; in the fourth century, the sanctuary of Asklepios at Epidauros, till then of scarcely more than local fame, rose to wealth and importance, and was enriched with buildings and sculptures by the son of the great Polykleitos; and all the legends of the god which arose about the place, were such as to emphasize his human and kindly aspect. The great goddess of lawful marriage, Hera, gave way in the affection of artists to Aphrodite, now almost exclusively a goddess of love: and even Apollo, the god of prophecy, while still deeply revered, was represented in art with less enthusiasm and understanding than Hermes, who had always been the god of the daily happenings of life, both in the country and the towns.

The greater gods did not lack worship, but the worshippers began to feel the lack of love in their service. Yet in a sense, the decline of enthusiasm in Hellenic worship was indicative of an advance in religious feeling. Though the Greek did not readily abandon faith in his gods, the spirit of inquiry which had been stirred by Anaxagoras, and almost deified by Socrates and his followers, had created a sense of unrest by revealing the inadequacy of the gods, in their traditional aspect, to meet new and constantly changing conditions of life. The quick Hellenic intelligence outstripped the slow pace of tradition, and

religion fell behind in the race with ethics. In the beginning man had created gods in his own image; now, measuring those gods by his own standard, he found them wanting, and sought to make their divinity more convincing by making their humanity more obvious; and to achieve this end, he naturally chose, as subjects for his art, as well as for his worship, those gods in whose traditional personality the human element was most pronounced.

The sympathies of the Greek himself were at the same time becoming more intimate and personal. In the height of Hellenic vigour the average citizen concerned himself little with the life which went on within the walls of his own house: he was essentially a public man, in a republic of men. To his practical mind, the child was no more than an immature man or woman, and immaturity made no appeal to his æsthetic sense, which saw no beauty in the human form except at its highest point of development. It was only with the restriction of his public activity that private life began to interest him, and simultaneously children appeared in his art. It is true that there are boys in the Parthenon frieze, and that athletic contests for boys were of ancient institution in the great games of Greece. But the boys in the frieze are men in miniature, scarcely differing from their elders except in stature, and the athletic contests for boys were designed for the express purpose of making men of them. The helplessness of infancy, though it had always been under the special protection of Hermes Kourotrophos, was the object of pity rather than of interest or of love.

In the early years of the fourth century the elder

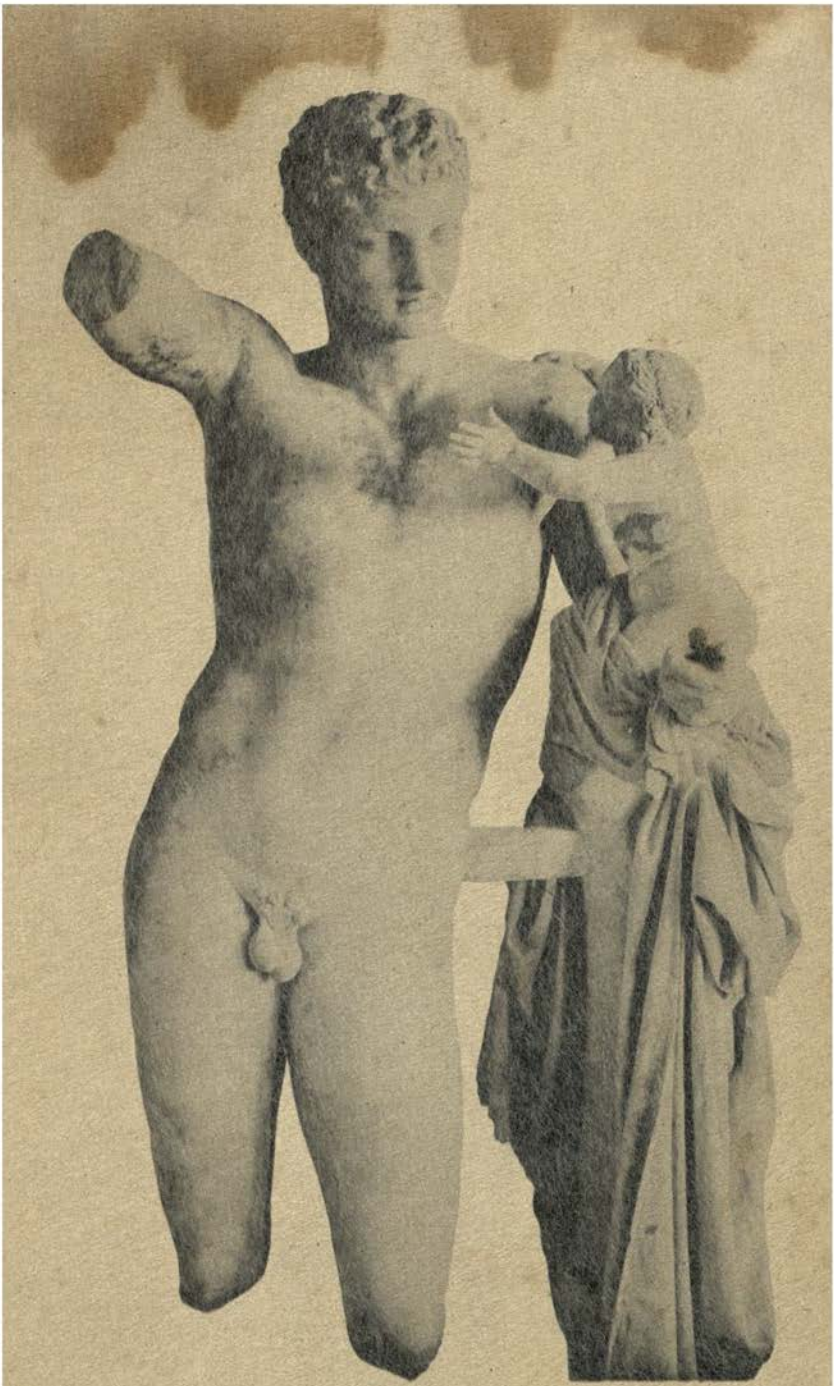
Kephisodotos, who may have been either the father or the elder brother of the great Praxiteles, made a statue of Peace, holding the child Wealth in her arms. The motive of the mother and child is new to Greek sculpture, and the allegorical character of the group is an indication that the gods were losing ground; for their attributes were now being separated from them and personified, almost as gods in themselves. This statue is known to us by a late and rather stiff copy, now at Munich; the tradition of Pheidias is echoed in the quiet dignity of pose, and in the treatment of the drapery. The figure of Wealth is hard and spare, but shows a conscious effort to represent the rounded contours of a childish form. The innovation caught the popular fancy: a similar group, of Fortune holding Wealth, by Xenophon of Athens and Kallistonikos of Thebes, was erected in the sanctuary of Fortune at Thebes about the same time; and Praxiteles himself carried on the tradition by portraying Hermes, the guardian of young things (Kourotrophos), carrying the infant Dionysos, in a statue which did not rank among his greater works, but which, by the accident of its discovery in 1877, on the site of the temple of Hera at Olympia, where Pausanias had seen it, has become the most famous of all ancient statues, and affords some idea of the pitch of excellence to which the art of marble sculpture was carried in the fourth century.

The statue is in marvellous preservation, the only missing portions being the right arm, the right leg from knee to ankle, and the left leg from the knee downwards, of the Hermes, and the right arm

of the child. The surface of the marble is scarcely corroded, and the statue must have lain undisturbed in the clay of the fallen walls of the temple from the moment of the earthquake which destroyed them, till its discovery in modern times.

The god is young and supple, but mature and strong. The attitude is one of restful grace, without a sign of languor. Not a single muscle is emphasized, yet the impression produced by the whole figure is that of tremendous latent strength, effortless and perfectly controlled. Hermes rests his left arm, on which the child is seated, on the trunk of a tree, whereon his cloak hangs in complex but natural folds, his figure being completely nude, and the lines of the pose run in easy, flowing curves from head to foot. The right arm was raised, and the right hand probably grasped a long staff or a thyrsus—not a bunch of grapes, for the direction of the eyes makes it plain that Hermes was not attempting to attract the attention of the child, but rather that the reverse was the case.

The crowning glory of the work is the subtle variation of texture given to the marble. The hair is blocked out in masses of light and shade, with free, simple strokes of the chisel, producing the effect of closely curling locks, but entirely devoid of detail. The strong tooth left on the marble is in marked contrast to the fine finish of the flesh surface, in which the suppleness and elasticity of the skin are rendered with wonderful fidelity: indeed, the modelling of the nude in this figure is so exquisitely subtle, that much of it can only be realised by touch; yet every invisible modulation



HERMES OF PRAXITELES

of surface plays its part in the ultimate effect. The structure of the form beneath the skin is suggested with certainty and truth, not brought to the surface with laboured care, as, for example, in the Aeginetan sculptures of a century earlier. The fine, veined skin of the foot is shown up by the coarser grain of the leathern sandal straps. The drapery hanging on the tree-trunk at the side presents the actual texture of a heavy woven material; so much so, that it is said that the great German archæologist Curtius, when he was shown a photograph of the newly-discovered statue, asked why "that cloth" had been left hanging there when the photograph was taken.

I have dwelt at some length upon the technical aspect of the work, because it is unique among the Greek statues that have survived, in the absolute certainty of its ascription to a master of the first rank, and therefore affords a clear idea of the immeasurable inferiority to their originals of the copies which are our only sources for the study of the work of most Greek artists.

As a craftsman, then, the sculptor of the fourth century had nothing to learn. His power to observe and to reproduce, even to transcend, human beauty, was complete. No more perfect statue, from the purely technical point of view, has ever been made, or is likely ever to be made. No greater beauty of pose, of feature, or of structure can be demanded: in these matters the Hermes of Praxiteles is beyond criticism, as it is beyond praise and beyond rivalry. But the dreaming eyes of the god are filled with shadow, not with light. His is the musing gaze of

memory, not the alert and forward gaze of hope: he is as one who rests in the shelter of the hill-crest he has passed, lacking, not the power, but the desire to move onward. He is the god of a generation whose glory is in the deeds of its fathers, not in the ambition of its sons.

Inspiration was not dead when Praxiteles carved this statue. Athens was to become more and more what Perikles had called it, the School of Hellas, and of a wider world than that of Hellas; but the spirit which inspires the Hermes is that of melancholy retrospect and of passive foreboding: he is, in aspect, rather Psychopompos, the guide of departed souls, than Kourotrophos, the guardian of those who are but entering upon the journey of life; and his association in this group with Dionysos, the god who was born of a human mother, who suffered death and was buried and descended into Hades, to rise again and to join the company of the Olympian gods, the personification of Life-in-Death, the god who, knowing mortality, was yet immortal, gives a deep significance to the brooding thought upon the gentle, delicately-moulded face of Hermes. In the great change of religious feeling that the trials of Hellas had brought upon her people, there had grown up a desperate yearning for a wider and fuller communion between gods and men, for some promise of a life beyond, which had found expression in the increasing hold of the mystery-worship of Demeter and Dionysos: and I think that Praxiteles sought to express, in the form which had been, and must always remain, the most natural medium of expression to the Greek —namely, that of human beauty—the mysticism

which was the only serious rival of didactic philosophy in the days of declining Hellenism.

But the Greek was naturally a materialist, and his imagination carried him only a very little way into the unknown; and the direct and simple mind which sought to interpret abstract good in terms of visible beauty was brought to a full stop at the point where beauty ceased to be adequate to express ideas; consequently the Greek attitude towards the unknown was that of mingled curiosity and fear, with a strong tendency towards absolute negation. So long as this life was full, he troubled himself little about the next, and while he felt himself to be an effective unit in an effective state, the remote gods of the state sufficed for his religious needs: it was when, in the decay of national life, those needs became personal, that he sought to approach his gods more closely, and found them wanting in humanity; and, in making them more human, he made them less certainly divine. Hermes is manifestly a god, in virtue of the superhuman perfection of his human form; but his mind is filled with the same doubts that were shaking the faith of his worshippers.

It was in the lifetime of Praxiteles that Hellenic independence had been extinguished on the field of Chaironeia. His contemporary and fellow-citizen was Demosthenes, the last of the Hellenes to whom liberty was as dear as life itself. While he had been learning his art of sculpture, the young Philip of Macedon had been learning the art of war, a hostage in triumphant Thebes; and before the close of his career, that of Alexander the Great had begun,

and Macedonia, that in the time of his fathers had been a barbarian vassal of Persia, had become a state of Hellas, chief in her sacred councils, and mistress of her destinies.

There are two ways in which a man may face the loss of liberty—either in passive submission, gathering what pleasure he may from life, or in restless rage, chafing on his fetters. And so it was with Hellas, seeing the power of a foreign king close in upon her; side by side with the fiery, unsleeping patriotism of Demosthenes, there existed the spirit of resignation to the inevitable, of quiet aloofness from the turmoil of the political and national struggle; but it entailed the loss of that sense of duty and responsibility which is chief among the characteristics of fifth-century life and art, and the art of these troubled times is not slow to reflect the change.

It is said that the statue that Praxiteles himself regarded as his most perfect work was that of a Satyr, which is almost certainly preserved to us in a copy in the Vatican. Nothing could more forcibly illustrate the national loss than this easy, idle figure, leaning upon a column, flute in hand, and with a careless smile upon his lips. He is the very embodiment of life for the moment, troubled by no thought of the future, no memory of the past. The whole aim of the artist has been the creation of grace and beauty for their own sake; his ideal lies in the form, not in what it expresses, unless we are to believe that he regarded freedom from care as an ideal in itself. This same cult of beauty is to be seen in the most famous statue of the century, one

whose influence lasted long after his time, the Aphrodite of Knidos, represented for us by the Vatican Venus, the best among numberless copies and derivatives. The history of the statue is itself an illuminating comment on religious feeling in the fourth century. It was the earliest instance of a wholly nude female figure in the history of Greek art, and was rejected on that account by the people of Kos, to whom Praxiteles had offered the choice of a draped and an undraped figure: and its purchase for the sanctuary of Aphrodite at Knidos at once raised that obscure centre of her worship to the front rank of fame. Thus it is abundantly clear that the worship at that shrine was paid less to the goddess than to her symbol, as the ideal of feminine beauty. The statue was set up in a chapel open on all sides, so that it might be seen from every point of view, and the enthusiastic admiration that it evoked has found expression in extravagant stories and epigrams: and it has even been asserted that Praxiteles used the famous courtesan Phryne, whose favoured lover he was, as his model for the form and features of the goddess.

Without deprecating in the least this love of beauty, which had always been characteristic of the Hellenes, it is permissible to point out that the spirit of it was no longer religious, nor its meaning symbolic. The perfect and sober grace of the figure, the complete absence of affectation, and the delicate suggestion of unwonted revelation in the attitude, are almost religious in the reticence of their handling: and it was probably only in the representation of a goddess of beauty that Praxiteles would have

felt justified in making so bold an assault on tradition as to divest a deity of the garments which religious feeling had always demanded should conceal the full beauty of woman. But it is clear that, if he had not felt that his art was capable of expressing the whole of the ideal of beauty—if, in fact, he had actually believed in the superhuman nature of the goddess—he could never have ventured to leave nothing to the imagination. The Aphrodite of Knidos is an open assertion of the competence of the human mind to conceive, and of the human hand to express the whole of divinity; and its acceptance by the Greek world is evidence that religious feeling was no longer strong enough or real enough to make an effective stand against the presumption. The gods had not only been brought within range of human appeal, but within the compass of human power to create.

The consummate skill of the artists of the fourth century of course has much to do with this development. At no time in Greek history was the artist so completely master of all material as then; and there were many contemporaries of Praxiteles whose genius was scarcely less than his. Thus, in a period of religious and national decline, the artist actually had more beauty at his command than ideals to express, and beauty therefore became an ideal in itself; such art, wrought in the name of religion, is the triumph of the body over the soul, of the setting over the jewel.

Superficial religion produced superficial beauty in sculpture. The gods themselves could no longer rely upon their divinity to secure them their due

worship, and ingenuity in devising new types began to take the place of inspiration in the handling of traditional forms. Apollo, in a graceful attitude, was surer of the devotion of the multitude, than if he had all the majesty and mystery of his prophetic power expressed upon his brow; and it was to meet this new spirit that Praxiteles made his Apollo the Lizard-slayer an idle, beautiful, but rather effeminate youth (if the Vatican copy may be trusted), holding an arrow poised in his fingers, ready to pierce a lizard as it climbs the tree-trunk upon which he leans. The treatment of the subject is new, not only in its grace, but in its triviality.

The "Ganymede" of Leochares, a younger contemporary of Praxiteles, is a good example of the rapid development of this semi-religious genre sculpture. The original was designed as a lampstand, and was doubtless in bronze; the marble copy in the Vatican, though late in date, has preserved the free lines and bold composition of a work that must have had a peculiar charm and lightness of its own. The immediate impression is that of upward movement; Ganymede, his arm raised above his head, and his eyes directed heavenward, is lifted clear of the ground by the eagle of Zeus, whose talons hold him tenderly, and whose outstretched wings and upturned head accentuate the effect of the flowing lines of the boy's figure; upon the ground lie the shepherd's pipes, symbolic of the earthly life he leaves behind, but he still grasps in his right hand the crooked throwing-stick with which the Greek country lad loved to knock over a running hare, and so takes his boy-nature to Olympos with him: his pose is

expressive of gladness, even of exaltation, at the new existence opening before him, but the sculptor has not forgotten the touch of pathos, to make his treatment of the theme complete in its appeal to human sympathy, for seated on the ground, his head thrown back, his muzzle pointing to the skies, is the little dog that loves his master, and is left behind; his attitude is the very embodiment of a long-drawn, piteous howl, and even as we smile, we sympathise.

The subject is chosen from the realm of religious myth, and is one whose meaning lies below the surface; but Leochares cared for nothing but its picturesque value, and of that he has made the most: though there is still a faint glimmer of religious feeling in the work, its appeal rests, not upon that, but upon its charm of external effect.

Down to the fourth century, tomb-statues, except those of athletes, had been comparatively rare, while tomb-reliefs had formed the principal field for genre sculpture; some of the earliest efforts in the direction of depicting scenes of everyday life had been made in this connection, and it is a forcible comment on the growth of the purely human element in creative sculpture, that the sculptors of the fourth century first created a recognised type of female tomb-statue. The "Weeping Matron" of Praxiteles, mentioned by Pliny, was probably made for that purpose, but there is no reason to associate the very beautiful draped figure, formerly at Trentham, and now in the British Museum, with the name of Praxiteles; the facial type is totally different from anything we know of his work, of which, it must be remembered, the Hermes of Olympia is the only undoubted example

surviving, and the skilful handling of the drapery, with its simple folds, and the admirable rendering of the form beneath it, while certainly Attic, are by no means certainly Praxitelean; but that it is an original work, of the end of the fourth century, there can be little doubt; and when re-used for a Roman lady's tomb, it can hardly have been put to any other use than that for which it was originally intended, and to which its pose, and its air of reticent melancholy, so admirably suit it. Moreover it, and probably other statues like it, are plainly the source from which the "Matrons" of Roman date, in the museums of Dresden and Naples, are derived; and these are funerary statues, whose striking resemblance to the finest type of Tanagra statuette carries them back to fourth-century tradition.

The same appropriateness in expression has made practically certain the identification of a beautiful bronze head, one of the greatest treasures of the British Museum, as that of a statue of Sleep (Hypnos). The roving fancy of the fourth-century artist, whom the gods could not satisfy as subjects of his art, lighted here upon a subject into which he could put real feeling. The half-closed eyelids and the gently-parted lips, the calm downward gaze and hovering smile, are all intensely expressive of the idea, and the night-hawk's wings, placed with such absolute justice of feeling that they appear completely natural, complete the symbolism. This entrancing piece of work, so satisfying in every detail, need not be labelled with the name of any artist to make it great; it is enough for our purpose that it is unmistakably the product of that spirit of the fourth

century which doubted the gods but loved their gifts, and which, in its complexity of religious speculation, was unconsciously returning to a primitive phase of symbolism that gave a material form to every abstract idea, and was more successful in its artistic interpretation of those things which entered intimately into human life, than of the divine forces which controlled them. Thus, this head is not that of a sleep-giving god, but of Sleep itself: in its splendid passivity, it is the ideal of a people whose strength was spent, to whom effort seemed vain, and rest from labour the only goal.

The sculptor who expressed the opposite aspect of Hellenic life, that of passionate protest against fate, was Skopas. Where Praxiteles had substituted for the religious confidence he could not feel, a delicate and rather negative grace of expression, Skopas filled his works with the fire of intense human emotion, subordinating pose and modelling, line and light and shadow to the attainment of this one aim.

His choice of subject was influenced by the same love of emotion. Pausanias speaks of two statues of Furies by him, at Athens, which were represented without attributes, so that we may guess their terrible nature to have been shown by their expression. Perhaps his most famous statue in antiquity was that of a Raving Mainad, which is recognisable in a statuette at Dresden. This copy, although of Roman date, retains the essential characteristics of violent yet graceful movement, and of frenzied enthusiasm. The head is strained backward, and the Bacchant advances rapidly with a dancing tread,

her unbound hair flowing loose over her shoulders: the drapery, clinging closely to the breast, still confined by the girdle, has been wrenched apart so as to expose the whole of the left side of the figure. Even in the copy, it is easy to appreciate the beauty of the contrasted surfaces of drapery and flesh, and to see, in the mutilated features of the upturned face, the rapt expression of the deepset eyes that justifies the eulogy of ancient writers, who declared that Skopas had inspired the marble with the divine madness.

Fortunately, however, we have not to rely upon the evidence of copies alone, for our knowledge of the work of Skopas. In the earlier part of his career he was employed by the people of Tegea, in Arcadia, to rebuild and decorate with sculptures their temple of Athena Alea, which had been destroyed by fire in 395 B.C. The rebuilding, which was upon a larger scale than that of any other temple in the Peloponnese, was probably not begun till some years later; but in any case it is clear that Skopas was a slightly elder contemporary of Praxiteles. The pedimental sculptures represented, in the east gable, the hunting of the Calydonian boar, and in the west gable, the combat between Achilles and Telephos. Fragments of the figures from both these pediments have been discovered, and form a certain basis for our study of the style of Skopas.

The fragments, which consist for the most part of human heads, some helmeted, some bare, probably come from both of the pediments, and are all of local Doliana marble. Shattered though they are, they afford an astonishing contrast to all

Hellenic work of earlier date, from whatever source: for they are aflame with passion, intensity, and excitement. The scheme of the skull is round and massive, the type of passionate nature. The eyes are deeply sunk in their sockets, the heavy roll of flesh at the outer corner of the round and widely-opened eye casting a deep shadow over the eye ball; the nose is short and broad, the cheekbones are high, and the cheeks flat: the lips are parted, and the line of the teeth is plainly visible, and a deep shadowy fold runs from the corner of the nostril downwards, almost parallel with the upper lip. The chin is round and rather prominent, and the throat full and heavy. The hair, in the case of those heads that are uncovered, is roughed out in summary but telling fashion, following closely the outline of the skull above the low, broad brow. The ears are small and close set, far back, and rather low down at the angle of the jaw.

In these faces, grace is scarcely considered. When we think of them as contemporary with, or rather somewhat earlier than, the long, delicate oval of the Hermes of Praxiteles, our feeling must be one of astonishment at the completeness of the contrast between the two types. It is plain that the powerful emotionalism of the work of Skopas was not merely accidental, arising out of the subject, nor the echo of a prevailing fashion, but the outcome of a deliberate personal preference on the part of the artist, and that, a choice made at the outset of his career. That he could, at will, depart from it, is shown by the figure of Atalanta from the eastern pediment, in which the face approaches more closely

to the Attic type, and lacks the violence of expression of the other heads: this figure is not of the coarse local marble, but of the fine marble of Paros, which was probably chosen by Skopas, himself a Parian, for the more effective rendering of the delicate flesh surfaces of the only female figure in the group. The drapery of this Atalanta, with its freedom and lightness of movement, suggests the source of the influence under which was developed the emotional or interpretative treatment of drapery that later became characteristic of the finest work of the Hellenistic period.

The directness and simplicity of the technical devices by which this appearance of strong emotion was produced not only made the influence of Skopas upon his contemporaries very quickly and very widely felt, but also has made it comparatively easily recognisable. Indeed, so strong and so widespread was this influence, that it is difficult to avoid seeing it in all sculpture of subsequent date. The fact is that the age of emotionalism had arrived, and emotion, passive or active, was as necessary to sculpture as rhythm or anatomical correctness. Skopas was the first sculptor to reduce its expression to a system, and thus all those who came after him were bound to be in his debt. But he remains preëminently the master in the expression of deep feeling; and this is due, not only to his excellence as a sculptor, but also to the fact that in his day there was real emotion to express. His was not an age that needed to be excited by sensationalism into a semblance of emotion; life was still palpitating and earnest in Hellas, and therefore his inspiration was real.

But already the movement had begun which was ultimately to transfer the seat of Hellenic activity to the eastern shore of the Aegean. On the night that Alexander the Great was born, in 356 B.C., a madman, Herostratos by name, set fire to the temple of Artemis at Ephesus, that his name might live for ever, incidentally achieving his object, and by his deed summoning the genius of Greek architects and sculptors to Ephesus for the rebuilding of the temple. About the same time, Artemisia, widow of Maussollos, King of Halikarnassos, called to her court a brilliant group of artists, to commemorate her husband by a tomb, which for 1800 years was one of the wonders of the world, and has given its name to all great tomb-buildings since. Thus the middle of the century saw a general movement eastward of artistic activity, into an environment in which the new tendency to emotionalism gained ready appreciation, and where semi-Oriental magnificence afforded wider opportunities to the artist than the resources of an impoverished and exhausted Hellas.

Skopas was employed upon both these great works, in the company of many other Greek artists, and there is ground for supposing that his later years were chiefly spent in Asia Minor. At Ephesus all that is ascribed to him is the sculpture of one out of thirty-six columns carved with reliefs upon the lowest drum. But it is worthy of remark that not only does the best-preserved of these sculptured drums, now in the British Museum, so strongly suggest the influence of Skopas as to have been boldly ascribed to him by some writers, on the

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1. "TRENTHAM" FIGURE (*British Museum*)

2. HEADS FROM TEGEA, BY SKOPAS (*Athens*)

3. MAUSOLEUM FRIEZE, CHARIOTEER (*British Museum*)

4. BOY AND GOOSE (*Rome, Capitoline Museum*)

strength of those technical devices for the production of vivid and intense expression seen in the Tegean heads, but that also several of the subjects carved upon the square column-plinths consist of sea-monsters of splendidly vigorous type, reminding us at once of the group of gods and sea-monsters, brought to Rome from Bithynia by Cn. Domitius Ahenobarbus, and ascribed by Pliny to Skopas.

The subject of the column sculpture mentioned above is probably the return of Alkestis from the lower world. The movement of the figures is quiet and even majestic, as befits their architectural position. The relief is high without being unduly pronounced, but the handling of the marble is vigorous, and the treatment alike of drapery and flesh is simple and direct. In the figure of Hermes, who advances slowly with uplifted head, there is a strong reminiscence of Polykleitan proportion, and we may note, in this connection, that the early associations of Skopas were with the Peloponnese; but the controlling influence in the composition of the draped figures is purely Attic, and it would be difficult to find a sculptor of the middle of the fourth century, other than Skopas himself, who combined with the singular power of expression here exhibited the skill of both schools. Without ascribing this work to him, we may safely assert that the influence of the artist, whose fame was now second to none, and equalled only by that of Praxiteles, must have exercised a strong influence both on choice of subject and on style in execution among his colleagues at Ephesus, the majority of whom would be younger men than himself.

No doubt the same is true of the work upon the Mausoleum. The tomb was a structure like a temple, on a high basis of plain masonry, and was surmounted by a pyramid of twenty-four steps, having a chariot-group on the summit, which was about 140 feet from the ground. The exact restoration of the design has long been a subject of controversy, and need not concern us; but Pliny records that the sculpture was the work of Skopas, of Timotheos, who had won his reputation at Epidauros about the same time that Skopas was building the temple at Tegea, and of Bryaxis and Leochares, sculptors of a younger generation. The name of a fifth sculptor, Pythis, is given as having made the great chariot group. Tradition assigned the decoration of one side of the building to each of the four sculptors, but this is an extremely unlikely arrangement, and in any case the two friezes of which any considerable fragments survive, exhibit such unity of style one with another as to make a conjectural assignment impossible.

The style is that of Skopas, whether the hand be his or not. One sadly-mutilated frieze represents a chariot race; little remains save isolated fragments of horses and drivers, giving a general idea of the composition. But the one figure that is more or less complete, that of a charioteer, is aflame with the joy of the contest. He leans far forward over the chariot rail, his hair streaming, his long chiton swinging out in great folds behind him on the rushing air; the outstretched arms are gone, the horses are gone, the face itself is battered and mutilated, but the eyes burn in their deep sockets with the

fierce excitement of the race, they strain forward as though to pierce the cloud of dust ahead, left by the team that he pursues; there is no thought, no consciousness in all his being of anything but the whirl of the race. The thunder of wheels behind him, dim figures looming before him, and, beyond the sweating shoulders of his team, the narrow, wheel-ploughed track that leads to victory—these are all his world; and we, looking upon this eager figure, tense in every nerve, can almost hear the sharp-intaken breath through parted lips that leave the set teeth bare; we can feel the sway of the chariot, hear the roar of many wheels, and, coming back to earth, must acknowledge that in this one little figure the genius of a master-hand has made a moment of life eternal.

If that hand was not the hand of Skopas, his was the presiding mind, and his coadjutors were worthy of their master, apt followers in his footsteps. Scarcely less, in the splendid freedom of movement of the Amazon frieze of the Mausoleum, is it possible to see the influence of Skopas. Here again are the same facial characteristics, the same rapidity and vigour of movement; and in the draped figures of the Amazons, the beautiful device of the chiton parted at the side recalls the Bacchant at Dresden, while the fluttering folds of the cloak, and the sharp lines of the chiton stretched from knee to knee, in another figure, are not only decorative as a scheme of light and shade, but of an instantaneous realism scarcely to be matched in Greek sculpture. Indeed, the decorative quality both of this and of the chariot frieze is secondary to their dramatic value. The figures are set at wide and irregular intervals in high

relief, their attitudes bearing no schematic relation to one another, but each endued with an intensity of human interest which detaches it, so to speak, from its architectural setting.

We are not concerned to discuss the various attributions to a Skopasian original which have been made in the case of existing statues, such as the Lansdowne Herakles, the Ludovisi Ares, and the Vatican Meleager. The head of the Villa Medici Meleager, however, is of Greek fourth-century workmanship, and exhibits so strongly the characteristics seen in the Tegean heads, that it has been supposed, not without reason, to be the original head of the statue by Skopas. To the intensity of expression is added a note of pathos, as though prophetic of the tragedy awaiting the young hunter who slew the Calydonian boar; and it is this same note of pathos, deepened into the dignity of divine sorrow, that sets the Demeter of Knidos apart from all other religious sculpture of the ancient world. Not till the genius of Michelangelo was at work, was the type of the Mater Dolorosa realised again in such perfection of restraint and dignity: and, though we may not actually ascribe the work to Skopas, we may certainly see his influence in the rendering of the sorrow-laden eyes, their gaze fixed far away, in the rippling hair that sweeps back from the majestic brow, in the almost parted lips that seemed tremulous with grief, in the drawn lines of the face, in the full, firm strength of chin and throat, and in the easy and natural yet dejected pose, suggesting at once the enthroned goddess and the bereft mother weary

with fruitless search for her lost daughter. The strong simplicity of the scheme of light and shadow in the drapery recalls the highest achievements of the Attic school in which Skopas learnt and practised his art; and the employment of a finer marble for the head and forearms than for the drapery, recalls the use of Parian marble for the one female figure in the Tegean pediments. Moreover, Knidos is hard by Halikarnassos, and there is abundant evidence that Knidos took advantage of the presence of a group of sculptors of the first rank at the building of the Mausoleum, to secure work by their hands for its shrines. But the positive assignment of this masterpiece to an individual sculptor is a matter of minor interest; the statue itself is sufficient to support the thesis, that where the religious spirit remained in Hellas, it was directed towards the establishment of a bond between gods and men, in a common humanity and a common immortality: and we cannot but think that the worshippers of Demeter at Knidos gained comfort in their own sorrows from the contemplation of the divine sorrow of the mother-goddess. Thus there is nothing incongruous in the creation, in the same generation, and perhaps by the same artist, of this splendid type of divine motherhood, and of a representation of the great and remote Olympian god, Apollo, teasing a mouse with a spray of laurel; for the divinity of Apollo was too far away even to be terrible; the humanity of Demeter brought her divinity within the compass of the hearts of her worshippers.

When the terrible aspect of the gods was chosen for representation in art, it was treated dramatically

rather than with conviction. The great group representing the slaying of the children of Niobe by Artemis and Apollo, which was variously attributed in Roman times to Skopas and to Praxiteles, must have been full of poignant pathos; the various copies of individual figures scattered among European museums make that much clear; and the central figure of Niobe, seeking to shield the shrinking figure of her little daughter from the divine wrath, is an example of the most masterly handling of light and shadow to enhance dramatic effect. The great, sweeping, protective curves of the mother's drapery are in strong contrast with the broken lines of the terror-stricken child kneeling at her knee; the agonised expression of Niobe's upturned face is an instantaneous epitome of all the emotions of imploring helplessness and unavailing repentance that whirl through her mind; and in the figure of a son, who creeps forward with slow, cautious steps, the almost stealthy yet defiant expression of the face is thrown into relief with startling skill by the heavy shadow of the upraised arm, wound in the mantle that he uses as a shield. The face is isolated, as it were, by the deep surrounding shadows, and its expression gives the keynote to the movement of the whole figure. The statue recently discovered at Rome, of a daughter of Niobe, struck in the back by an arrow and sunk upon her knees, while it is treated with considerable restraint, presents an almost terribly realistic picture, and is the forerunner of that painful sensationalism which was to become characteristic of the art of Asiatic Hellas in the course of another century and a half. Less sensational, but no less vivid in its

dramatic effect, is the Chiaramonti Niobid, a headless draped figure, in which the swing this way and that of the heavy folds, broken by a mass of shadow across the waist, and the uncertain planting of the feet, are enough to give an impression of hopeless bewilderment and terror. In this dramatic handling of drapery we may see the artistic ancestry of such works as the famous Victory of Samothrace, and of a great mass of Hellenistic sculpture of the succeeding century.

Enough has been said to show that in the fourth century, mainly under the influence of two great masters, the whole conception of the function of sculpture underwent a radical change, and that this change was not the outcome of an individual whim, nor of superficial fashion, but of a corresponding change in the conditions of national life, and in the religious outlook of Hellas. The Hellenic spirit was, so to speak, suspended between the past and the future, and concerned with neither, but living in and for the moment. The art that it inspired was quick in seizing and vivid in expressing those transient emotions which in a restless age take the place of permanent and deep-rooted ideals. Later generations of imitators robbed the delicate sensibility of the Praxitelean ideal of its strength and potential energy, and turned it into weak and ineffectual sentimentality, and, lacking the conviction of an age in which emotions were still real, reduced the fire of enthusiasm to the fireworks of sensationalism. The artists of the fourth century must be acknowledged as supreme in their art, in their mastery of material, in brilliance of conception and boldness of

execution: that they lacked the grandeur and sublimity of inspiration of Pheidias and his contemporaries must not be laid at their door, but at that of the national decline. Had that inspiration been theirs, there would have been nothing left for the art of sculpture to achieve; but, on the other hand, it might never have extended its influence beyond the narrow limits of the Hellenic race. It was due to the first conqueror of Hellas, an upstart Macedonian king, that the gospel of Hellenism was carried beyond the boundaries of all lands known before his day; and the same man that enslaved Greece and gave the deathblow to her stricken patriotism, gave to her artists a new and vigorous, albeit a lower, source of inspiration, which enabled them to continue their tradition long enough to hand on the heritage of art to the great but uninspired world-power of the west.

XII

ALEXANDER THE GREAT

THE portraits of Alexander the Great and of Demosthenes, placed side by side, epitomise the history of Hellas during their lifetime. It is the history on the one hand of triumphant progress, on the other of ever-darkening despair and failure. A vigorous personality swallowed up an enfeebled race, and the glamour of success dazzled even his victims, while those among them who retained the ancient spirit of pride and liberty were driven to desperate shifts and expedients in the effort to stem the advancing tide of Macedonian aggression.

If we recall the portrait of Perikles, the change in the outlook of Hellas is brought home with terrible force. In the face of the fifth-century statesman is written that abstraction from detail which bespeaks a great, world-circling ambition, engendered by confidence, fostered by faith, and supported by national enthusiasm; the features of Demosthenes are scarred with concentrated thought, drawn with the weariness of battling against a bewildering swarm of daily difficulties and disappointments, and in the eyes is already the shadow of fore-doomed defeat. An idealised portrait like that of Perikles would have been alike impossible to the artist and untrue of the man, in the days

when Demosthenes was fighting in the hopeless cause of Hellenic independence. An idealised portrait of Alexander, on the other hand, was possible because Alexander not only had an ideal of his own, but, in the loss of Greek freedom, he became himself the ideal of the Greeks. The tendency to hero-worship was deeply rooted in the Greek temperament; moreover, both Alexander and his father Philip had always shown a tenderness for Greek culture, and Athens, as the acknowledged centre of that culture, had more than once been treated with marked leniency when other cities of Hellas had been crushed without mercy: and when Thebes, so lately mistress of Greece, was razed to the ground by order of the Amphictyonic Council with Philip at its head, the only house that was spared was that of Pindar, the lyric poet. This consideration shown to the arts may have been merely a matter of policy, but it must not be forgotten that, at the end of the fifth century, it was at the court of a Macedonian king, the ancestor of Alexander, that Euripides had been welcomed in his exile from Athens, and that the ambition of the Macedonian kings, who claimed descent from Homeric heroes, had been for generations to be admitted into the charmed circle of the Hellenic race; therefore it is not surprising to find the sculptors of Greece very quickly susceptible to the influence of a man who, though his passage through Greece itself was meteoric in its swiftness, left behind him everywhere the impression of his vigour and enthusiasm, and the rumour of whose victories, coming from the far countries of the East, pictured him as con-

quering the world in the name of a resuscitated Hellas.

It is true that, politically, Greece, and especially Athens, was under no illusion as to the personal nature of Alexander's ambition. More than once, during his short career as King of Macedon, Athens revolted from the rule of his representative, and was brought to reason; and the sculptor who made the original portrait, of which the bust in the British Museum is a fine and early copy, was as clear-sighted in this respect as the rest of his compatriots. The idealism of Alexander is not the same as that of Perikles. There is selfishness, even cruelty, in the sensuous mouth and heavy jaw. In spite of the uplifted gaze with its fiery enthusiasm, it is impossible not to feel that the man did not look beyond the splendour of his own achievements, or the satisfaction of his own desires. That his lust was most for conquest, and less for smaller things, was due to personal, not to national pride. He had large ideas rather than large ideals, and even his charm of expression, which is undeniable, exhibits a dangerous power of turning to fury at a momentary caprice. Alexander was a true son of the drunken Philip who danced over the dead on the field of Chaironeia. His Hellenism was a veneer, his barbarism was deep-seated and real; and only the fortunate alliance of the indomitable energy and military genius of a young race with the keen perceptive faculties and power of self-control of a people old in history, enabled him to be sufficiently master of himself to aim at becoming master of the world. The chaos which followed his death in 323 B.C. is proof enough

that his empire was founded upon his personality alone.

The Greek sculptor who, more than any other, is associated with Alexander the Great, was Lysippos of Sikyon, who was said to have begun life as a bronze-founder, and to have owed his artistic training to no school, taking his inspiration direct from nature. He himself claimed the *Canon* of Polykleitos as his master, adding that, whereas Polykleitos had represented men as they ought to be, his aim was to represent them as they appeared to the eye. If we accept his own description of his work, Lysippos was an impressionist, and impressionism in sculpture being both rare and dangerous, it might be thought that there would be no difficulty in recognising his style, even through the medium of Roman copies. But the statement of Pliny, that the clear-cut finish of his work was its especial characteristic, shows that it is this trait which we must expect to find in the work of the Roman copyist, rather than the broad impressionism which was beyond his power to appreciate or to reproduce.

Until quite recently the "Apoxyomenos" of the Vatican, a Roman reproduction in marble of a Greek bronze original, was regarded as a copy of the famous statue of that subject by Lysippos, which was in Rome in the time of Tiberius, and was so popular that its withdrawal from a public place by the emperor caused a riot. The spare, lithe strength of the figure does in effect suggest a version of the Polykleitan *Canon*, reduced to proportions perhaps less true to nature, but more agreeable to the eye: but the minute and accurate rendering

of anatomical detail is the reverse of impressionistic in its handling, and bespeaks a knowledge of the human structure more likely to have been learned in the dissecting-room than in the wrestling-school. Moreover, there is an academic dryness of surface which cannot wholly result from the translation of the subject from bronze into marble, but must have arisen in some degree from the style of the original.

When the "Apoxyomenos" is placed beside the "Agias," lately found at Delphi and identified beyond doubt as a contemporary replica in marble of the bronze statue of that athlete by Lysippos, which was erected in Thessaly by Daochus, the contrast between the doubtful and the undoubted Lysippean statue is at once seen. The rendering both of forms and of muscles in the "Agias" is broad, almost to sketchiness, and is precisely of the kind that we should expect of a self-taught genius; and the Polykleitan reminiscence is stronger by far than in the case of the Apoxyomenos. Nevertheless, I adhere to the belief that the Apoxyomenos of the Vatican is a copy of that of Lysippos: for its poise is singularly like that of the "Agias"; the turn of the head and expression of the face, despite the chilling formality of the later sculptor's uninspired handling, have the same blend of sentiment and fire which is seen in so much more telling form in the "Agias"; and both statues have in common the remarkable smallness of the head, which, before the discovery of the "Agias," had already come to be regarded as a Lysippean characteristic. The great difference in the treatment of anatomical structure

in the two statues can be explained by the difference in environment and date of the two copyists. The Greek of the fourth century, working probably under the eye of Lysippos himself, emphasized the impressionism of which the great sculptor was proud, and which was a new and attractive development of the art; the Roman, copying a statue which was already "antique," laid stress on that one of its qualities which appealed to his own mind, namely its fineness of finish, adding, from his own stock of anatomical knowledge, such details as would enhance the trait that he most admired, so that while the proportions of the statue are impressionistic, the details are so minute as to be hard and cold.

At the risk of labouring a point, we must consider the relation of these statues, with their motive, to the times in which they were made. We can see a suggestion of weariness in the almost pathetic intensity of their expression reminiscent of the work of Skopas, though with a lesser fire. The man who scrapes from his limbs the dust and oil and sweat of the wrestling-ground has finished his task—his work is behind him: and the case of the "Agias," with its powerful presentation of bodily rest and mental unrest, is more striking still, for Agias had been dead a century when his statue was made. Daochos could find no better dedication to Apollo than the portraits of his ancestors. The whole Hellenic world was already looking backwards, living on its past: and the weariness of expression in these faces is but a reflection of the weariness of a nation whose work was done.

This is no play of imagination. Niketas speaks

HYPNOS

of a seated statue of Herakles, "full of despondency," which he ascribes by mistake to Lysimachos, but which references in Strabo and Suidas show to have been the work of Lysippos.[1] Another and more famous Herakles by Lysippos, the "Epitrapezios," or "table-statue," so called from its small size, also represented the hero seated in an attitude of reflective weariness; and it is most interesting to note the steady growth of this conception of Herakles as an embodiment of fruitless labour and of disappointment, which finds its latest and most painful expression in the Farnese Herakles. The beautiful "seated Hermes" from Herculaneum belongs to this fourth-century tradition, and in its proportions is strongly suggestive of the Lysippean style: and it requires but little imagination to see in the weariness of the god of wayfarers a confession of unfaith and weariness in his worshippers as well.

If proof be needed of the decline of Greek religious sentiment in Alexandrian and post-Alexandrian times, it may be found in the growing tendency to invent new gods, or rather, to represent abstract ideas in the form of allegorical human figures. We have already seen an example of this tendency in the "Peace and Wealth" made about 400 B.C. by Kephisodotos the elder. Eutychides of Sikyon, a pupil of Lysippos, made a statue of the "Luck of Antioch" for that city when it was founded in 300 B.C. Such a statue was pure religious reaction.

[1] It was made for Tarentum; removed to Rome in 209 B.C. by Fabius Maximus, and from Rome to Constantinople about A.D. 322; and overthrown during the sack of Constantinople in the "Fourth Crusade" in A.D. 1202.

It implied that none of the gods was near enough or real enough to be a protection to the city, which must have its own new genius to preside over its new existence. The idea is familiar enough, and real enough to us nowadays. "Britannia" is a very much more actual personage to most of us than St. George: the statue of "Strasbourg" in the Place de la Concorde is decorated with wreaths of genuine mourning and memorial by patriotic France. The "Germania-Denkmal" at Rüdesheim is a genuine expression of the German ideal; and it was with a thrill of real emotion that Germans read, not so long ago, of the fall of a statue of Germania from a building in Constance during an earthquake. "Ausonia" has no great vogue as a personality in Italy, for the saints still hold their own in Italian communities, and, moreover, the idea of Italy is still new: and Sant' Iago of Compostella has not yet been threatened by any modern "Hispania" or "Iberia"; it was the official irreligion of the French Revolution, not any real irreligion of the French people, that banished St. Denys from France; and in England and Germany, a certain national distaste for religious symbolism has caused the substitution of allegorical for religious figures as the national patrons: but on the whole, the creation of allegorical symbols to represent local ideas is an indication of exhausted faith in the efficacy of the older gods.

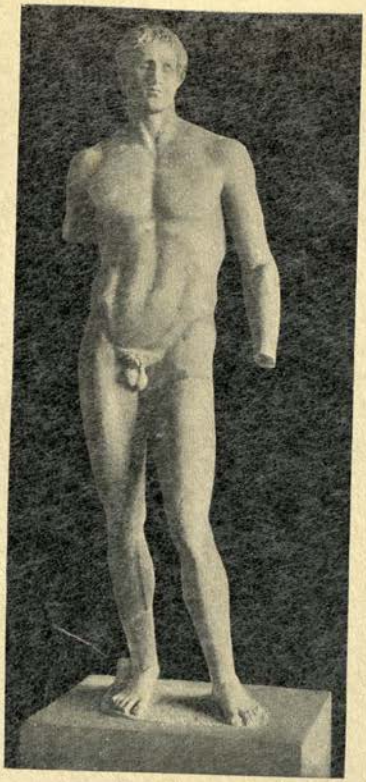
The statue of "Antioch" is known to us through a bad Roman statuette in the Vatican. Enough of the spirit of the original is retained to show that the composition was dignified and simple in its lines; the figure is seated on a rock, symbolising the

site of the city; her head (restored, but on good authority) is crowned with walls and towers, the prototype of the "mural crown" which, both in sculpture and heraldry, has represented the idea of a city from the day of this statue onwards; and at her feet a little figure of the river-god of the Orontes rises from his waters, in an attitude suggestive of swimming, though his hands are clenched, and in his upturned face there is an almost comic air of resentment at the indignity of being placed in so subordinate a position. The sculptor has attempted to crowd into his composition more than sculpture can legitimately express, and we see with misgiving the first signs of the conscious cleverness and fertility of symbolism which were destined to ruin the simple grandeur of the art.

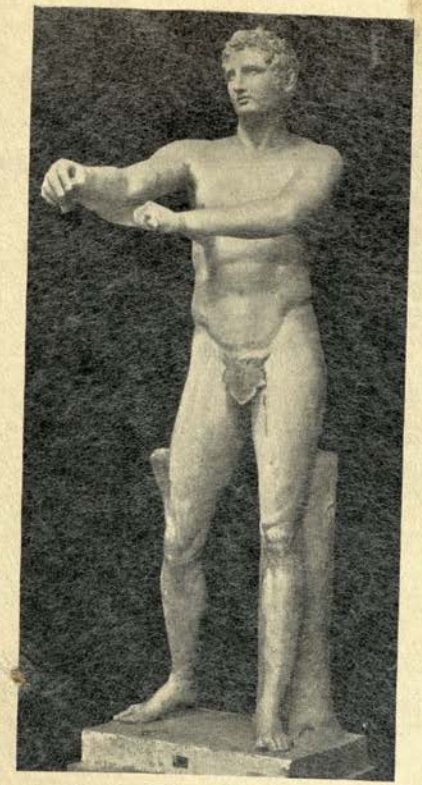
It is noticeable that in the time of Lysippos artists begin to achieve fame by the number and size and ingenuity as well as by the beauty of their works; it was said of Lysippos that he made no fewer than 1500 bronze statues, keeping a record of the number by setting aside one gold coin from the price received for each. Many of these were chariot-groups, of which the most famous was that which he made for Rhodes, of Helios the sun-god, who was the especial patron of Rhodes. Tradition ascribes to Lysippos the four bronze horses which stand on the façade of St. Mark's at Venice; there is no certainty about this ascription, but it is known that they were brought to Venice about A.D. 1202 by the Doge Dandolo, the heroic blind leader of the Venetians in the "Fourth Crusade," from Constantinople, whither they had been taken by Constan-

tine from Rome, where they appear to have stood on the Arch of Nero, and later on that of Trajan. Napoleon took them to Paris in 1797, and the Emperor Francis restored them to Venice in 1815; their beauty justifies their wanderings, for they are instinct with life, and it can scarcely be doubted that they are Greek workmanship of the fourth century, when the influence of personal patronage caused a very large number of chariot-groups to be made.

The closing years of the fourth century are marked by the rapid increase of individualism, as opposed to individuality, in sculpture. The artist gave up his own personality to that of his patron or of his subject, and deliberately and consciously subordinated beauty to realism, and even to mere imitation of externals. That this was not an unconscious development, but a conscious aim, is demonstrated by the story of Lysistratos, brother of Lysippos, who was said to have been the first sculptor to take moulds from the human face, which is plastography—to coin a word on the analogy of photography—rather than sculpture. So strong did the desire become for a personal basis upon which to found a work of art, that imaginary portraits of long-dead persons were produced in profusion. To this class belong the "portraits" of Homer and of the tragic poets of the fifth century, in which the artist retained a certain amount of freedom to idealise, but at the same time restricted himself to a human and individual subject. One of the works of Lysippos himself was a "portrait" of Æsop, the fabulist, whose lifetime was in the sixth century;



AGIAS, AFTER LYSIPPOS
(*Delphi Museum*)



APOXYOMENOS
(*Rome, Vatican*)

PLATE XXII

APHRODITE OF MELOS
(*Paris, Louvre*)

VICTORY OF SAMOTHRACE
(*Paris, Louvre*)

PLATE XXIII

it is not certain whether the tradition, recounted by Planudes, that he was deformed, was current in the time of Lysippos, but the time was rapidly approaching when Greek artists would not hesitate to perpetuate deformity in their devotion to realistic individualism. A bronze head of a boxer from Olympia, which, if it is not actually a late fourth-century work, is quite in the "photographic" spirit of Lysistratos, is an example of misapplied ingenuity in bronze-casting. The dishevelled hair is represented with astonishing skill, and the depraved, brutalised type of face, with its flattened nose, battered and lowering brow, and shapeless ears, affords a sad contrast to the clear-cut beauty of the ideal citizen-athlete of the days of Greek freedom. The change was, however, not only natural but inevitable, for with the loss of Hellenic liberty, the athletic training of the citizen ceased to have any relation to the needs of real life, and athletics became a show, and its exponents professional performers, whose living depended upon their skill in the use of their fists and muscles; and it is notorious that, while a professional boxer or athlete may quite well be an honest man, professional sport is more difficult to keep clean than that among amateurs, and not only is the specialised professional athlete a less actively useful citizen than the man who keeps in training for the service of his country, but the existence of a class of professional athletes is actually a deterrent to the cultivation of bodily efficiency among the generality of people. Thus the athlete-statues dedicated at Olympia in the declining years of Greek existence were portraits of popular

and successful professionals, not presentments of an ideal of citizenship at which the whole community aimed.

In the chaos which followed the death of Alexander the Great, a succession of meteoric figures flash across the horizon of the Hellenic world, each seeking not a national ideal, but his own advancement. Deep religious feeling and honest, if mistaken, patriotism gave way to a feverish and greedy egotism, and history was no longer a matter of states, but of men.

The name of Demetrios Poliorketes (the Besieger) is associated with two great statues, one famous in tradition, the other by reason of its preservation to our own times. Demetrios, who was the son of Antigonos, one of the successors of Alexander, lived the life of a pirate rather than that of a prince. The exploit which gave him his surname was his unsuccessful siege of Rhodes, in the prosecution of which he brought into action an enormous siege-train, which he eventually abandoned. The Rhodians sold it, and out of the proceeds erected the gigantic statue of Helios, known to history as the Colossus of Rhodes, which was made for them by Chares of Lindos, a pupil of Lysippos. We know nothing about its composition; we are not told whether it was beautiful; but it was reckoned one of the wonders of the world, because it was over 100 feet high, and "few men could embrace its thumb"; and we are told by Pliny that it cost 1300 talents, that it took twelve years to build, and that after fifty-six years it was overthrown by an earthquake. Its date is thus fixed at about 280 B.C.

When we come to the stage at which the size and the price of a statue are of more account than its beauty, it is not difficult to see that the end is drawing near.

The other statue with which the name of Demetrios is associated is the beautiful "Victory of Samothrace," now in the Louvre. It was set up about 306 B.C. on a promontory of the island of Samothrace, overlooking the scene of the maritime victory of Demetrios that it commemorated; the pedestal is in the form of a warship's prow, and on it the figure of Victory advances with a magnificent swinging stride, the right foot firmly planted forward, the shoulders thrown back, and the broad, feathery wings outspread. The drapery, pressed by the strong breeze close to the breast, and sweeping away from the knees, is rendered with such realism and truth that one can almost imagine the sharp chatter of the wind in the fluttering folds. The leaping movement of the ship, the rhythmic swaying of the poised figure, the forward rush through the air, and the salt breath of the open sea, are all expressed in this triumphant figure, with a confidence, a verve, and a mastery which seem to take us back to Salamis and to the great art that it evoked.

Yet, if this figure be placed side by side with another Victory, conceived with no less technical daring, but in the days when Greek religion was a living thing, it will at once become apparent that the spirit of the Samothracian "Victory" is rather that of exultation than of thanksgiving. The "Victory" of Paionios is scarcely a personality, scarcely even an embodiment; it is ethereal, symbolic,

detached from emotion, a gift of the gods descending upon those whom Olympos has favoured. The Victory of Samothrace, on the other hand, is splendid, self-assertive, clamant. In its massive proportions, it is earth-bound despite its elasticity of pose; for all the realism of their broad feathers, her wings could never raise that figure from the ground: it is their very realism that defeats their symbolism, for the wings of the Olympian figure were small and pointed, with no attempt at realism, yet they conveyed immediately the idea of movement through the air. In short, the realistic power of the Victory of Samothrace is counteracted by a complete lack of imagination, and that lack of imagination is bound up with the fact that both the artist and the patron regarded victory, not as the gift of heaven, but as a human achievement, to be commemorated, not with reverent gratitude, but with exultant pride: and so, while the fifth-century statue bore in her hand the palm as a token from gods to men, the Samothracian figure held aloft a trophy, and pressed a trumpet to her lips. "Soli Deo gloria" is the spirit of the one, of the other, "γᾶν ὑπ' ἐμοὶ τίθεμαι, Ζεῦ, σὺ δ' Ὄλυμπον ἔχε."[1]

It is with the death of Alexander the Great that Greek art enters upon a decentralised epoch, in which, while the skill of the artist is scarcely diminished, his inspiration grows less and less, for lack of a real and stimulating purpose outside the

[1] "I will place the world beneath my feet, Zeus do thou keep Olympos"—from an epigram quoted by Plutarch in his life of Alexander the Great, as descriptive of the expression given to the monarch by Lysippos.

art itself. Hellenism had become a vague idea rather than a concentrated enthusiasm. The march of the armies of Alexander had carried the name of Hellas as far as Afghanistan and India, but it could not carry with it the patriotic fervour which had been easy and natural in small, free communities of ancient traditions and long history. The breaking down of the rigid barriers between Hellenism and barbarism did indeed loose a flood of Hellenic culture over the East, but the source from which it flowed was already nearly dry. Hellenistic art is, as its name implies, an imitation rather than a development of Hellenic art; and the heavy draft made by Alexander upon the national vigour of Greece exhausted her energies, so that in the very home of Hellenic culture, the art became imitative, cold, and mannered.

A hundred years ago, it was mainly upon this Hellenistic art that criticism of Greek sculpture was based. It is only by such a comparison as that of the Apollo Belvedere with the Hermes of Praxiteles that the full extent of our debt to modern archæology can be brought home to us. The sleek, conscious perfection of the one, and the living strength of the other, are both examples of high technical skill: but while the beauty of the Hermes is inspired and inspiring, that of the Apollo Belvedere is almost irritating in its blatant superficiality.

Of course, allowance must be made for the fact that the Apollo is a marble copy from a bronze original; but even so, it is plain that high finish was the main aim of the sculptor, and that he made a statue of Apollo, not because of faith nor even of any great

interest in the god as a god, but merely regarding him as a suitable subject for the display of technical skill. The figure is undoubtedly graceful, and the flow of its lines is agreeable; but as a god, it is entirely unconvincing; even the expression of the face, though haughty and assertive of power, is an assumed and not a natural expression; it suggests the academic idealisation of a good-looking model. I have heard the Apollo Belvedere described as "overdressed"; and this rather startling epithet exactly expresses the air of vulgarity which hangs about the figure.

The statue of which it is a copy probably represented Apollo as holding the ægis in his left hand, although the bronze known as the Stroganoff Apollo, which repeats the type of the Apollo Belvedere with the addition of this attribute, is now held to be a forgery. It is possible, though by no means certain, that the original was the statue set up at Delphi, together with an Artemis and an Athena, to commemorate the repulse of Brennus and his Gauls from the sanctuary in 279 B.C., by an earthquake which was regarded as the direct intervention of the god himself. However that may be, it is practically certain, on grounds of style, that the "Artemis of Versailles," now in the Louvre, was made as a companion statue to the Apollo Belvedere. Yet, although the "Artemis" has the smoothness of finish and something of the artificiality of the "Apollo," and is marred by tricks of technique, it is nevertheless a living piece of work. The goddess advances swiftly, with a light, springing step, her short chiton girt up about her waist; her head is turned towards

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1. APOLLO BELVEDERE (*Rome, Vatican*) 2. ARTEMIS OF VERSAILLES (*Paris, Louvre*)

3 *and* 4. THIRD-CENTURY TYPES OF APHRODITE (*Casts, Cambridge*)

the left, and her left arm is raised and bent to draw an arrow from the quiver which is slung behind her left shoulder. In her right hand she held a bow. The antlered hind beside her is no more than a support for the outstretched right hand, and its stiffness and formality rather detract from the beauty of the figure. It is difficult to determine at first, wherein lies the secret of the great difference of spirit between this statue and its companion. Their strong resemblance in style would seem necessarily to place them in the same category of false and mannered work; but it is impossible not to feel the reality of this presentment of the woodland goddess. The explanation is simply that Artemis was still real to the sculptor of the third century, whereas Apollo was not, except as a vague prophetic power having little to do with the human life of every day; and the reason of the survival of Artemis as a living figure, after most of the gods had faded into a twilight of indifference, is the eternal newness of the mystery of wild nature. Wood and mountain never sleep. The shimmering stillness of high noon is instinct with life: the night is full of voices; and the crash of a boar in the thicket, the yelp of a fox on the hill-side, the grey fading shadow that is a wolf, and then is gone—such things are echoes and glimpses of the teeming life that has never come within the domination of man, but is still, as it has always been, the domain of Artemis. Her nymphs still haunt the forests and the caves of Hellas, her horn still rings in the ears of the benighted warfarer; and in those fretful, weary days, when the heart of Hellas was old and tired of the turmoil of life, it

was to the woodland goddess that it turned for peace, and for purity of inspiration, finding in her young, care-free beauty the expression of its longing for lost youth. That is why this Artemis is convincing and alive in spite of its consciousness of pose, and of certain unworthy tricks of style, such as the turning back of the drapery in an impossible fold, with the deliberate purpose of calling attention to the beautiful modelling of the knee.

The Artemis of Versailles is, in fact, the sculptural counterpart of the pastorals of Theocritus, with which its original was contemporary. Both represent the point of view of a town-bred generation, that felt the fascination of nature but shrank from coming to close quarters with it. The simplicity both of the poet and of the sculptor is conventional, as it is also in the Alexandrian reliefs of this period, which are pictures in sculpture, showing a considerable feeling for landscape; the atmosphere is that of the Trianon, not that of the open wild, and the "pastoral" sculpture of the third century B.C. in Hellas finds its closest parallel in modern times in the work of Houdon, whose "Diana" is only more conventional than the Artemis of Versailles, because the Greek artist knew something of the mystery of nature that he feared, while the Frenchman did not.

Such works as the Apollo Belvedere and the Artemis of Versailles are sometimes regarded as the degenerate descendants of the style of Praxiteles; but it would perhaps be truer to say that they are the natural outcome of the increased passivity and weakness of the Greek race, which found beauty in

sentimentality, and a satisfactory substitute for divinity in unreality. For the styles of individual masters of the fourth century became general property in succeeding generations, and the Hellenistic artist, unhampered by the necessity of expressing a living idea, coldly and critically chose such characteristics of his predecessors' work as pleased him at the moment, reproducing separately and mechanically the forms and methods which they had originated as part of an indivisible whole. A fine, and in many respects successful, work of this eclectic type is the bronze statue, commonly known as the "Hermes of Antikythera," which was found by sponge-fishers in 1901 at the bottom of the sea near the island of Antikythera, or Cerigotto. With it were several other statues, those of marble being, with one exception, corroded beyond recognition. The remains of a Roman ship were embedded in the sand around the statues, and the romance of the discovery lies in the fact that one of the many cargoes of statues torn from Greek shrines by Sulla, and despatched to Rome, was shipwrecked in rounding the south of Greece, so that after two thousand years Poseidon has given back to his people the treasures that the Roman stole.

The "Hermes," which more probably represents Paris bestowing the apple upon Aphrodite, has been beautifully restored by M. André, and now stands in the National Museum at Athens. The head and upper part of the body had been perfectly preserved by the sand in which they were buried, and the many small fragments into which the middle of the figure had been broken were sufficient to make the

restoration a matter of certainty. The figure as a whole is a selection of many styles. Its proportions show an affinity to the Lysippean type as presented by the "Agias," but the modelling is dry and hard, and the muscles of the body are unduly defined. The head is larger and squarer than that of the "Agias," but has considerable intensity of expression, and may perhaps be traced to the lingering influence of Skopas. The pose, save for the outstretched right arm, with the fingers bent as though to hold some round object, is almost Polykleitan in its simplicity. In short, the artist of this bronze, possessed of great manual dexterity, has originated nothing, added nothing to his art, but has built up his composition from the traditions of other men; and consequently, in spite of its beauty, the statue is lacking in force.

Where this force is obtained in Hellenistic art, it stands out prominently from the soulless and ineffective mass of its contemporaries.

There are few statues, of all those that have come down to us from antiquity, more satisfying to the sense of beauty than the Aphrodite of Melos, and none more completely baffling alike to the artist and the archæologist; for no ingenuity has yet solved the problem of its restoration, and no learning or critical power has finally settled the question of its date. Its very name is a guess, but one which rests upon the sound basis of universal intuition. The statue has been ascribed, on various grounds, to all periods between 450 and 100 B.C., but it can hardly be earlier than 300 B.C., and the weight of evidence seems to make it approximately of mid-third century date: but that it is an inspired work lies beyond controversy.

The goddess is nude to the waist, whence her drapery, which is barely held in place by the turn of the body, falls in rich but simple and sharply-defined folds to her feet, and is rendered with a freedom and certainty worthy of the Parthenon sculptures themselves. The peculiar attitude has given a sinuous curve to the splendid torso, the line of shadow sweeping from the full throat, between the high-set and gently-rounded breasts down the centre of the body, whence the grand curve of the right hip carries the scheme downwards with unbroken strength. The head is turned slightly towards the left, and the calm, faintly-smiling immobility of the expression seems to command reverence while it inspires eager admiration. This was the creation of a man with an ideal of his own. That he used the technical devices of his day, varying the material to accentuate the contrast between the flesh surface and the texture of the robe, is incidental, not essential to the work. Beauty, calmness, strength, purity, and power—these are the qualities that the sculptor has poured with all the fervour of a deep belief into his Aphrodite, raising the goddess thereby to a higher plane of worship even than that upon which Praxiteles had set her; for in this work spiritual beauty is added to the purely material beauty of the Knidian Aphrodite. The Aphrodite of Mélos is the self-expression of one who was, if not content, at least proud, to make his love worship, and his worship love.

That such a statue should come from the generation that made the Apollo Belvedere may seem at first sight inexplicable. But, remembering that

belief is the first essential of power, and that a thing must be felt to be expressed with the full strength of conviction, we shall realise that in all ages there may be idealists, and that perhaps in every age one idealist may possess the power to express his ideal in undying art: and we must remember, too, that in the Aphrodite of Melos we have the expression not of a national but of a personal ideal, and that of a kind which no external unrest or weariness can touch.

Side by side with the grandeur of this use of beauty to express an eternal idea, the Hellenistic Greek displayed a delicate love of beauty for its own sake, which, while it is not great, has a peculiar fascination. The terracottas of Tanagra are full of grace and dignity, and, in the rich simplicity of their drapery, recall the Trentham figure to which allusion has been made. They are evidence of the growing charm of women in Greek life, a charm which was foreshown in the archaic statues upon the Acropolis, but which is here presented with increased perception and knowledge. A parallel type of third-century art is that which is represented by innumerable small nude statuettes of Aphrodite, in which the goddess is almost wholly lost in the woman, and dignity is combined with fantasy in a momentary phase of skill. A favourite form was that of Aphrodite binding her sandal, in which the lightness of the balance is cleverly rendered, though the detail is often careless. An exquisite little figure is that of Aphrodite leaning upon a pillar, the apple in her left hand, while with her right hand she lifts a lock of her hair. The pose is absolutely artificial and studied,

but full of grace, and the modelling of the figure is surpassingly dainty. But it is with such epithets as these—graceful, dainty, pretty—that we have to describe the work of a generation that had forgotten how to be great.

When it tried to be great, it was too often merely vulgar. A "Poseidon" from Melos, with its aggressive straddling attitude, and theatrical expression, is not the conception of the god that could come to the mind of a true believer in his power. It belongs most probably to the early years of the second century B.C., and has a strong affinity to the work of the Pergamene school, which we shall consider presently. The sense of bigness is obtained by an over-accentuation of muscle; the drapery is carelessly rendered, and adjusted in a completely impossible manner, merely for the sake of effect. It is a mass of marble, not a living figure, and the impression received from it is that the artist's lack of belief has made him incapable of going beyond his model, except in the matter of size. Poseidon was no more real to him than Apollo was to Girardon working at Versailles for Louis XIV.

Indeed, the parallel between the Hellenistic Greek sculptors and those of France in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries is extraordinarily close. If we may compare the sculptor of the Apollo Belvedere with Girardon, and that of the Artemis of Versailles with Houdon, the work of Boëthos of Chalcedon might easily be taken for that of Clodion or Falconet. The genre type of sculpture originated by Praxiteles in his Lizard-slaying Apollo and Hermes of Olympia, or perhaps by Skopas with his

Apollo Smintheus, was developed until its whole interest lay, not in any religious or mythical allusion, but in its vivid presentment of trivial incidents of life, and more especially of child-life. Boëthos, who lived at the end of the fourth century, worked principally in silver, and on a small scale; and he appears to have excelled as a sculptor of children. His statue of a small boy struggling with a goose, mentioned by Pliny, is known to us by many marble copies. There is no denying the vigour and humour of the group, with its lifelike representation of a tussle between the sturdy youngster and the long-suffering but protesting family pet. There is no need to see in the composition a parody of the infant exploit of Herakles, who ere he was a day old strangled the snakes sent by Hera to devour him; for the sight must have been familiar enough to the Greeks, among whom the goose occupied a position similar to that of the cat in a modern household. The solemn and determined, but entirely affectionate expression of the child is rendered with delightful understanding, and the frenzied anguish of the awkward bird is comical to a degree. The type has many variants and derivatives, and obviously achieved an instant popularity; by no stretch of imagination can it be called either religious or national in character; and, though we need not refuse on those grounds to enjoy it, we must bear in mind that, in an art which had once been devoted wholly to the gods and to the state, the choice of such a subject is indicative of a growing detachment of the individual from corporate life.

Pausanias mentions a gilt figure of a boy by

Boëthos, which has been identified with the type of the "Spinario," a beautiful bronze found at Herculaneum. The identification, which is based on an unnecessary emendation of the text, need not be seriously considered, but the "Spinario," which represents a boy plucking a thorn from his foot, is a charming study, and may be referred without hesitation to an original of early third-century date, quite possibly by Boëthos.

The increasing popularity of the statuette is the inevitable consequence of the spread of private patronage. Statues designed to be set up in public places were naturally made at least of life size, and generally somewhat larger, but smaller work was appropriate to private houses, and to private purses; and the work of Boëthos, on a small scale and in a precious metal, was the answer to this new demand for the sumptuous decoration of the houses of the rich, who preferred to possess for themselves the things of beauty which, in earlier times, they would have dedicated to the gods.

Thus, the sculpture of the Hellenistic age in Greece presents to us a picture of all stages of belief and unbelief, with its varying standards of idealism, and its increasingly artificial point of view. It is not the art of a living people or of a living religion, and consequently depended far more upon the artist himself than in the days of national religion and patriotic enthusiasm, when he was able to draw inspiration from the atmosphere in which he lived. Thus so long as Hellas was more than a name, Hellenic art attained to a uniformly high level of grandeur, while, in the days of Hellenic

disintegration, it is marked by unevenness and uncertainty of inspiration. The brief period of revived nationalism and idealism afforded by the short-lived but brilliant kingdom of Pergamon produced an art which only lacked religious conviction to make it great; but the absence of that element resulted eventually in turgid sensationalism, simply because the Greek had outgrown his gods, and had found nothing to take their place in his art and in his life.

XIII

PERGAMON

THE kingdom of Pergamon was the last expression of patriotic Hellenism. Alike in its birth, in its career of a century and a half, from 283 to 133 B.C., and in its voluntary extinction, its record is honourable, and worthy of the ancient tradition of Hellas: and the art that it produced, though marred by sensationalism, lacks nothing of the national spirit. In this respect it excels contemporary sculpture in European Hellas as much as it falls below it in restraint and pure beauty.

Lysimachos, King of Thrace, and successor of Alexander in his western dominions, had placed Philetairos, his lieutenant, in charge of his vast treasure, which was lodged in the Acropolis of Pergamon, while he devoted himself to schemes of conquest. But, disgusted by the brutalities of his master, Philetairos proclaimed the independence of Pergamon, seized the treasure, and founded the kingdom that was to save the Hellenic name from the onslaught of a more fiercely barbarian enemy than the Persian had ever been.

The miraculous repulse of Brennus from Delphi in 279 B.C. marked the southernmost point reached by a wave of Gaulish invasion which the failing energy of the Aetolian and Achæan leagues had been power-

less to withstand, though Hellas had been galvanised into concerted action on almost as great a scale as that evoked two centuries earlier by the Persian danger. The same tide swept through Thrace and into Asia Minor, where it threatened to extinguish Hellenic civilisation. Pergamon alone was successful in withstanding the onslaught; and the people of that kingdom saw themselves forced into the position held by Athens in the fifth century, as the sole defenders of order against the forces of disorder. The traditions of Pergamon were Athenian, and she did not disgrace them. Under Attalos, the nephew and successor of Philetairos, the Pergamenes inflicted a crushing defeat upon the Gaulish hordes, who by then had become firmly established in the district known, from their name, as Galatia. In his commemoration of the victory, Attalos adopted every means to emphasize the parallel between his own triumph and that of Athens over Persia. The principal monument erected by him consisted of a series of battle-groups, representing the four great encounters between order and disorder, namely, the battles of the Gods and the Giants, of the Greeks and the Amazons, of the Greeks and the Persians, and finally, the victory of the Pergamenes over the Galatians. Thus he established the pedigree, as it were, of the achievement of Pergamon, and laid stress on her championship of Hellas. Further, not only did he set up these groups of life-size statues in bronze upon the Acropolis of Pergamon, but also dedicated to Athena, upon the Acropolis of Athens, a complete series of replicas, half life-size, either in bronze or marble.

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3

DEDICATION OF ATTALOS, PERGAMON

1. GIANT AND AMAZON (*Naples*) 2. GALATIAN (*Rome, Capitoline Mus.*)
3. PERSIAN (*Rome, Vatican*)

There are no surviving originals of the groups set up at Pergamon, though many of their bases remain, and it is clear, from the careful way in which the feet have been cut out of the blocks, that the statues were not destroyed, but carried away for erection elsewhere. It is possible, however, that a number of small marble statues, all about three feet high, which, although scattered in the various European museums, are easily recognisable by their peculiar vigour and uniformity of style as belonging to a single series, are the actual replicas dedicated by Attalos at Athens, about 200 B.C.; if not, they are at least contemporary copies, and are full of power both in conception and execution: their association, if not identity, with the Athenian dedication of Attalos, is placed beyond doubt by their exact correspondence with the description of that dedication by Pausanias, who saw it in the second century A.D.

Two of these figures, of a fallen Giant and Amazon respectively, are somewhat unfortunately placed side by side in the Museum at Naples. Their attitudes are practically identical, and this fact suggests a certain lack of inventive power on the part of the artists, unless we are to suppose that the four groups were alike in composition and only varied in the character of the combatants, a rather clumsy device to emphasize their close connection with one another. In both these figures, which we may take as representative of the first two groups, the predominant note is that of intense pathos. The representation of death is poignantly accurate. The shaggy head of the giant is twisted limply to

one side: he lies upon his back, his right arm thrown above his head, the fingers of the right hand still loosely curved about the hilt of his sword; the muscles stand out upon the mighty chest, and the abdomen falls sharply away below the ribs, as though in the sharp contraction of the last breath; the left leg is extended, but the right is drawn up convulsively in the death-struggle; no single touch is omitted that keen observation could recall, or that powerful dramatic restraint could admit. In the Amazon, the pathos is intensified by the soft, rounded form beneath the light drapery that leaves the right breast bare, and the very tenderness with which the artist has treated his subject accentuates his obvious desire to produce the sensation of the horror of war.

The figure of a Persian,[1] beaten down upon one knee, and fighting furiously to the last, is representative of the third group. Here there is less restraint, and a glaring departure from truth in the quest of dramatic effect; for the figure is nude, save for the close-fitting Persian head-dress, thus running counter to the fact that the Oriental regarded nudity as indecent. The artist's justification lies in the vigorous treatment of the muscles, which stand out tensely under the skin of the crouching figure, who seems to be gathering all his strength in one last tigerish effort, reflected in the contortion of the strongly characterised features. It is a fine piece of work, and convincing; but it bears the stamp of that love of sensationalism which was to work havoc in the lapse of a generation.

For our appreciation of the last group, that of

[1] In the Vatican.

the struggle between Pergamenes and Galatians, we have no example in this series of small statues: but in the Capitoline Museum at Rome is a statue long famous as the "Dying Gladiator," which may be with certainty renamed the "Dying Galatian." With it must be associated the dramatic group known as "Arrius and Pæta," also at Rome, in the Museo Boncampagni, which represents a Galatian, who, having slain his wife, plunges his sword into his own breast. Both these statues are of the marble of Furni, an island near Samos, the two are mentioned together in an inventory of Cardinal Ludovisi in the seventeenth century, and their similarity of subject leaves no doubt that they are both to be referred to the same origin, while the material suggests that they are contemporary replicas of the life-size bronze figures at Pergamos itself.

The "Dying Galatian" is a magnificent piece of sculpture. It has the same restrained vigour of modelling, the same sureness of composition and directness of appeal that make it easy to distinguish the statuettes already described, as belonging to a single series. The same keenly observant faculty which enabled the artist to give the stamp of nationality to his nude Persian, is shown in the rendering of the rugged barbarism of this Galatian. The matted hair, the coarse features and hardened skin of the savage, are rendered with wonderful fidelity, and it does not need the massive torque about his neck, nor the curved trumpet and narrow shield upon the ground to mark him as one of the northern barbarians who overran Hellas in the days of Attalos. All credit must be given to the artist for his skill,

and for his power of realising his idea, no less than for his masterly restraint of technique. Not a muscle is exaggerated; there are no tricks, there is no display of cleverness in the handling of the material; no stroke of the chisel is wasted; in artistic reserve of method, the statue is very nearly upon a level with the work of the greatest days of Hellas; and in this fact we can but see the animating power of a real patriotism, a real national effort. There can be little doubt but that the corporate spirit was as strong in third-century Pergamon as it had been in fifth-century Athens, and for the same reasons.

But no fifth-century Athenian could have made the "Dying Galatian." And if he had been able to do so, it is more than likely that the wrath of the Athenian people would have fallen upon him as it fell upon the dramatist who set before them a play whose pathos moved them too deeply for their liking. The spirit which kept the climax of a tragedy off the stage, and which invented the Messenger's speech to take its place, describing the scenes that were too dreadful to be acted, certainly would not have tolerated this grim study of death, into which the Pergamene artist has put the whole of his skill and power of realism.

The man has sunk to the ground with a spear-wound in his right side; the left leg trails limply, the right is drawn sharply up under the body, and he rests his whole weight, with bowed shoulders and drooping head, upon the right arm, which bends under the strain that its weakening muscles, working in the hollow of the elbow, can scarcely support. With his left hand he clutches convulsively at a

gash in his right thigh, upon which his dulled gaze is fixed, his eyes half closed, as his brain reels with the approach of unconsciousness. The features are twisted with agony, and every muscle of the right foot is strained to the uttermost, in realistic rendering of the battle with pain. To look at this statue is to feel the horror and the loneliness of death, to recognise the futility even of the fortitude that we admire: it is to share with the dying man the fear of the unknown, as the death-damp breaks upon his brow, and gathering shadows cloud his sight and brain.

That is what the sculptor meant that we should feel; and he has achieved his object with consummate skill, spoiling his effect by no self-conscious artistry, by no theatrical overdrawing of detail. Largely conceived, and largely carried out, with cold, even brutal fidelity to nature, the statue carries with it a tremendous conviction of reality. As a successful use of sculpture to convey a physical idea, the work is almost without a rival in the whole history of art. The man who carved it was not only a master of his medium, but keenly observant of life, and awake to the emotional possibilities of his subject.

But it was no false instinct that for so long named the statue the "Dying Gladiator"; for the whole atmosphere that surrounds the work is far more that of the arena than of the battlefield. One feels instinctively that the artist's interest was not in the human, but in the artistic aspect of the spectacle of death; his attitude towards his subject is that of impersonal interest, not that of sympathy. One is almost tempted to believe that he may actually have

studied for his work with a wounded and dying man before him, so utterly cold-blooded is his treatment of the theme. The power of the work is not in question; but surely it is gravely questionable, whether an artist, possessing the skill to produce beauty, has any right to use it to perpetuate the spectacle of pain; whether in commemorating a victory, he is best employed in setting up an eternal memorial of the misery of death in defeat: whether, even if we set aside that nice sense of honour, which forbids fierce exultation over a fallen foe, and which is by no means altogether a modern growth, he is justified in expending his genius upon a subject which, treated with the callous realism which is seen in this statue, becomes merely horrible, when it might have been as noble, as widely symbolic, as the figure, singularly similar in pose, of a dying warrior from the pediment of the Temple of Aphaia in Aegina; in that work of the transitional sculptor of Aegina in the early fifth century, the detail of pain is suppressed, and death, that in the case of the Galatian seems only the pitiful waste of a magnificent human animal, is made the silent dedication of a human soul.

The fault lay not only in the sculptor, but in his generation. Its patriotism was genuine enough, but it was self-conscious. That there was no inherent cruelty in the Pergamene Greeks is sufficiently shown by the eventually peaceful settlement of the Galatians as subjects of the successor of Attalos; but they could not realise the idea of victory without having vividly set before them the sufferings of the conquered. To them the blood and din of battle were

part of its glory, and the desire for realism made them able to contemplate with satisfaction this monument of pain, as evidence of their own power to inflict defeat upon the barbarians who had been the terror of Hellas; and the reason of this was, that having no gods in whom they could trust to give them victory, they were driven to symbolise that victory by the representation of the actual and material process by which it had been gained.

Such realism as this leads inevitably to callousness, and from callousness to a craving for artificial sensationalism; the mind, satiated by realism, goes beyond reality in its search for emotional experiences: and the art of the succeeding reign in Pergamon is a response to this craving. The final and crushing defeat of the same Galatian enemy by Eumenes II was commemorated by the erection at Pergamon, between 180 and 170 B.C., of a huge altar to Zeus, raised upon a basis more than 100 feet square. About three-fifths of the west side of this substructure was occupied by a broad flight of steps, not projecting from, but cut into the face of the square; the three remaining sides, and the portions of the fourth side flanking the stair were filled by a great frieze, more than seven feet high, representing the battle of the Gods and the Giants. A smaller frieze, which was probably placed above the colonnade on its inner side, represented scenes in the life of the local hero Telephos, and was an "Alexandrian relief" in an extended form, the figures being set in a continuous landscape background; it was never finished, considerable portions of it being still only roughed out. All the sculptures

were excavated by the Germans, and are now at Berlin.

The Gigantomachia of the great frieze is a remarkable example of misdirected, or rather of undirected skill. The figures are colossal, and the relief is very high, many of the figures being actually detached from their background. From one end to the other of the composition there is no single point of rest: all is heaving turmoil, and the effect of unrest so forcibly produced is in itself sufficient justification for the description, by St. John in the Revelations, of this altar as "the great Throne of Satan." The monstrous forms of the giants, many of whom have writhing serpents in place of legs, the lions of Cybele, the leopards of Dionysos, the hounds of Artemis, and here and there a truly monstrous form, such as a lion-headed man, make the picture rather the dream of a fevered imagination than the representation of the victory of order over chaos; for the composition as a whole is chaotic, and the undoubted beauty of individual figures is obscured by the restlessness of the mass. Nor are the bounds of the architectural setting respected: the deep cornice above, and the plinth of equal projection below the figures, enclose a recess of ample depth for the portrayal of vigorous action in the highest relief, but even this has not satisfied the artists, for many of the figures project far beyond the wall-face thus indicated, giving an uneasy feeling that at any moment one of them might be forced to step out of the setting altogether, leaving a blank behind. Indeed, it is scarcely too much to say that the very vigour of the action defeats its own purpose,

for it almost creates the ludicrous impression that the figures are not part of the structure at all, and that they might at any moment desert it, leaving devoid of decoration the blank wall, of whose existence behind them the mind is conscious, to continue their struggle on a more spacious ground than that afforded by a narrow ledge of masonry. This impression is rendered more insistent by the way in which the frieze is carried alongside the steps, upon which some of the figures actually kneel, as the rising flight narrows the frieze.

The skill of workmanship is great: there is no kind of texture, whether of flesh, of drapery, of hide or fleece or feathers or scales, that is not rendered with astonishing fidelity. The massive forms of gods and giants are moulded with a certain grandeur and largeness of effect; the infinite variety of pose and balance bespeaks untiring ingenuity; and here and there considerable power of emotional expression is shown in the treatment of the faces; but the final impression is one of weariness, even of boredom. The idea of movement and struggle gradually dies away, and all that is left is a sense of irritation at the suspended action everywhere portrayed, as though gods and giants alike had suddenly, in the midst of their battle, been turned to stone by the cold eyes of the Gorgon.

The reason for this is twofold: the failure is partly æsthetic, for the sculptor has attempted more than his art can rightly achieve, and in the attempt to give movement to the marble, has only succeeded in emphasizing its immobility, while destroying its appearance of architectural stability: but in a greater

degree lack of inspiration renders the work frigid and ineffective; the sculptor and his fellow Pergamenes had no real conviction, no firm faith in the existence of this long tale of gods, so carefully set out with the precision of an exhaustive dictionary of classical mythology. The Pergamene frieze is Lemprière in marble, and is about as full of errors as most eighteenth-century works on mythology.

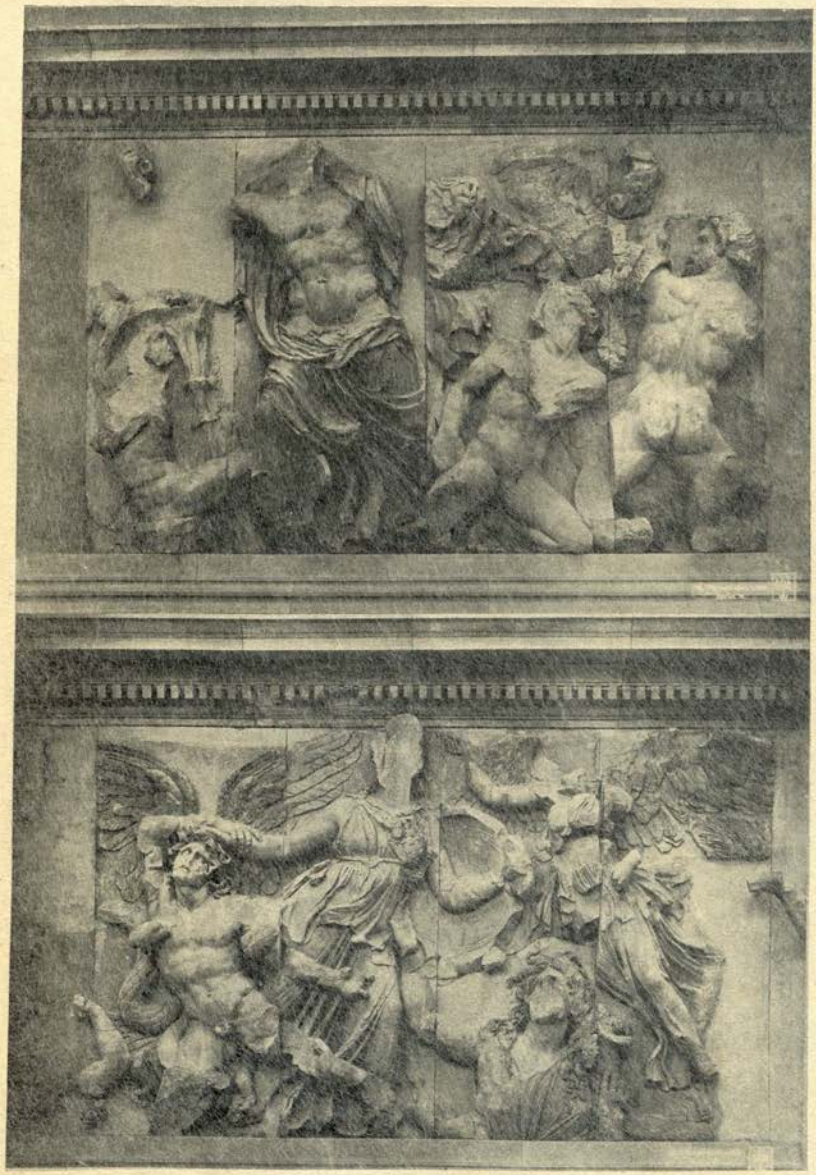
While it is due to the artists of Pergamon to acknowledge their skill in handling their material with unsurpassed boldness of modelling and minuteness of detail, it is impossible to treat the Pergamene frieze seriously, either as decorative or as religious sculpture. We have already seen that it lacks fitness to the position for which it was designed; a very brief examination of a few of its groups will make it abundantly plain that the failure in the sense of fitness extends to its religious feeling.

The best-preserved groups are those which represent Zeus contending with three giants, and Athena overthrowing a youthful opponent as she passes swiftly through the fray. Both probably stood on the eastern side of the basis. Zeus, a brawny figure with massive muscles, is easily distinguishable from the giants, mainly on account of his greater size and bodily strength; his right arm is raised to hurl a thunderbolt at a giant who has fallen behind him, and his head, which is now destroyed, was turned back over his left shoulder; about his outstretched left arm is wrapped the ægis with its scales and snaky border, and around his shoulders and across his legs swings his heavy drapery, leaving his mighty body bare, but hanging in effective but most inconvenient

folds about his legs: the figure is dramatically posed, without the slightest regard to probability or common-sense. One giant, immediately behind him, is beaten to his knees, and kneels upon the trailing robe of the god; another, further back, whose legs, from the knees downwards, are writhing snakes, does battle with a screaming fowl in whom we regretfully recognise the eagle of Zeus. But the greatest absurdity of a group which at first sight strikes us with a sense of dignity and power, is found in the figure of the fallen giant seated in the path of Zeus. He has been struck by the thunderbolt of the god, which is represented by a pronged object that has pierced his thigh, its upper end, with its prongs, still flaming vigorously, like some kind of ingenious but rather clumsy fire-work; to crown all, this giant is Herakles, who was not born till ages after the Gigantomachia was fought and won, who was not a giant but a son of Zeus himself, and who in due time himself became a god. Not only was the carver of this group utterly devoid of the saving grace of humour, but he was even ignorant of the very gods whom he worshipped. He arms Zeus, lord of the lightning, wielder of death from afar, whose thunderbolts blast and wither all those upon whom he directs his wrath, with a number of awkward missiles incapable of doing more than inflict a nasty wound if they happen to fly straight, and presses into the defence of gods who are hard put to it to defend themselves, all the menagerie of Olympos. It is difficult to speak with patience of the blatant ineptitude displayed in this pageant of inadequate archæology: and when, in

the group of which Athena is the central figure, we find the grave earth-god Erichthonios, the snake of Athena, gnawing the breast of a falling giant, and when we have overcome the momentary impression that in the turmoil the snake-ending of some neighbouring giant has attacked one of his own side, the feeling of irritation at the clumsy materialism and unintelligent use of the symbols of a great but forgotten religion obliterates interest in the undoubtedly fine sense of composition shown in this group, with its strongly contrasted lines of mass and movement. The figure of Athena is strong and graceful, and gives more impression of movement than the majority of the figures in the frieze; and the Victory who crowns her is a really decorative and almost convincing piece of work. Between them the figure of Gaia, the Mother Earth, rises from her element, to plead, with intense pathos of expression, for her sons; and in her face, and in that of the young giant who falls at Athena's feet, we have a momentary glimpse of real feeling, reminiscent of the power, as well as of the methods, of Skopas. Indeed, there is little doubt but that the Pergamene sculptor, untrammelled by the necessity of representing divine personalities in whom he had no deep belief and took very little interest, would have been quite capable of representing human emotion with considerable effect, though always rather in the spirit of melodrama than in that of tragedy.

If it be thought that the criticism applied to these sculptures is either flippant or severe, my justification must rest upon the fact, undeniable in the light of close examination of their details, that,



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2

ALTAR OF ZEUS, PERGAMON (*Berlin*)

1. ZEUS 2. ATHENA

as religious sculpture, they are absolutely insincere and without conviction; that as decoration they are restless, extravagant, and undisciplined by their environment, and that, so far as brilliance of technique is concerned, they have received at other hands their full share of praise. There is no doubt that, in their present home in Berlin, they have had considerable influence upon a certain type of German sculpture, but it must be left to individual judgment to estimate the value of that influence. As evidence of mere skill of hand they are beyond praise: as a profession of faith they are beneath contempt.

Their influence upon subsequent Greek sculpture was deplorable. The school of Rhodes might have been thought sufficiently strong and independent to resist outside influence, for, through Chares of Lindos, it had a direct and good Lysippean tradition; but there is no doubt that the Rhodians had a natural leaning towards the sensational in art, which showed itself early in their fondness for colossal statues. The fame of the Pergamene frieze was precisely of the kind to fire their emulation, and the Laocoön, made by Agesandros, Polydoros, and Athenodoros of Rhodes, is a good example of the ultimate effect of the frieze upon free sculpture. Its date is about half a century later than that of the altar of Pergamon, and there is a corresponding loss of vigour in the work, which, despite the tragic nature of its subject, is singularly lacking in emotional effect.

Vergil (Aeneid II, 199–231) tells the story of Laocoön, the Trojan priest of Poseidon, who hurled his spear against the Wooden Horse, and who, with

his two sons, was destroyed by serpents while sacrificing to the god upon the sea-shore. Lessing's remarkable essay "Laocoön" bases its analysis of the principles of poetic and sculptural representation of an idea upon the comparison between this group and Vergil's description of the scene: the wider knowledge of Greek sculpture now available shows that while the poet attempted nothing with which his art could not legitimately cope, the sculptors of the Laocoön deliberately transgressed the bounds of artistic fitness, for the subject is one which depends, not upon its mere horror, but upon the development of motive, and upon a cumulative succession of ideas, for its value and effect. As a poem it is both dramatic and complete; as a piece of sculpture it is merely repulsive, and the sculptors have chosen the most repulsive moment of the story for portrayal.

Of the two sons of Laocoön, one, in the last stage of exhaustion, writhes helplessly in the coils of the snake, while the other appears about to free himself, and turns towards his father with a look of distress; Laocoön himself has sunk back upon the altar, grasping in each hand one of the snakes, which are coiled about his legs and shoulders. The raised right arm, which carries the diagonal line of the figure too far out to one side, giving a lop-sided appearance to the group, is a false restoration of the sixteenth century; the arm should be bent back behind the head, not only giving greater compactness to the composition, but also emphasizing the strained position of the head itself, which is thrown violently back, the features, in their frame of

shaggy hair, contorted with despair and agony, the mouth wide, the eyes upturned, and the brow scored deep with furrows. The chest is thrown out to its utmost in the gasping effort to breathe, and the muscles are strained and knotted over the ribs and abdomen in the same convulsive movement. The contrast between the slim undeveloped forms of the boys, and the massive build of the central figure, is almost over emphasized, and the expression of the father's face is nothing short of horrible in its intensity and extremity of pain and terror. The mere choice of such a subject is sufficient indication of a morbid outlook; but it is not difficult to see in such a choice the natural outcome of the point of view which produced the Dying Galatian and the frieze of the great altar of Pergamon: even in the later of these two works, however, there is still some dignity of reserve; not one of the giants wears such an expression as that upon the face of Laocoön, for, with all its pathos, the face of the giant struck down by Athena is still beautiful; and the scaly coils of the Pergamene serpents are strong and real, binding the scheme together firmly and effectively.

The violent emotionalism of the "Laocoön" might perhaps be excused if it were consistent, or if the artists had been able to give an impression of its reality; but the last and unforgivable fault of the group is that there is no apparent reason for all this pother, and at least one of the figures has discovered the fact. The serpents, upon whose appearance of deadliness and reality the whole spirit of the scene depends, are amorphous, structureless things, coiling aimlessly hither and thither, with no

more grip or vigour than inanimate lengths of stout rope: the loose loops about the arm and ankle of the elder son are obviously no more than he can comfortably deal with, and in his whole attitude and expression there is a ludicrous suggestion of irritable expostulation. It may seem a bold thing to draw a comparison between ancient and modern sculpture, but Leighton's "Athlete struggling with a Python," with its singular general resemblance of line to the figure of Laocoön, has much of the reality which the Rhodian artists either failed or feared to represent, and this reality largely depends upon the faithful rendering of the serpent-form.

Thus the sensationalism of the Rhodian school is unreal and theatrical; to put it quite bluntly, it is squeamish, willing to thrill and yet afraid to shock. It is the sensationalism of an emasculated race, which has lost all real desire for effort; and it is interesting to note that with the loss of Hellenic freedom, and with the absorption of the Greek States into the Roman Empire, the creative instinct gradually disappears, and all sculpture, whether free or not, becomes essentially decorative or anecdotal in character. The single statue, expressing all ideas in terms of beauty, gives way to the group, representing a single point in an episode in terms of arrested action. The ideal sculptures of the fifth century can be appreciated, and their beauty understood, with no more equipment than a sympathetic and receptive mind; the sham-realistic works of the latest Greek sculptors must be studied with a guide-book and a dictionary of mythology.

It may seem a strange thing that Pliny should

have regarded the Laocoön as the most admirable of all sculpture: but we must bear in mind that, to the Roman, sculpture was a foreign art except in one or two of its branches, and that he did not look for vivid reflection of life and thought in this medium. To the Roman mind the processes of thought were never so interesting or so impressive as their resultant action: he was naturally much more interested in the manual skill of a sculptor who could produce such a group as the Laocoön "out of one block"—though as a matter of fact it is made in several pieces—than in the state of mind which gave birth to the idea. In the matter of sculpture, he had the mind of a child who asks "How is it done?" not that of the thinker, whose inquiry is "Why was it done?"

In mere cleverness of composition and execution, the "Laocoön" falls far short of the standard attained by another work much prized by Rome, namely, the group, now at Naples, known as the "Farnese Bull": for the Laocoön is, in its composition, like a length of the Pergamene frieze detached from its background, and set on a pedestal, and was meant to be set with its back to a wall, so that it might only be viewed from one point, whereas the Farnese Bull is a group composed with extraordinary skill, so that, in spite of the number of figures that it includes, it may present an equally good effect from any point of view. Zethus and Amphion, heroes of Thebes, are represented in the act of catching a wild bull, to whom they are about to bind Dirke, their stepmother, in vengeance for her ill-treatment of Antiope, their mother. Dirke, in an attitude of entirely inadequate

protest, appeals to Amphion, who is known by his lyre, which he has put down for the moment; Athena, lance in hand, stands by and directs the operations; the genius of Thebes, a graceful little figure, is seated below, and an inquisitive and excited little dog leaps up to see the sport: a work-basket, pan-pipes, and grazing sheep complete the list of accessories in this amazing work, in which balance and stability of composition, with some smooth skill of modelling, must be acknowledged, as the qualities which the sculptors set out to display. Conviction, power, life, there are none; and it is plain that had they been present, the unsuitability of the subject to sculpture would have been even more apparent than it is. Apollonios and Tauriskos, the sculptors of Tralles, who made this group, were no doubt completely satisfied with the result of their labours; but its claim to be considered beautiful rests upon precisely the same grounds as that of the ivory balls made by the Chinese, in which one sphere within another is carved out of the solid block of ivory.

Lest a hope should linger in our minds, that in Athens, still the centre of light and learning in the Roman as in the Hellenic world, some remnant of the ancient glory might survive, the "Farnese Hercules" made by Glykon of Athens in the first century B.C. has come down to us to show that the degradation of Hellenic art was universal. We may at least be thankful that it is not a group; as a single figure, it rests its claim to consideration upon the idea that it represents, and in this respect has not abandoned the tradition of nobler times; but that idea, and the way in which it is expressed, are both

deplorable. When we remember that the Herakles of old time was the restless, energetic pioneer of civilisation in far countries, the mighty benefactor of his race, we must pass all Greek history in review to realise that this figure, the very embodiment of weariness and disappointed hopes, is the same man whose untiring vigour made him the hero of a people: yet the evolution of the idea is steady and logical from first to last, and keeps pace with the successive changes in the fortunes of the Hellenic world; it was Lysippos who originated this type of Herakles wearied with his labours, in the days when Hellas was subserviently casting her mantle about the shoulders of Alexander the Great: and now, when all her glory was a memory, the Athenian sculptor, working for patrons devoid of imagination, knew no better way of depicting the vigour that had passed out of his national life, than by giving to his subject muscles bigger even than those of any professional athlete, so over-grown and aggressive that the stupidest Roman could not mistake the figure for that of anyone but the hero whom he regarded as a typical "strong man"; and because the last spark of national feeling had died out of Greek life, the last spark of inspiration disappeared from its art as well. On the day that Mummius took Corinth, in 146 B.C., and stipulated with the contractor who shipped its spoils to Rome, that if any of the works of art were lost or destroyed, he should supply others of equal value to take their place, the doom of Hellenic life and art was sealed. But the last word of that doom was written with the poisoned stylus of Demosthenes, when he died in the sanctuary

of Poseidon, facing the Troizenian sea by whose shores the boyhood of Theseus had been spent before he set out upon his journey to make Athens free, and to put before her that ideal of liberty and empire which she attained by sacrifice, and lost by selfish fear.

XIV

EPILOGUE

THE gulf which separates the later Hellenistic sculpture from the achievements of the Hellenic prime is so great, that it might have seemed unnecessary to bring our study of Greek art down to so late and so melancholy a conclusion, but, for one thing, which, while it is the redeeming feature of much work that is otherwise wholly contemptible, at the same time constitutes a warning not to be disregarded if we are to estimate the true value of sculpture as an index of Hellenic thought. The cleverness of much Hellenistic work is undeniable, and the unbiased critic is forced to acknowledge that complete command of technique does not coincide, in the history of Greek art, with the highest inspiration. The variety of texture successfully rendered in the Pergamene frieze far exceeds that attempted in the decoration of the Parthenon, and it is quite likely that Pheidias would have been incapable of carrying out the design of the "Farnese Bull"; it is not only likely, but absolutely certain, that he would never have designed such a work.

The principle of criticism which emerges from this fact is, that while technique is the letter, motive is the spirit of an art; and while imperfection of technique hampers expression, the artist who has

something to say, and says it in the most forcible way, and in the most natural medium, at his command, is in better case than he who, though possessing perfect mastery of technique, has nothing to express thereby: thus the technical execution of a work of art is no criterion of its ultimate value; the "Apollo" of Tenea and the "Farnese Hercules" are both ugly, but the ugliness of the one is that of a stammered gospel, and of the other that of a glib, unnecessary phrase: to the one we turn with strained and even painful attention, to unravel from the crudities of its form the message that it brings, while we turn from the other in disgusted weariness.

This does not mean that the modern artist is precluded from using classical subjects to express his ideas; it merely means that he must not use them simply because the Greeks did so. If a man living in the twentieth century is so constituted that he can better express his ideal of nobility, of steadfastness, of insight, in a statue of Apollo, than in one of St. John the Divine, by all means let him do so; but let him be sure that it is his own ideal that he is expressing, not the imagined ideal of a fifth-century Greek. If he feels that a nude athlete, "in the antique taste," better sets forth his ideal of bodily beauty than one of an oarsman or a reaper, he is perhaps on dangerous ground, but if it be his own ground he has a right to it. The only thing that really matters is that he must mean something by his work, and say it in the way in which expression comes to him most surely.

It is not the purpose of these essays to criticise

modern art; I have already said as much as is necessary on that point in an earlier chapter; but it may not be amiss to reiterate the statement that the artist is never a free agent; he is controlled—he is even bound hand and foot—by his time. His is the expression rather of collective than of individual thought; but he has this advantage over his fellows, that if his character is so strong for good that he can, in spite of a low level of idealism about him, conceive and express a great ideal, the worth of that work will be recognised even by those who cannot grasp its full significance; the Aphrodite of Melos stands in evidence of this truth.

But the broad conclusion to which we may come, after this survey of Greek art, is that the artist reflects the ideal of the times in which he lives; and that so long as a nation is not only vigorous, but is consciously directing its vigour in the pursuit of a high ideal, its art will progress both in power of expression and in sublimity of ideas.

That another factor, besides these, is necessary for the production of a truly great art, is made plain by the contrast between Athens and Sparta. That Sparta had an ideal, and that she was intensely patriotic and religious, it would be idle to deny; yet she produced no truly Spartan art of any kind, while Athens is remembered for her art even more than for her idealism. It may be suggested that this was a mere question of race, and that in Sparta the artistic section of the population had been eliminated early in Hellenic times. That is but a part of the true explanation, which lies rather in the fact that the history of Sparta is one long tale of narrow

selfishness, while that of Athens, with all her faults, is the record of an almost childish belief in her own destiny, alternating with periods of whole-hearted self-sacrifice in the interests of an ideal not limited to herself or her own glory.

There is no need to recapitulate the story of Athenian self-effacement in the great crisis of Hellenic history; but it is almost impossible for us, with an outlook widened beyond all comparison with that of a Greek city-state, to appreciate to the full the effort of will entailed in her subordination of the Athenian to the Hellenic ideal. It is difficult for us to understand why all the Greek states did not instantly grasp the necessity for mutual goodwill and concerted action, when threatened by a common enemy. On grounds of mere commonsense, the sacrifice of Athens was a tactical necessity, which any modern student, with the map of Greece before him, can understand at once; but it must not be forgotten that if the Peloponnesian states had kept their word, and done their duty, that necessity would never in all probability have arisen, for the cockpit of the war would have been disloyal Bœotia, not loyal Attica; and that when Themistokles led the men of Athens to Salamis, it was to fight side by side with allies who had already betrayed them once, and whom he scarcely prevented from betraying them a second time. In that battle, Sparta and Corinth were fighting for Sparta and Corinth; Athens alone was fighting for Hellas, giving up her birthright that not only she, but all her faithless kin, might hold fast to their heritage of liberty.

It is easy to depreciate a great action, and to point out that no defence of Athens could have availed against the armies of Persia; that, but for the combination of fleets at Salamis, the Greek forces must have been destroyed in detail, and that therefore the Athenians adopted the only sane course when they abandoned their city. Athens saw that, and acted upon it. Sparta and Corinth saw that Athens must fall, but cared nothing, so long as the Peloponnese were safe.

It was against this parochial ideal—the only ideal, be it remembered, that could be expected of the city-state, with its small radius of influence and action—that Athens had to contend. There was no reason for her to look to a wider horizon than her neighbours; she owed them no love and no gratitude, and in her previous history there had been nothing to show that she possessed any greater sense of national responsibility than any other Hellenic city; yet at the critical moment she stood forth as the champion of Hellenic liberty, not for the sake of self-aggrandisement, for she cheerfully surrendered all the honours of command, even upon her own native element, to her jealous rival, but for the sake of an ideal which was utterly incomprehensible to her contemporaries.

It was not that she lacked pride: she based her claim to be the most ancient and the most nobly free of all Hellenic states upon high and splendid tradition; the names of her heroes were the names of men who had risked all for liberty, who had given their lives for the state. Theseus, Kodros, Harmodios and Aristogeiton—such were the men whom Athens

honoured; and in his panegyric on the dead soldiers of Athens, Perikles could say of those who had been bad citizens in life, that they had atoned for all in dying for their country. To have given all was to gain all.

In short, the spirit of Athens was, in comparison with that of all other Greek States, unselfish; it is not necessary to claim for her that she always acted in this spirit: the mere fact that she was able to understand that unselfishness was a virtue, not simply a weakness, testifies to a level of thought higher than that of her rivals. That she reaped a rich harvest from the seed of her sacrifice is not to her discredit, for it was the inevitable consequence of the selfishness of those who had not been able to look beyond their own interests in the time of peril, and so were unable to share in the wider Hellenic life which was the outcome of the freedom that they had only helped under protest to secure.

It was from this power to rise to the heights of self-sacrifice that arose the peculiar genius of Athenian art; for it was part of a nature capable of a warmth and enthusiasm which, transmuted into terms of religion, approached very nearly to love; the feeling of Athens towards her goddess was not one of slavish fear, nor of coldly punctilious observance: whatever may have been the attitude of Athenians towards the other gods of Olympos, there is no doubt that they loved Athena, and believed that they possessed her love in return: the spirit of the bargain, which formed the foundation of nearly all Hellenic religion, was not the basis upon which the worship of Athena rested in Athens.

The Athena Lemnia is a revelation to those who call the religion of Hellas by the disparaging name of paganism, for in it is expressed a deep and real sympathy between the goddess and her supplicants, watchfulness and care and tenderness on her part answered by their trust and confidence and hope.

The lofty dignity, the magnificent pride of the Athena Parthenos belonged as much to her people as to herself; they were the expression, not of a cold inacessibility to human appeal, but of the indomitable spirit that she gave to them, and shared with them; the statue was the memorial of an achievement won by the fierce courage that shone in her eyes, and burned in the hearts of those whom she inspired to deeds at once of humility and pride. She and her people were one, with the unity that only love can give: and love was the inspiration that made every Athenian an avenging god on the day that her shrine was defiled by barbarian steel and flame; it was the breadth of vision, the far-seeing imagination, that spring from love, that made Athens at Salamis a city of heaving prows and slashing oars, reared on the grey foundations of the sea, that her citizens might snatch empire from destruction, and build glory upon ashes.

"The root of love is in self-sacrifice," and the splendour that grew from such soil faded only when its virtue was exhausted. It was because Athens, wayward, impulsive, cruel and generous by turns, strongest in her weakness, weakest in her day of power, knew how to love, that she knew also how to leave behind her memories, and more than memories,

of the great spirit that is still the spirit of human liberty.

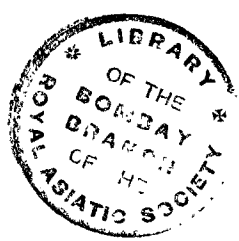
Perhaps no other state in all Hellas could have condemned a whole city, in a moment of red rage, to cold slaughter; surely no other state could have revoked at sunset the bloody decree passed at midday, dragging through the night and the day that followed, in a tense anguish of remorse, praying with all the fervour of a city's soul, that the galley bearing the message of mercy might overtake the messengers of doom, and save them from this blood-guiltiness—yet Athens did so, because the same humanity that made her passionate, had made her merciful too. While Sparta condemned to a coward's grave the sole survivor of Thermopylai, although he had been spurred by disgrace to superhuman valour and to death on the field of Plataiai, Athens recalled her exiles in her hour of need, that they might share the glory of the mother-land. And the men of Athens, the freeman sharing the labour of the slave, who toiled upon the benches of the speeding galley through the long night; the watch at the prow who strained his gaze for the first grey glimpse of Mitylenê; Aristides, climbing from his little boat to the deck of the ship of Themistokles, and clasping his old rival's hand in honest friendship, while the salt night air rustled with the hum of cordage and the furtive plash of muffled oars, and a distant hail, or a streak of phosphorescent foam far away, told that the wall of Persian ships was closing in—these knew more of the glory of life, of the splendour of resolve, of the shining beauty of good, than all the men of all the states of Greece, to whom religion

was fear, worship barter, and honour a thing close captive within the ring of city walls.

So beauty was to them no material thing of bodily proportions, no inanimate rule of features, set and soulless; but a living gospel of humanity, made the interpreter of divinity through the symbol of perfection in the human form. The sculptors of Athens were able to give a human soul to bronze and marble, and to search out the very splendour of God in man, because they added to the great Hellenic ideals of patriotism and religion, the qualities at once most human and most divine, of sacrifice and of love.

WHAT MAY BE TAUGHT I LEARN; WHAT MAY BE FOUND, THAT I STILL SEEK FOR; WHAT MUST COME BY PRAYER, FOR THAT I ASK THE GODS.

—*Sophocles*, *Fr.* 723 (Plumptre's translation).



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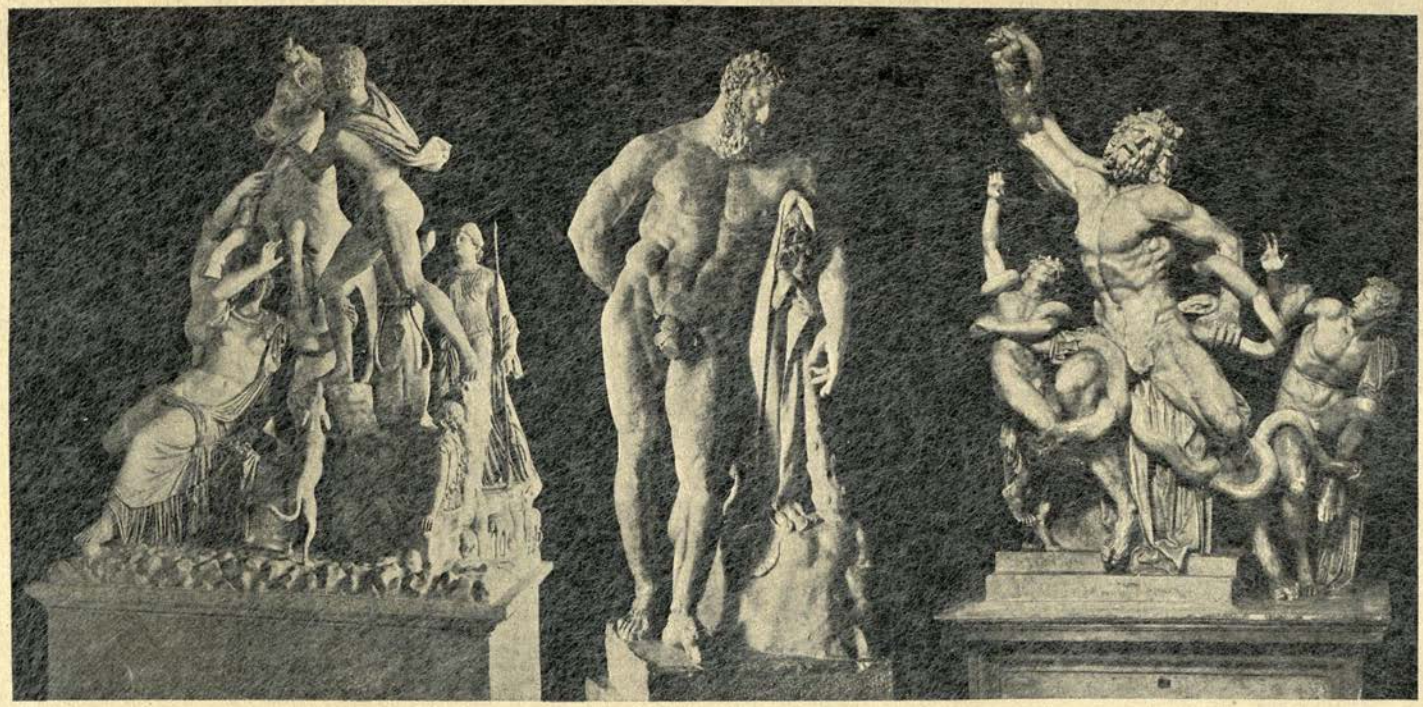

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